



# *The Anglo-Saxon Review*

Randolph Spencer Churchill

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# THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW



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Feb. 14<sup>th</sup> ARRIVAL 1901.



**THE  
ANGLO-SAXON  
REVIEW**

**A QUARTERLY MISCELLANY**

**EDITED BY**  
**LADY RANDOLPH SPENCER CHURCHILL.**  
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NOTE ON THE BINDING OF THIS  
VOLUME. BY CYRIL DAVEN-  
PORT, F.S.A.



EARLY printers in England commonly bound the books they printed. The very earliest bindings, if one may judge from the few remaining examples, were ornamented simply with lines and impressions from small 'cameo' stamps in blind, or with one large impression of a similar kind from a panel stamp. Instances of both styles are to be seen, in the case of specimens probably made in Caxton's and Pynson's workshops; but, as a rule, the books issued by our early printers are no longer in their original coverings.

As far as is at present known, the first English binder who ornamented the leather of his bindings with gold tooling was Thomas Berthelet, who received the appointment of Royal Printer to King Henry VIII. by Patent in 1530. Pynson appears to have enjoyed this office previously; but, although he styles himself 'Printer unto the King's noble Grace,' no official authority on the point has yet been discovered. Berthelet also received the then high honour of having a coat-of-arms granted to him, the original document concerning which is preserved in the College of Arms. It is signed by 'Clarenceulx,' and is dated September 1, 1549.

Among the manuscripts at the British Museum is a bill of Thomas Berthelet's for books supplied to the King between the years 1541-1543, and several of the bindings are briefly described in it. Several books were bound 'back-to-back'; but none of them now exists, although the fashion was to some extent followed at a later date in the case, especially, of embroidered books bound in the seventeenth century. Several were bound in vellum, and others in satin, velvet, and leather. No one item has yet been absolutely identified; but among the books of the old Royal Collections are to be seen plenty of fine specimens of similar work which can with confidence be attributed to Berthelet.

Berthelet's larger bindings are nearly always royal; but there are numberless small books, bound chiefly in calf, in private libraries all over England, which are probably his work also. These small books usually have a black fillet parallel with the edges of the boards, enclosed between two gold lines, with small gilt fleurons at the corners. Initials also are often placed in the centres of the boards, enclosed within a black circle, square, or polygonal figure.

As a printer Berthelet takes an important place. He printed very many works, and some of his types are beautiful. As yet no typographer has ventured upon the consideration and elucidation of Berthelet's work in this special connection—partly, I believe,

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because there is a great uncertainty about several of the books which bear his name, inasmuch as, after his death, his successor and nephew, Thomas Powell, printed and published works without altering the lettering used to indicate the printer and the date of publication.

Berthelet worked for Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary I., and most of the bindings he made for his Royal patrons are



ornamented with their heraldic bearings or badges. On those made for Henry VIII. are found the then Royal coat-of-arms of England, 'France and England quarterly,' sometimes with the supporters, the red Dragon of Cadwallader for Wales, and the white greyhound of the De Beauforts; while scattered about are also found the Tudor badges—the double rose of York and Lancaster, the fleur-de-lis taken from the French coat, and the portcullis, symbolical of the castle

of De Beaufort. Besides these, which are generally crowned, are often found the royal initials, sometimes alone and sometimes combined with those of one or other of the Queens consort.

Edward the Sixth's bindings, made for him before he was King, bear the three ostrich feathers popularly associated with the dignity of Prince of Wales, but actually not by any necessity used only by holders of that title. Edward VI. was never created Prince of Wales. The Royal coat-of-arms, without supporters, is found in his books, with the crowned initials 'E.R.'

On the few bindings of large books which belonged to Queen Mary I. are shown either her coat-of-arms within a flamed circle, or the Tudor badges and initials 'M.R.'



On several of Berthelet's bindings occur legends in English, Latin, French, or Greek, sometimes in conjunction with other ornamental work, and sometimes used alone in a decorative manner.

A somewhat similar and very important peculiarity is noticeable on some of the white leather bindings, and on one red satin binding, made by Berthelet for Henry VIII. This is the existence of a legend written in capital letters in gold on the cream-coloured edges of the book. The words used are 'REX IN AETERNUM VIVE,' and after them the word 'NEZ' or 'NEEZ.' The

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quotation is from Daniel ii. 4, and NEZ may possibly be a contraction for 'Nebuchadnezzar,' to whom the aspiration was addressed. I think that whenever this inscription is found on the edges of a book which belonged to Henry VIII. the binding is certainly by Berthelet.

With regard to the gold tooling found in the earlier specimens of Berthelet's work, it is usually of a broad and heavy character; but in a binding belonging to Mr. E. Gordon Duff there is some much finer work. Delicate work of a similar kind also occurs, with even some of the same stamps, in a book bound for James V. of Scotland; it figured in the 'Dictionary of English Book-Collectors,' Part V. These two books are remarkable, as they appear to show that Berthelet had a master, an Italian, who taught him the then novel process of gold tooling upon leather, and helped him with these particular specimens. This master imbued Berthelet very strongly with the taste for Italian designs and fashions; indeed, in the bill already mentioned, several items are described as being gilded 'after the Venetian fashion,' or by some such words. So in almost all Berthelet's gold-tooled bindings are seen stamps, and arrangements of stamps, nearly resembling those used in contemporary Italian bindings.



Berthelet usually bound his books in excellent rich brown calf; others are covered in a soft creamy white leather, perhaps doerskin. It is not certain what leather this is; but it is very strong, yet soft. As well as those covered with these two leathers, there are a few Royal books left which are bound in red satin, orange velvet, and crimson velvet, probably bound by Berthelet. There are also at the Bodleian Library in Oxford two books in embroidered covers, and in the British Museum one, worked by the Princess Elizabeth; these, it is probable, were bound for her by Berthelet as Royal binder. In the British Museum, again, is one volume of Petrarch, in an embroidered cover said to have been worked by Queen Katherine Parr, which

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was under the same conditions probably bound by the Royal binder.

The binding which has been chosen for re-production in the present number of the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW* covers a copy of a work by Theophylactus<sup>1</sup>, Archbishop of Achrida, published at Basle in 1540. It is now preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Oxford, and by the courtesy of the Librarian I am permitted to copy it. It was bound for Henry VIII., and is covered in thick white leather, tooled in gold and blind, the same design, in an ornamental panel, being on each side. In the middle is the Royal coat-of-arms without supporters, having at each side an 'S'-shaped scroll. The coat-of-arms is enclosed in an irregular frame, prettily made up of various curves, lines, and fleurons, all of which constantly occur in other books bound by Berthelet. The crowned Tudor badges, double rose, fleur-de-lis, and portcullis, and the Royal initials 'H.R.' are shown, each within a little ornamental square-shaped frame surrounding the central figure. The inner angles of the panel are filled with graceful arabesques, and the centres of the upper and lower ends are also filled with other arabesque groups, pointing inwards. The ground is sparsely dotted with impressions from a small stamp of a single daisy, and a small circular stamp. All the stamps are what is known as 'solid,' a characteristic of early Italian stamps. The panel is bounded by a broad border made up with successive impressions of a small arabesque stamp of reversed curves, and the outer angles are marked by a small gilt fleuron.

The book is not in good condition. The edges are cream-colour, with the words 'Rex in Aeternum Vive' written upon them in capital letters of gold. There are a few blind lines and the remains of two tie ribbons in the front edges of each of the boards.

<sup>1</sup> 'Theophylacti in omnes divi Pauli Epistolas enarrationes' . . . per D. Joannem Lonicercum fidelissime in Latinum conversæ. Basileæ. 1540.

## THE NEXT GOVERNMENT

### BY H. W. MASSINGHAM



It is probably true to say that there never was a period in modern English political history when there was more discontent with the practice by English statesmen of the art of government and more uncertainty concerning available methods of improving it. This is the inevitable result of a long and practically unsuccessful war. I say 'unsuccessful,' because in politics we are bound to measure events by comparing their results with the effort put forth to attain them. The metaphysics of inefficiency is busily engaged in maintaining the justice and the necessity of the South African War. Now it may or may not have been wise to put an end by force to Mr. Kruger's government of the South African Republic. But I doubt whether any living Englishman—not excepting Mr. Chamberlain—would have said two years ago that such an object was worth the expenditure of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred millions, or would have taken a single step in the execution of a policy involving any such sacrifice. Let me put the argument in another way. The management of an Empire differs in no essential respect from the conduct of a great private firm—let us say of a railway system. The manager of a railway has certain extremely profitable portions of his line, the returns from which, like the better parts of a great farm, replace the loss on the unprofitable area. What should we say of the manager of a railway who cultivated the thinly populated, the less attractive, the more distant portions of his line, and neglected, say, his London suburban traffic, or the main services between London and Manchester? This is practically what the Government has done to the Empire, and the objection I have indicated is the pith of the powerful and entirely pertinent criticism which the so-called party of 'Little Englandism' has to make upon its policy.

Let me consider for a moment what is the general position of the Empire. Its relations to all the chief problems of external government; its industrial warfare with America and Germany; its political rivalry with Russia; its relations with the great Powers who are now covering the seas with armadas, are not a whit more favourable than they were on the 11th of October 1899. Indeed, Lord Rosebery's opinion is that the situation in the Far East, quite apart from that in South Africa, has heightened the seriousness of the Imperial situation. What have we done in the meanwhile? Grant for a moment the plea of the inevitability of the war. But what of its consequences? We have withdrawn from our resources the means of carrying on a great European war for two years; we have initiated, with every circumstance of exasperation, a blood-feud

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with one of the most obstinate races in the world ; we have let loose all over Europe a host of able adversaries of the British idea ; we have created a military situation which has temporarily destroyed the balance of our army, even if it has not reduced the Cardwell system to absurdity ; we have created a new Poland with a grievance against this country as bitter as that which for years distracted European politics ; we have carried things so far that we must consent to lock up in South Africa for an indefinite period at least fifty thousand British soldiers—a larger force than we have employed in any war of the century. From this enterprise, which is not concluded, and may not be concluded for many months or even years to come, we have not retired with a comfortable feeling as to the ability either of our generals or of our statesmen, as to the quality of the army as a whole, or as to the soundness of our military organisation.

I need not labour the point that these reflections, when they are thoroughly impressed upon the intelligence of the country, must lead to large political changes. If they are enforced by a serious depression of trade and a further failure in British credit, I submit that those changes will go far.

The South African situation, however, does not stand alone. In the entire policy of the Government, and especially in that of Mr. Chamberlain, there has been an observable tendency to neglect the profitable assets of empire and to cultivate the unprofitable, or comparatively unprofitable, properties. In West Africa Mr. Chamberlain has been at great pains to break up—in the view of reasonable authorities unnecessarily to break up—the fabric of negro society. In East Africa there has been a rapid and most costly development, with the result that Mr. Gerald Balfour has admitted that much of the new trade for which the Government hoped has gone out of our hands and into those of Germany !

The larger figures of our recent war expenditure are well known, and I need not repeat them here. They practically mean that the entire 'defence' charges for 1901 amount to one hundred and forty-one millions sterling, or about four times the expenditure of Germany and Russia. Not so well known are the items of expenditure that represent contributions to the development of new territories like Uganda or Northern Nigeria, which do not yet possess an organised rule, or else doles to the inefficient conductors of industries in the West Indian Islands. It is noticeable how this drain from the exchequer has increased during the last four years. The following is a table of grants in aid for Uganda and Central East Africa alone, covering the whole period of the present Government. In the case of the Uganda Railway the payments simply represent the instalments of annuities in repayment of advances made by the National Debt Commission to the extent of £3,830,000.

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	Uganda. Grants in Aid.	Uganda Railway.	British Central Africa. Grants in Aid.	British East Africa. Grants in Aid.
1895-6 ...	49,000	—	19,200	30,000
1896-7 ...	49,000	—	30,000	65,000
1897-8 ...	49,000	7,463	30,000	75,000
1898-9 ...	142,000	7,463	28,000	90,000
1899-00 ...	250,000	7,463	48,000	99,000
1900-01 ...	204,000	135,786	40,000	87,000
1901-02 ...	172,000	215,049	50,000	93,000
	866,000	373,224	226,000	509,000

Here, again, is a list of grants in aid of local revenues for the Gold Coast, Northern Nigeria, Solomon Islands, West Indian Islands, Bechuanaland, and Wei-Hai-Wei, which are quite irrespective of salaries for Governors and other administrative items. The amounts include £200,000 for Ashanti and £200,000 for the West African frontier force. This year we begin to repay the purchase-money of the Niger Company, which we secured at the high figure of £820,000.

1895-6, £106,000, including £20,000 for distress in Newfoundland.

	£
1896-97 ...	15,000
1897-98 ...	75,000
1898-99 ...	316,000
1899-00 ...	258,000
1900-01 ...	632,000
1901-02 ...	432,170
	1,728,170

Now let me take a second minor illustration of my point, namely, the way in which there has been added to our Egyptian investment, so carefully nursed by Lord Cromer, what the late Mr. Steevens and a recent correspondent of the *Times* unite in describing as the barren annex of the Soudan. From 1896 to February 1899 we spent the following sums in the Soudan :

	£E
Dongola Campaign . . . .	725,641
Subsequent Military Operations . .	1,328,713
Khartoum Railway Extension . .	300,000
	2,354,354
£E = £1 0s. 6d.	

What is the financial balance which is created in the new territories since warlike operations have ceased? The realised revenue of the Soudan for 1898-99 was £124,000. The expenditure was £383,272—an amount afterwards increased by £22,000. Again, what are the future expectations as to the development of the Soudan? On this point I will take the evidence of Lord



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Cromer, who was, I believe, originally opposed to the occupation of Khartoum, though he may now be said to have accepted that event and its consequences. Lord Cromer says :

It is at present quite impossible to make any trustworthy forecast of the future of the Soudan railways. Until further experience is gained no one can state with confidence whether they are likely to prove remunerative or the reverse. . . . Money cannot be borrowed on the security of the Soudan revenues only. I have already explained that the Soudan budget shows a considerable deficit. In the event, therefore, of any guarantee being given for the payment of interest on capital expenditure in the Soudan, the charge will in reality devolve on the Egyptian Treasury. Egyptian finance is in a thoroughly sound condition, but, however desirable it may be to push on as rapidly as possible the development of the Soudan, it would not be either prudent or just to the Egyptian tax-payers to run any risk that the present condition of assured solvency, which is the result of many years of sustained labour, should be in any degree imperilled in order to provide for the necessities of the Soudan.

A considerable outlay on canals would be necessary in order to extend the cultivable area—a mere fringe on either bank of the river. . . . The want of population is a very serious difficulty. The Soudanese are far less industrious than the Egyptians.

It is probable that the difficulties arising from these and other causes will eventually be overcome, but in considering the future of the Soudan it is as well to bear them in mind.

The latest experience of the economic prospects in the Soudan has not seriously affected this moderate estimate of its resources. The actual revenue of the Soudan for 1900 was £144,000, and the total expenditure, civil and military, £598,862. The actual sum disbursed by the Egyptian Treasury was £417,000. The estimates for the current year suggest similar disbursement. Lord Cromer admits the heaviness of this charge, and sees no reason to believe that it will be sensibly diminished. He specifies certain advantages to the country and the people of Egypt, but for the moment I am dealing with the economic, and, therefore, the political effects of the new policy of expansion—effects, as I have said, which are not confined to a single part of our empire, but are felt in every portion of it. Of Africa it may be said that we have established an Empire which is the modern parallel to our East Indian possessions. From Capetown to Cairo, from the Niger to the Zambesi, it is maintained by force, and it would crumble to pieces with the withdrawal of the white battalions and the various and motley levies of not too reliable black mercenaries—Uganda Rifles, West African Frontier Force, Central African Rifles, and the rest—who now hold it.

I say little of the question whether such trade as the policy of expansion has developed is all worth having. Some of it is morally objectionable, and the permanent value of other portions is, I fancy, over-estimated. Within the last few weeks has come the news that Germany's attempt to force her trade in Persia—a better gathering ground than Uganda—has failed, and that the few German

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travellers left are mainly engaged in the uninspiring task of collecting or writing off their bad debts. Even in China, where much is said of the importance of our preponderating trade, the actual bulk, apart from Hongkong, is not remarkable. And trade with our free colonies fails to show the measure of expansion which the same trade exhibits with America and with Germany. Canadian trade with England shows no real increase on her dealings of fifteen years ago, while her purchases from the United States are doubled and those from Germany have trebled in the same period.<sup>1</sup> Queensland does nothing more with us than she did fifteen years ago, but she imports twenty times more goods from Germany, which does with us about double the trade of Australia and Canada combined. Where, indeed, in the whole history of the expansionist movement, can we put our finger on an incident comparable in importance with the French Treaty and the great nexus of international bargaining which grew out of that instrument? Mr. Chamberlain's subsidies to West Indian traders may be taken as testimony of an easier and more charitable spirit of the mother country towards her less vigorous children. It may be doubted whether these doles bring good-will. Certainly they are in no sense an example of the businesslike spirit which Mr. Chamberlain is supposed to have brought to the conduct of empire. As for any approach to Imperial finance, that has not been made, and is, in my view, not to be thought of from any one of the self-governing colonies. Great Britain will neither ask nor receive from any British dependency, including Cape Colony, one shilling towards the burden of the South African War. She has paid for the Colonial soldiers just as Imperial Rome paid for the neighbouring mercenaries who, towards the fall of the Western Empire, supplied the place of the old Roman legions. Not a farthing of the war budgets of 1900, 1901, and 1902 will be charged back on any Colonial budget. Good-will there is in plenty; equality of sacrifice there is not, and cannot be. To-day the defence of the empire costs nearly ninety millions a year, about twenty-four millions of which are fresh annual expenditure, apart from wars, incurred by this Government. Only the Indian ryot shares with the forty millions of people in Great Britain and Ireland any appreciable part of this burden.

Now, without using the language of panic, I think it is safe to say that the situation I have outlined points to a future of great difficulty for the British Empire, which is now increasing in

<sup>1</sup> 'Of the aggregate trade of these five Australian Colonies, we have lost during this period £7,500,000, while the trade of Germany and the United States with these Colonies has increased by £3,000,000.'—The author of 'Drifting' (in the *Contemporary Review*). What, indeed, can be clearer than that our colonial trade depends not on sentimental considerations, but on our power to sell more cheaply than our trade rivals? And how does Mr. Chamberlain's policy increase this power?

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population and in earning power more slowly than in its expenditure. It is impossible to say what the result of serious economic or political misfortune will be on a country whose recent trials have been so few and so slight. Many observers think the country would not bear trouble well. Let me assume that Great Britain would not be less elastic under reverses than France proved to be in 1870. I think it is clear, however, that our present governors are not the men to make the best of an unfavourable situation. Take the French parallel. I do not believe that this country possesses either a Thiers or a Gambetta or any body of politicians so able as the French Opportunist party of the seventies. In one respect I doubt whether we have for a long period of time been so ill-governed—I mean in regard to the general direction of the King's Ministry. It is commonly said of Mr. Gladstone that he impressed his personality too powerfully upon the members of the Cabinet. This may be true of questions which the Prime Minister himself directed. But, so far as Cabinet work was concerned, a juster complaint against Mr. Gladstone was that he left departments that had ceased keenly to interest him too much to themselves.

If inadequate supervision was Mr. Gladstone's fault, absence of supervision is Lord Salisbury's. No statesman of first-rate ability would have allowed the South African problem to drift as Lord Salisbury allowed it to drift between 1896 and 1899. The clear alternatives after the Jameson Raid were either war or a broad and tolerant settlement with the Dutch. Lord Salisbury provided for neither contingency. He did not even think it necessary either to remove Mr. Chamberlain from the Colonial Office—a step which would have been of equal advantage to Mr. Chamberlain and to the British Empire—or to endow that statesman with powers to effect an issue which had been intelligently conceived and forcibly planned. It is, indeed, hard to see the ground on which Lord Salisbury's friends can plead an acquittal for him from the share of responsibility which he bears for the events of 1899 to 1901 either in South Africa or in the Far East.

But there is one quality of Lord Salisbury's mind in virtue of which his reputation among European contemporaries stands singularly high. He is eminently fit to temper the recurring bits of indiscretion in our foreign politics. His views of policy are broad, and his execution of them is often wisely slow. He is, in fact, a kind of Kutusoff of English politics. There are some not very prudent people who would freely dispense with this gift of the Prime Minister. But, fortunately or unfortunately, Lord Salisbury is no longer in a position freely to exercise it. For the first time in a long career he is a Prime Minister in fact as well as in name. Is he likely to occupy that position with advantage to the nation? It is hard to deny that Lord Salisbury's age and growing infirmity are

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of the nature of disabilities. An even greater disability is that the head of a Government, containing few men of high capacity, is in no sense a statesman of the modern type. As a diplomatist everything that he says has at least the air and stamp of authority. But in domestic matters he is easy-going, self-centred, and singularly unable to grasp the facts and ideas which are the current coin of modern politics. On the Shop Hours Committee it was found difficult to explain to him the existence of Sunday shopping or of the Saturday half-holiday. It is not possible to associate the Prime Minister with any effective contribution to finance, education, the temperance question, local government, industrial law, or the thousand and one concerns of British administration. Lord Salisbury does not know these things himself, and he does not know who knows them. If he did, he would never have made Mr. Gerald Balfour President of the Board of Trade, or Lord Londonderry Postmaster-General, or Mr. Chaplin President of the Local Government Board, with Mr. Long as his successor. As for the *personnel* of the Government, it was never high, and it steadily declines. Lord Goschen is one of the ablest men in Unionist politics, and he has been replaced at the Admiralty by Lord Selborne. Mr. Brodrick is a worker, but he is hardly an efficient, and certainly not an original, worker. Mr. Hanbury has gifts which are wantonly misplaced, and generally it may be said of the Cabinet that it does not possess four men as well equipped for the business of modern political life as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Reid, Mr. Barton, and Mr. Deakin.

Let me turn with some abruptness from the Government to the Opposition. I premise that it is absurd in such a period as this to expect to find the Liberal Party at its full strength. Liberalism is, after all, the party of discontent, and the irregular social movements, such as Chartism, Socialism, and Irish Nationalism, are necessarily the fuel of its strength. When these movements revive, and when the great reactionary forces of clericalism and militarism and the recurring English dislike of political change begin to abate, we may await the sure signs of a true Liberal recovery. No such genuine recovery took place in 1892. Is it likely to occur to-day? I cannot think so for two reasons. The first is, that the great opportunity afforded by the South African War has been frittered away; and the second is, the character and personality of Lord Rosebery. Nothing quite like the phenomenon of Lord Rosebery's career has ever arisen in our politics. Here is a man who has never succeeded in anything but the Chairmanship of the London County Council, and is still acclaimed by a not inconsiderable following as the rising hope of the Liberal party. Here is a sensitive, irresolute, fastidious critic of affairs who is credited with the faculty of leadership, and with the gifts which that business demands—strength of will, indifference to censure, clear conceptions of policy, and vigour of

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mind and body in their execution. It is useless to place against these disqualifications characteristics which no one denies to Lord Rosebery, such as charm, insight, sympathy, and social tact. It is the misfortune of the situation, it is the misfortune of English politics, that these qualities have gained for their possessor a reputation that ensures him power without responsibility. He is not a party leader, yet he is acclaimed as a future Prime Minister. He is an Imperialist, but not a member of the Imperialist party. Therefore, by the necessity of the case, he slips into a kind of decorative demagoguery varied by prolonged intervals of retirement.

Such an existence can only be disturbing and distracting in the last degree to the party of which Lord Rosebery has been at least a nominal leader. One section of this party either rejects him or is instinctively repelled by him. The other subordinates all its thinking to its desire to see him again at the head of its affairs. If phrase-making could save the Empire, Lord Rosebery would indeed be the man of the hour. As it happens, the country is overdone with phrases, and the Ministry which would best serve its purpose is a body of good departmental workers, officered by a man of moderate views and broad intelligence, whose governing idea would be the prudent management of an encumbered though perfectly solvent estate—a man who would suppress the Jingoism, force the army into its true position of subordination to the navy, while he set the brain of the country at work on the true problem of national existence—the maintenance of our commercial strength and the raising of the standard of life for our people.

I take it, therefore, that Lord Rosebery's personality, while it offers no promise for Liberalism, is powerful enough to distract it from the end which its adherents desire it to pursue. There is always an imminent prospect that the Government will fail. Who would succeed it? Hardly a divided Liberal party in a minority of one hundred and thirty, which might at any moment be reduced to helplessness by the defection of eighty Irish votes. So long as Liberalism has not made up its mind about South Africa, and cannot decide whether to accept or reject Home Rule, its leaders will hesitate to take office. But what is the alternative? Well, there is the old expedient of a coalition. The most recent example of a Coalition Cabinet was the Aberdeen Ministry of 1853. That Ministry took office because of the weakness and divisions of the Whigs, whose force was dissipated by the estrangement of Russell and Palmerston, as the Liberals to-day are distracted by the disagreements of Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt. The coalition drew men of talent and experience from both parties, and, as Sir Spencer Walpole has pointed out, it was a Cabinet of transition—the forerunner of the great Liberal movement which began in the

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next decade. I need not emphasise the close resemblance to the condition of party affairs in 1901.

Let me suppose that Lord Rosebery would consent to form the weak Liberal wing of such a Ministry. What force could he attach to his standard? Sir Henry Fowler, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane, and perhaps Lord Tweedmouth, might be counted in as adherents. Mr. Asquith would be wise in withholding his help. The exchequer of such a party would be rich, for it would attract to its ranks some, though not all, of the great Liberal capitalists. On the other hand, it could only represent a new secession from the main body and doctrine of Liberalism. Authoritative interpreters of that doctrine like Lord Spencer, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. John Morley would rigorously oppose it, while Radicalism, the Labour party, and Irish Nationalism would all be hostile. One special source of weakness, as compared with the combination of 1853, it would undoubtedly possess. It could not count on two public men so conspicuous in character and service as Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone. Generally, on its Liberal side, it would be wanting in courage, in consistency, and in definitiveness of aim.

The same could not be said of the Unionist contribution to such a coalition. I do not think that it would willingly be made, especially if it were thought that Lord Rosebery was to head the Cabinet, in place, let us say, of Mr. Arthur Balfour or the Duke of Devonshire. But it would clearly be to the advantage of Conservatism to rid itself of the undue preponderance of one family which almost monopolises power, and constitutes a centre of undue influence, unfavourable to the independence and freshness of view that the situation demands. Here, however, a difficulty of great magnitude arises. Change of *personnel* has powerful motives to recommend it. It would be of great advantage to face the South African settlement with a new Government. But could that Government exclude Mr. Chamberlain, who, be it remembered, has bitterly opposed the growth of Liberal Imperialism, the force in our politics which, after all, saved the situation for him in 1899? I think not. In England we can always dispense with statesmanship; political management is a rarer art, and Mr. Chamberlain is its unique professor. I conclude, therefore, that the personality and claims of Mr. Chamberlain, which, though they are resolutely supported, are not a gathering force in our public life, would be an obstacle to a combination to which many men are beginning to look. The predilections of Mr. Balfour point in the same direction. But the gradual withdrawal of Parliamentary confidence from Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, and the radical inefficiency of the reconstituted Cabinet, are signs which no observer can ignore. What form will popular discontent and party disloyalty take when the war is formally over, and the errors of the last two years are

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seen only in melancholy retrospect, or as shadows of an uncertain and perilous future? It is conceivable that the Government will endeavour to put the Liberals in office and ask from them a settlement of South Africa. Mr. Disraeli, who liked power for itself, thought that such a tender should never be refused. But a Liberal minority Government would be a dangerous experiment, which only great sagacity and high courage could conduct to a successful issue. Failing it, resort to a coalition presents itself as a device to which both the King and some, at least, of his present advisers might resort. It would, I am convinced, be a failure. But from its very mistakes might spring a source of new life for Liberalism, which, in its broadest sense, supplies the only possible basis for the government of a free State.

## THE YOUNG ENGLAND MOVEMENT BY WALTER SICHEL



THROUGHOUT the maze of political complexities from the Revolution to the Reform Bill, and from the Reform Bill to the present moment, two broad and clear threads of aspect rather than of thought can be discerned. We may characterise them best, perhaps, by a simile. The one surveys the State as a large and level plain to be varied at will by the art of man. The other views in it the perspective of an undulating landscape. Mountains may be quarried, but they endure; rivers diverted, but their main channels flow on; cities may be built and forests may be cleared, but the features of environment are preserved. The one is the school of *tabula rasa*, 'the clean slate'; the other, that of tradition and individuality. The one, of experiment; the other, of experience. The 'New Whigs' of Queen Anne proposed the former; Bolingbroke, the latter. Our modern Liberals, remote as they have been from our modern Radicals, agree with them in repudiating growth and continuity. That is the sole platform on which Jacobin, Utilitarian, and Socialist can meet. In the same way, the 'Tory-democracy' of Lord Beaconsfield, howsoever distant from the debased Toryism of Addington, chimes with it in the characteristic of Conservatism. It is a ground common alike to the old Jacobite and the new Conservative.

The 'Young England' movement, which, reacting against Peel's aloofness, recalled, during his last memorable Ministry, youthful aspiration to primitive elements and reverted (in Bolingbroke's pet phrase) to 'first principles,' has been so fruitful in the past, appears fraught with such ample promise for the future that it deserves more attention than has been bestowed on its import. It represents much more than a protest. It rested on high principles and stood for a distinct outlook on life. It raised a standard as well as an argument. It had affinities, with important distinctions, to the messages of Ruskin and Carlyle. It aimed at regeneration of the whole body-politic. Many in the past century have played the part of 'saviours of society'—Robert Owen, Ferdinand Lassalle, Napoleon the Third, Karl Marx, and the eccentric Mr. Urquhart;—but none in this country have been at once so genuine and effective as this association of 'Young England,' which, enlisting the enthusiasm of youth, struck at the roots of national character, without which no development is feasible. The unity and development of the national character was its keynote. Toryism owes much to it to-day. The Imperial idea grows directly out of its political conceptions.

England is great where she is characteristic through her institutions. Of these institutions her constitution is the embodiment.



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So far as Parliament has gradually proclaimed this constitution, it is fixed; so far as tradition has endeared it, it is sacred. It is at once solid and fluid, rigid and elastic. *It is her character.* New volitions, the increase in population, invention, and competition, the march of vast cities and of portable wealth, compel modifications. The problem for a statesman—indeed, for every thoughtful citizen—is in what spirit these modifications shall be met or even anticipated: how to look history in the face, how to engraft reform without cutting down nationality. We shall find that the ideals of 'Young England' are capable of infinite adaptation, and, in fact, underlie that Imperial idea which was laid to sleep from Chatham's first Administration until Lord Beaconsfield's last. For this idea is in truth only one mode through which an ancient, free, and colonising people expresses its unity and individuality; or, in a word, is true to itself. The reality of government in sympathy with the governed, loyalty and leadership, the discrimination of the national will instead of its confusion with indiscriminate theories, the substitution of actual sentiment for abstract statistics, the removal of faction, the revival of class responsibility, the realisation of duty in tenure, the recognition that in service lies perfect freedom, were among the dominant notes of 'Young England.' Let us consider them in their several relations to political, ecclesiastical, and social life. And first we must endeavour to reproduce 'Young England's' view of our political development.

The 'Bill of Rights' was totally distinct from the Revolution ideal, itself the offspring of Whigs and Tories in compelled coalition. The former was a safeguard for Parliament against prerogative, but not for the nation against Parliament. It omits all mention of national rights or national privileges. The latter was an imperfect compromise; imperfect, but not that which is popularly supposed. We constantly read of 'the balance of the Three Estates of the Realm.' That was decidedly not the Revolution ideal. It consisted rather in a balance of the Crown, the Lords, and the Commons, as mutual counterchecks, yet free in their several spheres. They were to remain at once interdependent and independent. The last of the Stuart Kings had menaced their interdependence; the first of the Revolution oligarchies immediately threatened their independence. At the very moment when Parliament became unduly omnipotent it became corrupt. It ceased to remain a really representative body. Representation is not achieved either by manipulated or by merely numerical election. Before the Revolution, and in the last Parliament of Queen Anne, the whole nation was represented by the land, to which its Church and its Commerce were still intimately allied. The Revolution had introduced 'Dutch Finance'—a

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system (in Swift's words, often repeated by Disraeli) of 'mortgaging industry to protect property.' It had been originated by and for a nation of bankers, whom it suited; it was forced on a nation of squires and merchants. With it arose 'the Moneyed Interest' of the towns. A tribe of loan-mongers and jobbers was propagated. Trade ceased to follow the land. It was a social revolution. Walpole, profiting by and emphasising it, consolidated the 'Venetian Oligarchy'—a phrase, by-the-bye, frequent in the pamphlets of the period, and again repeated by Disraeli. The Tory squires were indiscriminately proscribed as Jacobites; the financial magnates were petted; a great gulf was set between the town and the country. Henceforward dates the gradual ascendancy of a new *bourgeoisie* which had little in common with that 'middle class' of yeoman and shopkeeper whose name it usurped. The work of the Revolution was left incomplete. How should the gap be stopped? Bolingbroke proposed the remedy. If Parliament was fast sinking into the symbol of an oligarchy, itself the puppet of a Minister, and had thus disconnected itself from the national chain, the 'monarch and the multitude' must reunite to the rescue. The sole constitutional power that can only be represented by prerogative must in close unison lead that estate of the realm which the House of Commons had come to misrepresent. 'A new people,' says Bolingbroke, 'will seem to arise with a new king.' There must be 'the strength of the Crown with the concurrence of the people.' The King—under a system which, in Bolingbroke's assertion, long afterward cited by Burke with approval, 'may become more easily and more usefully tempered with aristocracy or democracy or both, than either of them, when they are essential forms . . . with monarchy'—must no longer drone as a 'doge' or drudge as a 'chief magistrate,' because he had ceased to be 'dressed up' as a 'burlesque Jupiter.' He must represent a real power in a State whose constitution precludes his despotism, and at a time when 'the government of Britain has in some sort the appearance of an oligarchy, and monarchy is rather hid behind it than shown, rather weakened than strengthened, rather imposed upon than obeyed.' The Lower House must again prove itself the 'express image of the nation' under a king exercising a limited but actual prerogative. Royalty without personal expression, without loyalty, is an ignoble farce. These ideas pervade all Bolingbroke's political essays. Many of them were reiterated by Burke, though he repudiated their originator, and Bolingbroke, like Disraeli afterwards, looked to 'Young England' for their consummation. 'I turn my eyes,' he pleads, 'from the generation that is going off, to the generation that is coming on, the stage.' Lord Cornbury was *his* Lord Strangford. A generous aristocracy might infuse the new blood of these old influences into

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a torpid people. They form the political creed of 'Young England' which is best stated by the eloquent epilogue to 'Sybil,' Lord Strangford—that brilliant and fascinating figure—thus translates some of them into verse when in his 'Historic Fancies' he causes Bolingbroke himself to declaim :

What your sons' sons must some day know in England,  
If the Few govern only for the Few, as they will do,  
Their sway perchance may widen, this little knot of  
'Seigneurs of a circle,' Pelhams and Bedfords, Graftons, Townshends,  
Gowers,  
This necklace round the throat of Royalty  
Will haply become larger, and at length  
That greater middle class will force its way  
To power and dominion—this may be. But there shall come a day  
When a yet greater, the greatest class of all  
Shall know its strength : and the poor, trampled people rise at last.—  
Teach it to them.—Nay, what is your reluctance ?  
I ask you but to lead a coming movement—  
I ask you but to speak a coming truth. . . .

George III. tried hard to be a patriot king, and failed until, 'perhaps prescient of the magic power of youth in touching the heart of a nation,' he displaced the older and unpopular in favour of the younger and enlightened genius—Shelburne by Pitt. But Pitt himself, despite his subsequent origination of a triple scheme for true Tory reform, failed for a twofold reason. In his earlier career he was forced to rely on the wealth and to conciliate the support of the middle class ; in his later, he was crippled by the war, which was in truth as much a struggle for international as for national existence in the face of an omnivorous foe.

He created [observes Disraeli in that wonderful preface to 'Sybil'] a plebeian aristocracy and blended it with the patrician oligarchy. He made peers of second-rate squires and fat graziers. He caught them in the alleys of Lombard Street and clutched them from the counting-houses of Cornhill. When Mr. Pitt, in an age of Bank restriction, declared that every man with an estate of ten thousand a year had a right to be a peer,<sup>1</sup> he sounded the knell of 'the cause for which Hampden had died on the field and Sydney on the scaffold.'

None the less, Pitt consummated the first part of the 'Patriot King.' As a 'King's man,' he asserted against the Whigs that prerogative to choose Ministers which then formed the main line of demarcation between parties, and the inner meaning of which was that 'one of the functions of government is to form and to control opinion.' For the second part, his hands were tied by the struggle with Napoleon ; perhaps they were in any case unequal. Certainly

<sup>1</sup> The reader will remember the squib scrawled on a gate of Wycombe Abbey :

Bobby Smith lives here.  
Billy Pitt made him a peer,  
And took the pen from behind his ear.

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George's individuality was not calculated, like Elizabeth's, 'to inflame the people with our national spirit.' But Pitt, throttled by external convulsion, degenerated towards the end into something of the Eldonian type—a type which metamorphosed the patriot party of Bolingbroke, and Windham, and Pulteney, and Chatham, and Pitt himself, and even of Lord Liverpool, into the Tory of popular ignorance—'the stupid party,' that Mr. Bright, who opposed the Factory Acts, thought fit to deride, as well as to accuse of pilfering a reform policy, which was in fact their birthright. On this head Mr. Keibel, in his 'History of Toryism,' well remarks:

. . . Of the connection of the Tory party with the Reform question, regarded as a question of statesmanship, enough has been said. . . . On Mr. Disraeli's conduct of it from a party point of view too much praise can hardly be bestowed. He early accustomed them to see in it one of those great constitutional questions which can become the private property of no one party in the State. As the Whigs by the mouth of Lord John Russell in 1852 had chosen to reopen the question, they had placed the Tories where they were before 1830. . . . Lord Althorpe expected the Tories under Wellington to settle the Reform question. When the subject was revived, their right revived too. In 1858 they stood in the same relation to Reform as they had done in 1828. The bill of 1832 could place them in no worse a position. Because the Whigs had carried a bad bill was no reason why the Tories should not try to pass a better one. The Reform Bill of 1867 . . . was the making of the Tory party according to Lord Beaconsfield's conception of its history and its destinies. It gave them the position they required for dealing with the social problems of the age. . . .

The mention of Mr. Bright leads us to 'Liberalism.' 'Liberalism' was the substitution of French Revolution ideas for English Revolution ideals. The French Revolution scattered broadcast over Europe paper constitutions and paper systems, regardless of idiosyncrasy, tradition, or opportunity. Changes, whether desirable or undesirable, were to be carried without reference to the proprieties of time or place or people—those 'harmonies' of the political drama—and without the slightest regard to their chances of permanence. Liberalism, if logical, cannot in the long run remain national among an ancient people habituated to institutions. It is veiled cosmopolitanism; it is the half-way house to communism; it even tends perhaps to eventual anarchy, certainly to disorganisation. It disrupts and disperses. It levels and assimilates character. It neglects, as Disraeli points out in 'Sybil,' the contrast between 'aggregation and association;' and, as he again indicates in 'Tancred,' between 'thought' and 'opinion.' For it rests on the shout of mechanical majorities, instead of on *the modulations of the national voice*. It may create momentary Tribunes of the People; but it incapacitates the faculty of following real leadership. It multiplies echoes, while it drowns reflection. It thus depresses individuality, and, with individuality, faith, and even real opinion; for 'There is no faith, no opinion without thought.'

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Noticing 1640, a period of material contentment, in 'Coningsby,' Disraeli again remarks: '... The cause then was not physical. The imagination of England rose against the Government. It proves then that, when that faculty is astir in a nation, it will sacrifice even physical comfort to follow its impulses.' In home politics Liberalism, throughout its myriad applications, may be likened unto a syllogism whose minor premiss is usually omitted. Take some of its hobbies. Take the utilitarian theory and that of the 'Manchester School.' They ignore the moral and the imaginative stimulus. They ignore personal influence. Above all, they confound happiness with prosperity. 'Charcoal,' exclaims Ruskin in *Unto This Last*, 'may be cheap among your roof-timbers after a fire, and bricks may be cheap in your streets after an earthquake; but fire and earthquake may not therefore be national benefits.' Even in a purely commercial concern reserve must be weighed against dividends.

Ah yes [Disraeli makes Gerard observe in 'Sybil']: I know that style of speculation. . . . Your gentleman who reminds you that a working man now has a pair of cotton stockings and that Harry the Eighth was not so well off. At any rate, the condition of classes must be judged of by the age and by their relations with each other.

And, once more, in 'Coningsby':

... 'It is not in the increased feebleness of institutions that I see the peril of England; it is in the decline of its character as a community.'—'And yet you could hardly describe this as an age of corruption?'—'Not of political corruption. But it is an age of social disorganisation far more dangerous in its consequences, because far more extensive. You may have a corrupt Government and a pure community. You may have a corrupt community and a pure Administration. Which would you elect?'—'Neither,' said Coningsby; 'I wish to see a people full of faith and a Government full of duty.' . . . 'In this country,' said Sidonia, 'since the peace there has been an attempt to advocate a reconstruction of society on a purely rational basis. The principle of utility has been powerfully developed. I speak not with lightness of the labours of the disciples of that school. I bow to intellect in every form, and we should be grateful to any school of philosophers, even if we disagree with them. . . . There has been an attempt to reconstruct society on a basis of material motives and calculations. It has failed; its failure in an ancient and densely peopled kingdom was inevitable. . . . Man is only really truly great when he acts from the passions, never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination.' . . . 'And you think that, as imagination once subdued the State, imagination may now save it?'—'Man is made to adore and to obey; but if you will not command him, if you give him nothing to worship, he will fashion his own divinities, and find a chieftain in his own passions.'—'But where can we find faith in a nation of sectaries? Who can feel loyalty to a sovereign of Downing Street?'—'I speak of the eternal principles of human nature; you answer me with the passing accidents of the hour. Sects arise and sects disappear. Where are the Fifth Monarchy men? England is governed by Downing Street; once it was governed by Alfred and Elizabeth.'

And who that has read it can forget the passage in 'Popanilla'—a light skit, be it remembered, dashed off more than fifteen years before 'Coningsby,'—where the principle of competition is satirised by the Episode of the Purses?

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Similar ideas dispose of 'Laissez Faire'—the retort of the Liberal on the Radical. 'Laissez-Faire' is the resource of indolent indifference. It is a French expression. It dates from the days and the policy of Colbert. 'Stew in your own juice' is an English proverb.

In *Vraibleusia* [we quote 'Popanilla'] we have so much to do that we have no time to think—a habit which only becomes nations who are not employed. You are now fast approaching the great Shell question; a question which, I confess, affects the interest of every man in this island more than any other; but of which, I must candidly own, every man in this island is more ignorant than of any other. No one, however, can deny that the system works well; and if anything at any time go wrong, why really Mr. Secretary Periwinkle is a wonderful man, and our most eminent conchologist—he no doubt will set it right, and if by any chance things are past even his management, why then, I suppose, to use our national motto, *something will turn up*.

Take, again, that remainder-biscuit of the French Revolution, that solecism in ideas, the doctrine of Natural Equality. This time we will cite Lord Strangford's 'Angela Pisani,' a dazzling dream-picture of three eras in France.

. . . Go and preach equality to the deep seas, Almeric, that the oyster is equal to the whale, or the star-fish to the shark; you will succeed there sooner than you will be able to alter the relative grades of the five races of humanity. It is a *law* which man must unmake himself, ere he can change; that the Caucasian will aspire to the highest and the negro will grovel as the basest.

Our brief exposition may explain 'Young England's' attitude towards the repeal of the Corn Laws. That repeal in itself was not wholly contrary to the Tory tradition. Pitt had intended it, though never through a scheme that might ruin British labour by a deluge of foreign imports. Pitt believed in reciprocal trade and in commercial treaties. 'Young England' favoured the 'sliding scale.' But the precipitation of repeal at that time and by that leader mooted the problem of whether a momentarily cheaper loaf (for it soon became dearer) was worth the sacrifice of a class on which the country had so long depended, and without which it could never have worsted Napoleon; whether the game was worth the candle; whether, too, the moneyed interest would, with redoubled prosperity, manifest the same sense of duty towards labour as the landed, whose control and administration had popularised and mitigated even the evils of the old Poor Laws; whether cheap and adulterated commodities are always an unmixed blessing; whether, if England ceased, as she is now ceasing, to be the sole great centre of production, a monopoly of manufacturers would prove the best guardian of trade, or the safest arbiter between conflicting Labour and Capital. The event has not belied some of these apprehensions. The economic predictions of the Repealers have been falsified. Corn has fallen to nearly half of their presumed minimum. Labour has been displaced as Disraeli prophesied it would be. Our national

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capital is practically subsidising foreign labour. In the next five years our foreign imports will in all probability fully equal the sum of our exports; and home labour and home exchange will be disorganised. We are already subsidising alien products. Nor do we doubt that its influence has occasionally tended towards the social deterioration of the people. One more extract from 'Sybil':

. . . But we forget Sir Robert Peel is not the leader of the Tory party; the party that resisted the ruinous mystification that metamorphosed direct taxation by the Crown into indirect taxation by the Commons; that denounced the system which mortgaged industry to protect property; the party that ruled Ireland by a scheme which reconciled both Churches, and by a series of Parliaments which counted among them lords and commons of both religions; that has maintained at all times the territorial constitution of England as the only basis and security for local government, and which nevertheless once laid on the table of the House of Commons a commercial tariff negotiated at Utrecht which is the most rational that was ever devised by statesmen.<sup>1</sup> . . .

Peel was a great parliamentarian, and he headed, as he constantly typified, the self-complacency of the 'middle-middles'; but in the throes of national crisis he could only ejaculate, 'Register, register, register.' He was unoriginal. The *bourgeoisie* have excellent qualities; but no sooner do they preponderate in Parliament than they betray their inherent unfitness to govern, or at least to initiate and appreciate statesmanship. Their outlook is too retail. In 'Angela Pisani' occurs a remarkable *tirade* in the mouth of Napoleon. He is denouncing the 'puddle-blooded' whom he had raised, 'made great men, but could not make gentlemen—rich but not respectable':

. . . O thou hollow Middle Class! who wast so bepraised in the wisdom of eighteenth-century philosophy, I have proved thee as corrupt, as vain, as false as thy superiors. An inane conceit was it, that flattery of Beaumarchais, which spoke of the froth above and the dregs below, but of the good, sound, solid and substantial liquor between. . . . O thou traitor Middle Class! who promised so largely and beneficently, whose mission it was to moralise, educate and elevate the people, hast thou thought only of thyself? Eternity was before thee, but thou preferredst the present. Rome was awaiting thee, while thou wast revelling at Capua. The moderation of the masses committed to thy charge was thy portion, and thou didst bend, grovelling, to pick up, to furbish, to piece together, and worship, the scattered fragments of the broken idols. Thou art mine enemy, but I am not thine. For I represent Force which is the Future, and which is thine for a season. But what thou dost sow in the green tree indicates the ripe tree. Not one generous thought, although thou canst sneer at the bulletin; nor one great act, although thou canst prate of commerce and destroy nationality, belongs to thy purblind aims and selfish cynicism.

This reproach to France applies, though in immensely less degree, to England. The Reform Bill of 1832 inaugurated the sway of the 'Gigman' and the 'Middleman.' The Reform Bill of 1867,

<sup>1</sup> Bolingbroke's idea was 'Fair trade' and reciprocal treaties. It has been said that Walpole inaugurated 'Free trade.' But Arthur Moore, Bolingbroke's right hand in trade concerns, 'coached' him as late as 1721, just as Defoe had before 'coached' Harley.

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shorn as it became of its 'fancy franchises,' preluded the ascendancy of the Press, or, as the Press is now styled, 'the man in the street.' We will not now discuss which on the whole is the greater good or evil. But, surely, in practice, the latter is more likely to vitalise the aristocracy, to stir the people, and to quicken the plutocrats, if only, as 'Young England' hoped, attempered by an active and actual prerogative which can alone represent the Crown. Mr. Gladstone, in a striking passage to be found in one of his three reviews on the 'Life of the Prince Consort,' has asserted and applauded these prerogatives. It may be asked, 'What real difference would their additional exercise create?' We will answer by a two-edged instance. The Sovereign has the right to dissolve Parliament—a right that was doubted so late as 1721. If this right were used whenever the Monarch, after consultation, considered that Parliament was not the mirror of the national will, a breathing-space would be secured, amid the tumult of faction, for ascertaining the popular pulse. For it could not be tried twice in succession. And more. The use of this prerogative would at the same time negative any undue obstinacy on the part of the Upper House. New peers might be created, and here again the Crown could lead and leaven the people. For the *bourgeoisie*, powerfully as they symbolise decency and order, too often lack, even in their educated varieties, perception, insight, and sympathy. They are trivial in their impervious earnestness and petty in their hide-bound self-content. In prosperity they tend towards materialism. At present they pervade Parliament, while the Press controls opinion. Hence the dearth of accord between the prate of Parliament and a nation that is realising its unity. Hence springs the momentary decay of Parliament itself—not from party spirit, but from the inanition of parties representing principles, without which every party becomes a faction. A crisis in foreign affairs—so truly termed by Disraeli, in the spirit of Bolingbroke, 'British interests abroad'—has broken a long lethargy and aroused the nation to follow its Monarch. The visions of Bolingbroke, of Windham, of 'Young England,' have at length been partially fulfilled. One hundred and fifty years ago Bolingbroke urged the necessity 'to improve and keep in heart the national colonies like so many farms of the mother-country.' Thirty years ago Disraeli pressed this duty upon us in that great speech at the Crystal Palace, and sketched out, in the spirit of 'Young England,' a 'great policy of Imperial consolidation' that is now only beginning to be matured. Over one hundred and ninety years ago the same Bolingbroke, in a striking letter to Lord Peterborough, was the first statesman to point out that Britain was a Mediterranean Power. The conviction of that destiny moulded the whole foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield; yet such is the ignorance of



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continuity that, even when, under the stress of crisis, Greater Britain has silenced the 'little Englander,' one of the falsehoods most sedulously propagated by the latter is that this ideal is a tawdry figment of vulgar innovation. Why, it is a commonplace for the student that the Tory statesmen of Queen Anne habitually employed the word 'Empire' even in their struggle to stop a war that was no longer conducive to the advantage of the one country who supported its burden. Professor Seeley has himself pointed out that, in the British struggle for expansion which underlies the whole eighteenth century, the Utrecht Treaty marks an epoch almost as memorable as the Armada. The present South African campaign has awakened England from her listlessness precisely because it is one supported by the Crown and the People. The Crimean War failed eventually to do so precisely because it was a war of the sleek *bourgeoisie*, drifted into on no principle and involving no Imperial issues. But in so far as the mere pretext of the present war has been 'the instinctive right of the Anglo-Saxon race to the franchise' it is against Tory principles, and a cry purely democratic. The issue would have been more soundly based on a persistent violation of compact. To thrust the home constitution on foreign States is counter to the Tory creed. The bustling 'Liberal' foreign policy of Lord Palmerston—force in the name of freedom—'menacing Russia with a perfumed cane,' dissociates itself very keenly from a policy of 'Defence, not defiance.' To vindicate assailed citizenship is one thing; to assail alien administration, another. The delusion we have been considering is on a par with that other 'Liberal' platitude that the Liberals alone 'trust the people.' Why, Sir Robert Walpole's main contention in his famous speech of 1734 against the repeal of the Septennial Act was that the people were not to be trusted at all; Windham's great point was the contrary. Pitt trusted the people. Did Lord Grey? Canning trusted the people. Did Lord Melbourne? Was it the people or the Caucus that Mr. Gladstone trusted? Lord Beaconsfield trusted the people, when he redeemed his promise, hinted over twenty years earlier, of counteracting the social effects of Repeal, by the creation of the 'Conservative working-man.' The 'people' is the whole nation, not a particular class. Trust must be reciprocal if it is to be real. Such misconceptions are not new. The 'Young England' fraternity were not themselves in complete accord.

Their nucleus had begun in a close association of University friends. The Cambridge 'Apostles' comprised Tennyson and

<sup>1</sup> '... If we must find a new force to maintain the ancient throne and immemorial monarchy of England, I for one hope that we may find that novel power in the invigorating energies of an educated and enfranchised people.'—Speech on Mr. Miles' Amendment, 1846.

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Hallam, Monteith and Doyle and Monckton-Milnes. Disraeli and Lord Strangford gave their academic followers, as well as Lord John Manners, Faber, Hope, and Baillie-Cochrane, an ampler scope and a longer view, but not without murmuring jealousies. They taught that the spirit of reform was infinitely more important than its letter, and that a 'romantic school' in England must re-seek the fountain-head of political principle. Yet we find Milnes writing in 1844: 'You must have been amused at the name of 'Young England,' which we started so long ago, being usurped by opinions so different and so inferior a tone of thought. It is, however, a good phenomenon in its way, and one of its products—Lord John Manners—a very fine promising fellow. The worst of them is that they are going about the country talking education and liberality, and getting immense honour for the very things for which the Radicals have been called all possible blackguards and atheists a few years ago.' And yet in 1838 this same 'Mr. Vavasour' of 'Tancred' had also written: 'We have set agoing a new dining-club which promises well. Twenty of the most charming men in the universe met last Tuesday. They won't call it "Young England," however.' It is no disrespect to the memory of the late Lord Houghton to say that his rose-water eclecticism scarcely fostered much keen discrimination of insight. His 'remarks' on 'Coningsby' in *Hood's Magazine*, under the name of 'Real England,' were a sympathetic criticism; but, a *dilettante* by instinct, he lionised ideas as he lionised genius. He patted intuition on the back. He was the Mrs. Leo Hunter of politics. The future Lord Lamington—the Buckhurst of 'Coningsby,' who has given a pleasant glimpse of 'Young England' in his 'In the Days of the Dandies' and has supplemented its muster-roll by the names of Mr. Peter Borthwick and Mr. Augustus Stafford—quotes Serjeant Murphy's 'Jack Sheppard'—a pasquinade on the movement. The last verse runs as follows:

We have Smythe and Hope with his opera-hat,  
But they cannot get Dicky Milnes, that's flat—  
He is not yet tinctured with Puseyite leavening,  
But he may drop in in the 'cool of the evening'—  
Fake, young England, Fake away.

The 'Puseyite leavening' recalls the strictures of Carlyle, who, in the spring of 1844, thus characteristically addresses Monckton-Milnes:

. . . On the whole, if Young England would altogether fling its shovel hat into the lumber-room, much more cast its purple stockings to the nettles, and honestly recognising what was dead, . . . address itself frankly to the magnificent, but as yet chaotic Future . . . telling men at every turn that it knew and saw for ever clearly the *body* of the Past to be dead (and even to be damnable, if it pretended to be still alive and go about in a galvanic state), what achievements might not Young England manage for us?

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'What was dead,' 'What pretended still to be alive,' was the Church of England. It is easy to deride that youthful display of bad verse and good enthusiasm, 'England's Trust,' by Lord John Manners:

With Roncesvalles upon his banners  
Comes prancing along my Lord John Manners.

Carlyle disliked in him what he disliked in Scott—the 'properties' of Romanticism. But the earnestness of Manners' little volume is beyond question. In the Church it recognises the national regenerative force and salve for anarchy. 'We laugh at all commandment save our own,' sighs the boyish devotee:

Yes, through the Church must come the healing power,  
To bind our wounds in this tumultuous hour.

True, his Anglicanism was that of Laud; true, to that name he rhymes 'adored.' But it is also true that the brotherhood felt that, if the Church, and through it the nation, was to be quickened, it must revert, like the State, to its origins: it must no more be regarded merely as an endowed official or as a consecrated police, but as a divine institution. As regards temporal power and external alliances, the State abides its 'suzerain'; but as regards spiritual predominance and internal discipline, the Church must fulfil and assert her mission:

The inequality of man [cries out Disraeli in 'Tancred'] can only be accomplished by the sovereignty of God. The longing for fraternity can never be satisfied but under the sway of a common Father. . . . announce the sublime and solacing principle of theocratic equality.

This is a Semitic idea; but, then, so is the Church. The State, on the other hand, is an Aryan conception. The Church-State of the Middle Ages failed because it ceased to be spiritual. The State-Church of post-Revolution days can only succeed if the temporal and spiritual provinces are maintained intact and distinct. England is the sole country that has reconciled the conception of the Church to that of the State. Moreover, as an ancient, English institution, the Church is rooted in the soil. There is no priesthood so congenial to the whole community. To abolish parish-life would alone denationalise and upheave England. If, to its cost, the Church has been bound up with the land, it is all the more requisite to preserve it even as a matter of policy. To this policy Bolingbroke, himself a theist, paid eloquent homage. He calls the Church the protectress of popular liberties. And the Church can, nay, is being, made again the purest channel of social regeneration. Institutions like Oxford House attest the foresight of 'Young England.' This was the refrain of Faber, the St. Lys of 'Sybil.' To alleviate and hallow labour, and to conciliate classes towards themselves

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and the divine, is the English mission of the English Church. Carlyle was a Calvinist by temperament though not by creed. But the Church is no idol to be overthrown by his iconoclasm. We may add that these convictions of 'Young England' were vehemently advocated by Disraeli in his speeches on the Irish Church. He was in favour of 'concurrent endowment.' He was against the policy of Mr. Gladstone—the residuary legatee of the French Revolution. He was wholly against that secularisation of property which is the first step towards its abolition, and, with its abolition, the abolition also of ordered responsibility.

Nevertheless, it was the absolutely logical attitude of Disraeli on this Church question that itself broke up the 'Young England' party in 1845. His speech on the 'Maynooth Grant,' which the lack of space forbids us from quoting here, proves his farsighted detection of Erastianism in a measure which was one not of relief but of 'endowment'; and of 'endowment' by a Government which had ceased to be Protestant in 1828, and in the face of a country which has never ceased to remain Protestant.

One closing word on the social aims of 'Young England.' We may summarise them by the phrase 'Health and Home.' They compassed the relief of industry, and they implied the effort to shame the knights of industry into some chivalry towards it:

Pitt [comments Mr. Keble] ended the quarrel between the king and the aristocracy, and reconciled the Whig doctrine of Monarchy with the Whig doctrine of Parliament. Peel accommodated Toryism to the new *régime* established by the Reform Bill, and his name will always be identified with the progress of middle-class reform. Lord Beaconsfield carried Toryism into the next stage and made it the business of his life to close up the gap in our social system which . . . had been gradually widening and to reconcile the working classes to the Throne, the Church, and the Aristocracy.

The twenty-nine Bills for ameliorating the position of factory operatives passed in the teeth of Radicals who predicted the ruin of the manufacturer. The Employers' and Workmen Acts, the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, the Poor Law Amendment Act, the Commons Act, the Artisans' Dwellings Acts, the Public Health Act, the Rating Act, the last Employers' Liability Act, the Agricultural Holdings Act, among many others, attest the 'victory of popular Toryism over class Liberalism,' and the protection of suffering against selfishness. They are the direct outcome of enthusiasts who were warned by Sir Robert Peel to give up speechifying and to 'sit on Railway Committees.' 'Young England,' like all Utopian propaganda, was a romantic vision and exceeded actuality. But, in part, 'the dream has come true.' Classes are infinitely more in communion than they were in 1840. The attempt to set them by the ears and oppose the 'masses' to the 'classes' has ignominiously failed. The appeals of 'Sybil,' 'Coningsby,' and 'Tancred,' mocked

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at as rodomontade, and branded as an adventurer's dodge, have been rendered into action, and stand confessed as the deeply-felt and deeply-pondered schemes of a poet and a statesman. When, says Bolingbroke, 'great coolness of judgment' is united to 'great heat of imagination,' we see 'that happy association which forms a genius.'<sup>1</sup> Such has proved Disraeli, and his inmost soul is embodied in the 'Young England' which he organised and encouraged. Over fifty years ago, in his speech at the Manchester Athenæum, he exhorted youth as the 'trustees of posterity.' The youth of to-day may well take its stirring lessons to heart. Three vast problems still confront our own generation—the Housing of the Poor, the Confederation of the Colonies, and the readjustment of our commercial and fiscal systems. Let the Tory party remember their heritage. They have not improved since 1881. Let them not squander their patrimony amid the flush of apoplectic majorities and the fatality of indulged opportunism. England cannot be 'run' on the principle of Co-operative Stores. She demands guidance—the power to think and speak and the faculty to listen and obey. If the revival is to be permanent, it must be recognised that under all ephemeral catchwords and vanishing landmarks lies the great conflict of Nationalism against Cosmopolitanism; that the King, the Church, and the People must be united realities; that the appeal to *doctrinaire* abstractions is obsolete.

The moment calls the man. And, with renewed vigour and individuality will arise, we venture to predict, a renaissance of Letters and other Arts which will urge and inspire. For Literature and Art are the blossoms of national purpose and national concentration; and these can flourish only under the sun of leadership which 'ripens fruits and wits.'

<sup>1</sup> Bol. Philos. Works, vol. i., p. 125.

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IN the days, happily long past, when the chief ambition of the early inhabitants of these Islands was to resist the encroachment of invaders from the mainland, signals of warning were made by means of beacon-fires. We find that such signals were employed by the primitive Britons, and were well known in the Western Highlands, where until recently cairns still remained along the coast of some of the Islands, on which, in the old days, a column of fire would give the alarm on the approach of an enemy. In Ossian we are told how Fingal at once recognised 'the green flame edged with smoke,' as a call for help. Although such fires are long ago extinct in our Islands, they are still used in many countries. In China, that home of ancient civilisation, the telegraph has not yet supplanted them; and among the remnants of the fast-vanishing race which used to haunt the inlets of Tierra del Fuego, the signal-fires which gained for that country its name may yet be seen. An ingenious method of telegraphing, in a stricter sense of the word, was that in use about 350 B.C., where two earthenware cylinders of equal internal diameter, each provided with a tap at the bottom, were filled with water, which, when the taps were opened, allowed the water level to fall at the same rate in each vessel. In each of these was placed a cork float carrying a perpendicular stick, on which, at equal heights on each rod, various messages were written. These water-clocks being placed on towers at distances apart, it was easy to convey any of the messages or warnings written, by simultaneously turning on and off the taps, at pre-arranged signals given by a torch or 'flare.'

It may well be said that 'there is nothing new under the sun.' It is reported that Alexander of Macedon, in his famous march on India, used the rays of the sun as a means of signalling to a distance; and this in the region of unrest where the modern heliograph of Sir Henry Mance was developed, and has played such an important part in military operations. It is reported in the *Athenæum* of January 28, 1882, that the heliostat was known in Algeria in the eleventh century, and that a series of stations were established there, by means of which messages could be rapidly conveyed to all the towns from one end of the Empire to the other. Given a clear atmosphere, a bright sun, and sufficient elevation to allow for the earth's curvature, messages can be exchanged by means of the heliograph between two stations as much as two hundred miles apart. In the Geodetic survey made some twenty years ago to check the surveys of Algeria with those of Europe, the rays of an electric lamp established on the top of Muley Hassim in the Sierra Nevada, which is the highest peak in

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Spain, were clearly seen at a point in Algeria, some hundred and twenty miles away.

This glance at the subject of visual telegraphy may be concluded by a reference to the semaphore, which only fell out of general use in the early part of last century, and of which some readers will probably retain recollection. The invention of this apparatus has been ascribed to one Monsieur Amontons about the year 1700. It was not until the time of the French Revolution that it came into use; but from that time onward until it was superseded by the introduction of electricity as applied to telegraphy, the semaphore played an important part along our coast, especially in the troubled times at the beginning of last century. The last message from Portsmouth to London transmitted by this means is said to have been sent on December 31, 1847. Since then the untiring arms of this useful servant have been at rest.

The transmission of messages to a great distance by means of sound is effected in various ways. In 'Glimpses of Feverland' Mr. A. P. Crouch tells us how the Duallas on the Benin coast can hold conversations at a distance of two miles apart by means of drums tuned to different notes, and, as apparently the majority of the natives are adepts at this art, it is not difficult to understand that news travels quickly among the natives there. The natives themselves can give no explanation of the process. It has been said that the varying sounds produced by tightening or slackening the drum-head tones can be produced sufficiently near to the native language to be recognised. The art of understanding this drum-signalling seems to be as lost to us as that of reading the 'quipos' carried by relays of Inca messengers over the 2000 miles of road between Quito and Copiapo, of which traces may still be found along the slope of the Cordillera de los Andes.

In the *Geographical Journal* for July 1898, an interesting account will be found of an ingenious telephone, a 'cambarysú,' which is described as being in use among the Catuquinarú Indians, on the frontier of Bolivia on the Upper Waters of the Amazon. This instrument cannot be described without a drawing. Many things go to its making. Hard palm wood forms the container; fragments of wood, raw hide, and bone, also powdered mica and a diaphragm of hard india-rubber, all play parts in it. Although the sound cannot be heard by those immediately outside of the hut in which this mysterious instrument is enclosed, it is quite audible at the nearest station or 'malocca' a mile away.

It is not necessary here to follow step by step the gradual, the very gradual, development of the electric telegraph: so, having now presented to my readers the rudimentary methods of communication used in what may be called the dark days, and in the

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dark corners of the earth, we will come at once to the subject as it exists at the present day.

We are, fortunately, not now in the position of the primitive Briton, whose chief care, after duly painting and feeding himself, was to prepare to repel invaders. That which weighs with us most now is to utilise and develop, and also to protect, the vast and scattered empire which we have inherited. To do this efficiently, although rarely we have now and then to come into collision with our neighbours. But, whether in time of peace or otherwise, the telegraph forms an indispensable factor in all our efforts. One may well wish that the message sent over the first Atlantic cable on August 16, 1858, were for ever applicable to our relations with all foreign Powers. That message was sent by our late Queen to the President of the United States, and reads as follows: 'The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the electric cable which now connects Great Britain with the United States will prove an additional link between the nations, whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem.'

At the present time there are lying at the bottom of the sea, in various parts of the world, about 209,500 miles of cable; and of this Great Britain owns 137,000 miles—say 63 per cent. As our need for submarine cables is clearly greater than that of any other country, it is not astonishing that our proportion of the total should be so large. The whole of our over-sea cable communications are now vested in the hands of private companies. The majority of these cables can lay claim to no special strategic virtue, because they are laid across foreign lands and pass through shallow waters. While, therefore, they may in time of war become valueless, in ordinary times also they are liable, and have been constantly subject, to harassing interruptions.

Are they useful from the point of view of commerce? A glance at the following comparative list of charges furnishes an eloquent answer.

				Nautical Miles.
London to India	. . . 4s.	per word (Bombay)	. . .	7,160
" Cyprus	. . . 1s. 7d.	"	. . .	4,940
" Cairo	. . . 1s. 10d.	"	. . .	4,750
" Sierra Leone	. . . 5s. 5d.	"	. . .	4,096
" Lagos	. . . 7s. 1d.	"	. . .	5,380
" Bonny	. . . 8s. 3d.	"	. . .	5,716
" China	. . . 5s. 6d.	(Hong Kong)	. . .	11,190
" Mossamedes	. . . 10s. 9d.	"	. . .	7,140

Whereas, to compare with these, there are the following rates:

				Nautical Miles.
London to Australia	. . . 3s. 6d.	per word	. . .	12,630
" The Cape	. . . 3s. 6d.	"	. . .	8,530



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London to Vladivostock				Nautical Miles.	
	( <i>via</i> Germany)	1s. 3d.	per word	about	6,220
"	Fao (head of Persian Gulf)	6½d.	"	"	3,500
"	Cochin China	4s. 6d.	"	"	10,200
"	Singapore	4s. 6d.	"	"	9,570
"	Alaska	2s. 11d.	"	"	"
"	Mexico	1s. 6d.	"	"	5,398
"	Malta	6d.	"	"	2,685
"	Russia in Europe	5½d.	"	(internal)	2,350
"	Gibraltar	3½d.	"	"	1,560
"	Havana	1s. 8d.	"	"	4,940
"	Ottawa	1s.	"	"	3,530
"	Guatemala	3s. 4d.	"	"	5,960
"	Siam ( <i>via</i> Mou- mein)	3s. 10d.	"	"	9,140

In Russia a message is carried from :

St. Petersburg to Vladivostock	4½d.	per word	5,300
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In France a message is carried from :

Paris to Tunis	½d.	per word	980
" Senegal	1s. 3d.	"	2,653

It is noticeable that the Eastern Telegraph Co.'s charge to Cyprus is 1s. 7d.; while to the neighbouring Greek and Turkish Islands this company charges only 6½d. per word.

We know that for some time there has been established a system of land-lines running through the French Soudan, behind the British West African Colonies, from St. Louis, Senegal, to Kontanu on the coast of Dahomey; this land-line is about 1580 miles long, and although not officially opened to International traffic the rate charged from St. Louis to Kontanu is 2½d. This, if added to the 1s. 3d. charged from Paris to Senegal, means that a telegram can be sent from Paris to Kontanu for 1s. 5½d., while from London to Lagos, which is only fifty-six miles from Kontanu, the charge is 7s. 1d. per word.

Those cables to the Cape which run along the West Coast of Africa, pass through the Portuguese islands of Madeira and St. Vincent; while to reach the Cape by the East Coast of Africa, the cables pass through Egypt, and messages have also to pass over 1000 miles of land-line, partly through Natal. To reach Australia telegrams have either to go through Germany, Russia, and Persia; or through Egypt; unless the roundabout route of getting to Aden *via* the Cape is adopted. In any case these messages must pass through Banjoewangi, Netherlands India. It is expected that the projected cable from Vancouver across the Pacific Main, *via* Fanning, Fiji, and Norfolk Islands, to East Australia and New Zealand, will by the end of next year give us an all-British line to

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these possessions of ours. I think that we owe a debt of gratitude to Sir Sandford Fleming, whose energy, ability, and tenacity of purpose it is, that we have to thank for this: the first instalment of the scheme of world-encircling all-British cables, which he has so consistently advocated for the last twenty years, fighting against the strenuous opposition of the companies whose rich harvest of profits was likely to be endangered by the accomplishment of the Pacific cable, which is the thin end of the wedge, the leader of the phalanx by which it must be followed. Now that this project has become a live fact, many attempts are being made to deprive it of its value to the Empire—entreaties that this newcomer would come in and warm itself at the hospitable hearth of those whose welcome in the past has been expressed, not in the shape of 'the open door,' but very much otherwise. It is to be hoped that these blandishments in the shape of 'pooling arrangements,' 'joint-purse funds,' &c., will be steadfastly resisted. The experience gained from such a connection, in the case of the Indian Government, is enough to show that 'a long spoon' is necessary when accepting the hospitality of this circle of companies. But we may rely on the masterful grit of a Chamberlain to rescue this little stranger from the forlorn fate of a foster child.

When the Pacific-cable scheme was seen to be near fruition 'Vested Interests' were up in arms at once. Their hydra-headed resources, bristling porcupine-like, fortunately proved unavailing against the patriotic ardour of Canada and the statesman-like determination of the Colonial Secretary that the interests of the community should no longer depend on the Yea or Nay of a clique of insatiable companies blind to the interests of the public, and (strange to say) blind in many cases to their own advantages. Now, however, that the first step has been taken, those who desire to see the Empire 'Mistress of Communications'—to use the felicitous phrase of the gifted Viceroy of India—have every cause to rejoice. It signifies a blessed awakening!

The first nail has been driven into the coffin of the present obsolete and anachronistic system, and a first-class interment is now only a question of time.

All sorts of empiric remedies will, in the meantime, continue to be lavished on the moribund patient; but it will only mean the prolonging of his agony.

Another promising scheme of which we have been endeavouring to accelerate the birth is the Cape-to-Australia cable. It is to pass *via* Mauritius, Rodriguez, and Cocos Islands. This will land on the western shore of Australia, and be continued on to Adelaide, a further development of the All-British idea. But even of greater moment will it be to India than to Australia, because we should then obtain a branch line from the Cocos to Ceylon, and so on to

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India. We should then be quite independent of the cable which starts in the shallow water of the English Channel, and passes *viâ* Lisbon and across the Isthmus of Suez (our only means now of telegraphing to India), if we except the land-lines which pass through Germany, Russia, and Persia. So gradually a network of wholly British cables encircling our possessions will be obtained. To make the circle complete, direct cables are required from Ascension to Barbadoes and on to Jamaica, where the existing British line from Jamaica to Halifax *viâ* Bermuda will bring us in touch with the transatlantic cables to Great Britain. I do not at present insist strongly on the strategic value of a line to that isolated naval station, Stanley Harbour, in the Falkland Islands. This will come in time; but I hope that the need for such a line may not have to be taught to us by painful experience. Such a cable, although of little commercial advantage, should be run from Simon's Bay, at the Cape, to the Falklands, touching on the lonely Island of Tristan d'Acunha on its way.

The advantages in the shape of greater mobility to our fleet, whose movements would be accelerated by the establishment of a humanly perfect line of communications, and in that of increased security to our coaling-stations, are incalculable, and the benefit, in easy, rapid, and cheap intercourse, to our commerce and our industries that would accrue through these elements are not to be looked on with indifference. Bitter experience has taught us not to expect any substantial help from the companies that now rule the roast.

The dazzling glamour of comfortable balance-sheets, with plenty of reserves garnered up for a rainy day and crescendo dividends to gratify the shareholders, are each and all fatal to our hopes and aspirations.

As an Indian journalist very tersely puts it :

Is the New Commonwealth to relapse into a state of mental segregation and to rear its growing patriotism, gifted with a healthy appetite for Imperial news, upon a daily spoonful of telegrams doled out parsimoniously from a strangled cable system ?

Take the case of West Africa. Our Liverpool go-ahead merchants and shippers are putting forth Herculean efforts to develop our newly-acquired assets there. That new land of Ophir, reported to be teeming with auriferous deposits of untold value, will afford employment to many thousands of our surplus population, if properly and sagaciously developed. But the stumbling-block of an antiquated cable charge does much to paralyse that development. I have heard it argued in defence of leaving the cables in private hands, that they can more easily obtain concessions from foreign Governments. This plea I unhesitatingly traverse.

To begin with, a great many of the negotiations are conducted

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with the assistance of our Foreign Office ; and, secondly, it requires a great stretch of the imagination to believe that foreign Governments are amenable in granting rights to British companies while they would refuse them to the British Government. *Credat Judeus*. What is meant, I presume, is that the individuals are better able to lubricate the course of these negotiations. Who does our Foreign Office the injustice of denying to it the possession of that resourcefulness which opportunely adapts means to ends? Perhaps one of the most convincing arguments to show that governments are able to deal directly with one another in cable matters may be found in the fact that there are already many such dealings. The cables which join the United Kingdom with the Continent—with Germany, France, Holland, and Belgium—are owned by these States in common with Great Britain, under agreements concluded directly between the governments concerned. We may, therefore, look on the assertion that a 'buffer state,' in the shape of a private company, as a necessity, is quite disproven.

To sum up: What is required is an effective grip over all cables serving our lands; not the present wavering and half-hearted control. This can only be realised, *pace* the fossil-minded official, by the State acquiring the ownership of the principal cables. We should then know our bearings strategically as well as commercially. We should then perhaps be able to induce this venerable functionary to understand that the key to a cementing of the imperial brotherhood resides even more in a low and uniform scale of charges for social telegrams than for letters. It is not so long ago that Colonial officials, and officers of high rank in the Navy and Army stationed abroad, looked upon the development of the cable network with distinct disfavour, as limiting their individual freedom of action by bringing them more under the immediate rule of the authorities in London. This feeling has, I think, gradually died out, thanks to the great benefits which have undoubtedly been derived, both in time of peace and in time of war, by the expansion of the cable system. Great mercantile houses at first looked with something like aversion on an innovation which promised to, and actually did, bring into competition with their business a number of small capitalists. The latter quickly realised that by the use of these lines they could rapidly turn over their limited capital, a process which was impossible to them in the old days of slow and irregular communication with their foreign agents. The questions of the rise and fall of exchange, freights, the price of commodities abroad, &c., which before were a barrier to his enterprise, could be at once ascertained. As to the social benefits, it is unnecessary for me to attempt to depict these: they are well within the experience of all of us.

We must not, however, be content to remain satisfied with the

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present position, to rest prisoners, bound hand-and-foot, subject to the vagaries of these companies, which see fit to charge us 4s. per word to India, while to Australia, twice the distance away, a charge of 3s. 6d. (with a prospective reduction to 2s. 6d.) is looked on as ample. No: it seems that to State-owned cables alone we must look for freedom and sweet reasonableness. It is reported that once more, as in the case of the State-owned Pacific cable, Canada is prepared to lead the way, and we shall soon be able to telegraph from London to far Vancouver for 6d. per word. Let those who shrink from the apparently new departure which I advocate remember the Pacific cable, the cables which cross the German Ocean and the Channel, the cables in the Persian Gulf, and the recently-laid cable from Wei-hai-wei to Cheefu,—all owned by Government. I would also ask them to bear in mind that the entire land-line systems of the United Kingdom, India, Australia, and New Zealand, are Government property. A little contemplation of these facts will bring it home to the mind that no new principle is involved in State-ownership, but that the question, as I have attempted to lay it before those who do me the honour to read this article, is purely and simply one of degree. As an example of what may result from lack of 'the courage of one's opinion,' let me cite the case of the Australian Governments, who, to procure the laying of a new cable necessary to ensure an efficient telegraph-service with Australia, paid to the company which owned the defective cable an annual subsidy of £32,400 for a period of twenty years, or a sum of £650,000, sufficient to pay for the new cable twice or thrice over, leaving the company proprietors of the line at the expiration of that period, and also the richer by the large profits which arose from carrying the messages. Here, surely, is a case of lost opportunity!

The Eastern Telegraph Company—the overlord of the formidable group of affiliated companies—has now a new chairman, Sir John Wolfe Barry. It would be ungracious to pass over in silence the latest move announced by him. It is to allow social messages to be sent to and from India by means of a code supplied by the company—a concession which will doubtless ensure to the benefit of many slender purses. A veritable oasis in the desert.

To revert to the matter of State-purchase: Will our governors take the matter up? Two formidable obstacles loom largely before us. There is the Cabinet Minister, who in his best Panglossic mood may be heard saying: 'The State to purchase the cables to benefit the merchant at the expense of the tax-payer! Why! it is not to be thought of.' This, as far as he is concerned, is looked on as final. But even Cabinet Ministers, among their many pre-occupations, may find time for reflection, and may recognise that reformers, especially when strongly backed by public opinion and

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the justice of their cause, may have reason on their side. The second obstacle is the permanent official. This, I take it, is just because he is a permanent official. His training, as a rule, leads him to object to all ideas of reform or change, and has imbued him with a tendency in favour of the state of affairs as they are: for him the 'line of least resistance' is found in the routine to which he has become accustomed. But, after all, obstacles were only made to be overcome!

The argument for State-ownership may be summed up in two words. The State would work for the public, while the companies work for their shareholders.

Let me, therefore, appeal to the public on both sides of the Atlantic to give all possible support to the ideas which I have attempted, however crudely, to lay before them in these pages.

## THE GREAT SEALS OF ENGLAND BY WALTER DE GRAY BIRCH, LL.D., F.S.A.



T is a remarkable fact that very little is popularly known about seals. Even in the last fifty years the custom of sealing correspondence, which was tolerably common in the early years of the last century, has undergone a great restriction. But in the Middle Ages, as in the darker ages which preceded them, the use of the seal was constant, and with but few exceptions prevailed everywhere. At what period in the progress of human development the use of the seal was instituted we know not. Among the ancient Jews there are many passages of history and literature which refer to seals. Judah inquired of Tamar, 'What pledge shall I give thee?' and she said, 'Thy signet and thy bracelets.' Moses demands, 'Is not this laid up in store with me and sealed up among my treasures?' The Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind: 'It is turned as clay to the seal.' In the Song of Solomon we read, 'Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm, for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave, the coals whereof are coals of fire which hath a most vehement flame.' Daniel was enjoined to 'shut up the words and seal the book'; the same prophet was sealed up in the lions' den, thereby becoming a type of the entombment of our Lord, of which it is written, 'So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone and setting a watch.'

These instances refer to the cylindrical rollers of precious stone, about one or two inches long and from half an inch to an inch in diameter, pierced through the long axis and engraved with sacred symbols or the names of their owners, who wore them attached to the wrist by a string or thong. The impression was made by rolling the cylinders upon a lump of moist clay daubed upon the door or the tablet, the box-lid or the bottle's mouth, as a preventive of robbery or falsification. The British Museum, that vast storehouse of priceless ancient monuments, contains hundreds of these cylinders picked from the sandheaps of Mesopotamia. We owe to this universal practice of sealing with clay and wax the incidental preservation of all the wonderfully beautiful engraved intaglio gems of Greece, Rome, and the Roman Empire in general.

The art-history of English seals—a term which includes the consideration of the metal matrix of gold, silver, or brass, and the waxen impression hanging by a tapestried ribbon or a parchment label to the document thereby ratified—yet awaits its expounder, although five hundred years have elapsed since the designing and engraving of seals were at their best. The principal sources of this history are to be found among the transactions and journals of



1



2



3



4



5



6

*Seals of English Sovereigns*

Fig. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.



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archæological and scientific societies scattered up and down among the pages of country histories, family genealogies, and the many works which have been devoted to numismatics, heraldry, biography, and mediæval fine arts. It is to be regretted that no one has yet ventured to produce even a manual, much less an exhaustive treatise, upon the seal as an object of art, of history, or of antiquity, which exerted so powerful a part in the past culture of England.

The importance of seals is, indeed, very great. They possess the power of throwing an original light on arts and sciences, and on the manners and customs of the ages which they respectively adorn—a light afforded by no other source so generously and so accurately. They illustrate the by-paths of history, the intricacies of heraldry; they assist towards the elucidation of obscure points of genealogy and biography; they are especially useful as being dated or dateable examples of Saxon, Norman, Gothic, and Renaissance architectural and ornamental design. As a means of attributing a definite date to many modes of ancient art the heraldic, equestrian, ecclesiastical, and personal seals yield to no other class of antiquarian relics. By them we are enabled to point out at what period of our history certain symbols, shapes, devices, and styles came into general employment. For example, the art-history of the fleur-de-lis, emblem of the Virgin Mary—the spotless lily—could not be accurately written without a study of the English seals of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, among which so many exquisitely beautiful forms of that conventional flower are found.

The great seals used by the sovereigns of England stand at the head of this important class of remains, and it may be said of them, and of them only—with the single exception of the coinage—throughout the whole range of archæology, that they represent an unbroken series of objects streaming down the tide of time for a thousand years, reflecting from their surface as they proceed the political and artistic history, the material progress of civilisation, and the humanising effect of cultured study which is exhibited by the nation and the empire to which we belong.

The particular kind of seal which most closely concerns us to-day is derived from the stamp that is found in use not only among the ancient nations of Europe but also among those of Asia and other continents. In the seventh century the Byzantines or Greeks improved on this by making a kind of hinged tool somewhat resembling a pair of snuffers which had two flat circular faces engraved with a monogram or a name. It was used thus: A string or cord passing through the material of which the deed was composed, such as papyrus or vellum, was placed between two thin plates of lead, and these, being laid together, were put between the faces of the instrument, which was then pinched up; thus the string was secured and the metal received the desired impression.

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The earliest royal seal of England illustrates this form. It is the original leaden seal or bulla of Coenwulf, king of the Mercians, about A.D. 800 to 810. This interesting relic of the heptarchic epoch is undoubtedly genuine. It is said to have been brought from Italy, and was acquired for the British Museum in 1847. The late Sir Frederic Madden, K.H., keeper of the MSS. of the Museum, thought it possible that Coenwulf had caused it to be appended, after the Continental or Italian manner, to a grant made to a foreign house of religion. On the obverse are a cross, for *crux* or *sigillum*, and the name COENVVULFI REGIS; on the reverse or back, a small cross with recurved arms, known to later heralds as a cross-moline, joined at the extremities. The same kind of fanciful cross is found on the coins of this monarch. This form of seal—namely, a metal bulla—as used by the Popes of Rome, and the noblesse of Southern France and Spain and of Sicily, in imitation of Byzantine prototypes, does not appear to have recommended itself to English rulers. Apart from the golden bulla of Henry VIII. attached to the treaty made by him with Francis I., King of France, at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, 7-25 June 1520, and again in 1527, not a single example is known.

The seals of Offa, King of the Mercians, A.D. 790, and of Eadgar, King of England, A.D. 960, are known from single impressions that have escaped the ravages of time, if indeed they are genuine. These are oval portraits, busts in profile, after the Carolingian style, probably engraved on precious stones or gems, *more Romano*. Though fairly belonging to the class of seals under examination here, they stand apart and exert no influence upon those which follow them.

The strict series of great seals of our sovereigns begins, as it rightly should begin, with those of Edward the Confessor, 1043-1066. How many types this monarch used has not yet been ascertained; but only one had been figured in the histories until a few years ago, when researches into the seals and charters of this king resulted in the discovery of two new types differing from the better-known type by small variations only. Of these, one type is so fragmentary that but little can be ascertained about it until another example may be found by some one employed in going over unarranged charters in a public or private collection. The king is believed to have had three chancellors—Leofric, Wulfwi, and Reinbald. These dignitaries would also be the keepers of his great seal, and it is within possibility that each one had, in his turn, a separate seal. The chaste and archaic style of this king's seal recommends itself to lovers of the ancient fine arts. Edward had lived abroad, and he brought back with him to his realm the foreign diplomatic usage of the seal: for before his day, subject to the exceptions already set forth, Anglo-Saxon sovereigns had not

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employed the seal as a necessary and indispensable appendage to their charters. The sealed charters of Offa and Eadgar, being in favour of a foreign monastery, were so sealed in deference to a continental form.

No doubt Edward's seal indicated foreign influence, and it compares, in some respects, with the contemporary examples of Gallic and Teutonic monarchs; but, nevertheless, there is much of native grace. The obverse, or front, shows the king seated on an Anglo-Saxon throne and holding in the right hand a sceptre, in the left hand the orb or mound emblematic of actual sway over his kingdom. The thin moustaches, pointed beard, and other details, show that we have here a portrait—as far as portraiture could then go—and not merely a conventional representation of the sovereign's features. In the legend, or inscription, which runs around the design, he calls himself 'Anglorum Basileus,' not Rex—Emperor, that is, not King, of the English. This term, looked at in connection with the use of the title 'Imperator' by some of the Anglo-Saxon kings in their documents, seems to establish the fact that the assumption of the title of Empress by her Majesty the late Queen Victoria not long ago, in relation to her Indian Empire, must be taken, not as an innovation, but as the reassertion and re adoption of a very ancient titular designation which had been used by royal predecessors a thousand years and more ago. If this be so, that which was at the time a vexed question with some among us is solved by finding it to be an archæological fact. The reverse or secondary side reveals to us the king again seated on the throne, and holding the sceptre surmounted by the dove of peace in the one hand and the sword of might and force in the other. Simplicity is the keynote of this seal. The art of the seal-engraver must have made considerable progress—helped by Byzantine and Continental influence—before he could have produced the pictorial balance that is so cleverly maintained in the designs. Contemporary Anglo-Saxon drawings in outline, of which some very fine and valuable specimens are still extant, make it evident that the artist of the eleventh century was a man of refined taste and advanced technical education. About nine impressions only of Edward's seals are known; but that is a very good number of fragile objects to have withstood the effects of all-devouring time for nearly a millennium. The ill-fated Harold does not appear to have had or used a seal; nor had he time to devote to its consideration, notwithstanding that one historian at least evolved a seal from his own imagination from this last remnant of the native royal dynasty of England.

William I., however, used two types of great seal. These differ from one another so significantly that for practical purposes the art is the same in both. Here the equestrian or horseback

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type begins, and it is interesting to notice that at first the figure of the sovereign on his horse (that is, in his military capacity as a leader of men) occupies the obverse or principal side; while the regal expression of the king in majesty enthroned with accompaniment of the royal emblems of sword, orb, and crown, is relegated to the reverse; whereas in later days the king sits in majesty on the obverse and the leader rides eagerly to battle on the reverse. This apparent anomaly was not ascertained until recently, because the legend or inscription of William I.'s seal had never been correctly read until very close examination of the impressions of this monarch's seals in the British Museum revealed the fact that the inscription consisted of a distich or couplet of hexameter verses which can only be explained grammatically by taking the line on the equestrian side first and then that which is found on the throne side.

*Obv.* + HOC : NORMANNORVM : WILLELMVM : NOSCE : PATRONVM : SI :

*Rev.* + HOC : ANGLIS : REGEM : SIGNO : FATEARIS : EVNDEM.

'By this sign (or seal of the cross) know then that William is patron of the Normans if | by this (other cross) thou dost confess that the same is king of the English.'

To write *si* at the end of a line of Latin verse elided before *hoc* of the succeeding line is not very good Latin; but the designer of King William's seals was not thus restricted, and he doubtless took credit to himself for the ingenuity of his result. This little word *si*, which introduces the verb *fatearis* in the subjunctive mood, was the cause of much confusion among writers on seals, who explained it as a contraction for *sigillo* (seal) and read it with *hoc*, as *hoc sigillo* (by the seal). How their grammatical consciences dealt with the subjunctive *fatearis* in the line which these elucidators set down first it is difficult to imagine.

In this king's seals the linking of France with England begins, which lasted, with but few breaks, on the great seals of our sovereigns down to the close of the eighteenth century, when George III. abandoned reference to the French in the fourth great seal of his series, as we shall see presently. Some writers on seals see in the figure of William I. on his throne indications of a veritable portraiture of the king, which may well be so, but can hardly be proved. William II. maintains the archaic Norman type of seal which his father had initiated. There is, indeed, but little artistic beauty in the design of the Norman warriors with kite-shaped shield, hauberk of mail, conical helmet, lance with streamers, and horse's breastband hung with rows of little bells or pendants. The costume of these two kings shows an undercoat with tight sleeves, and a flowing over-mantle not far removed from the dress of the figures with which we are familiar in the reproductions of the Bayeux tapestry, which is a contemporary art-relic. It is worthy

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of observation that William II., in order to prevent confusion between his seal and that of his father's in future times, when the types by which they are known would not be always distinguishable, introduced into the field, on each side of the throne, a circular plaque bearing a six-leaved rosette or ornament. This ornament is still known as a detail constantly occurring in Norman sculptures, such as fonts and other ecclesiastic relics. The use of the formula *Dei gratia* first appears on the legend of this seal; it has been continued in use to this day. Only one type of this seal is known, and that has but recently been published, although the old historians, Speed, Sandford, Rymer, and others, give illustrations of a type of which no specimens are now known to be in existence. The drawings of these authors are not entirely free from the suspicion that they have been conjecturally completed from fragmentary impressions with defective parts.

Henry I. used at least four great seals, and the representation of a doubtful fifth is given by Sandford. The same archaic feeling is herein maintained. The crown with chin-straps, the royal sword, the mound or orb surmounted with a long cross on the regal side; the pacing charger, the hauberk and conical helmet, the lance and pennon, the shield, the horse's ornamental *poitrail* or breast-band, are all mere variations of the details which had already appeared on the seals of his predecessors. From these seals we are able to obtain invaluable contemporary evidence respecting the exact nature of the body armour which was employed during the Norman period, and Hewitt, author of the 'History of Ancient Armour,' the standard work on the subject, has carefully analysed these representations. Of the four types of Henry I.'s seals two were unknown until very recently. Only one of these seals bears the inscription of *dux NORMANNORVM*, and that is on the equestrian or military side. This is owing to the fact that after the battle of Tinchebrai, 1106, the King's eldest brother, Robert, Duke of Normandy, was taken prisoner, and Henry assumed the title of the imprisoned Duke.

King Stephen's great seals, of which we have two types, are pretty nearly as archaic as those which have gone before, with details varying in minute points. Here again the art exhibited is poor and forbidding. There is hardly any distinguishing feature to redeem their aspect. The second or later type has the peculiar and intentional addition of a star of seven points between the King's head and the sword which he holds aloft in his right hand on the obverse or side of majesty. This monarch's reign was divided by the interposition, for a short period only, of Mathildis, the Empress of Germany or Queen of the Romans, as the royal lady is called in some of her charters between 1141 and 1143; and it may be that the second seal of King Stephen was brought into existence on his recovery of royal power in the latter year.

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This ill-fated Empress, daughter of Henry I. and consort of Henry V. of Germany, made a gallant attempt to obtain possession of the throne of England, which she and her party conceived to belong to her by inheritance, and the history of her wars forms a stirring tale when told in the original words of contemporary chroniclers. This warlike lady, however, never had time enough to cause a great seal of England to be made for her use, although the fact of her coronation as Queen of England at Winchester, March 3, 1141, by the Papal Legate Bernard, Bishop of St. David's, and other prelates and nobles, entitles her to a place on the royal roll of England's monarchs—a place which, I fear, modern historians of our land are not sufficiently accurate, nor loyal enough, to assign to her. The few documents, or charters as they are called, of Mathildis which were dated at Oxford, Devizes, Reading, St. Albans, Westminster, and other English and French localities, are sealed, when sealed at all, with her German seal as *Romanorum Regina*, to which undisputed dignity that princess was entitled *jure mariti*. But her styles (that is, the exact terms of dignity which she used in the text of the charters) are of three kinds—(1) *Mathildis Imperatrix Henrici Regis filia*; (2) *Mathildis Imperatrix Henrici Regis filia et Anglorum Domina*; and (3), after coronation, the word *Regina* was substituted for *Domina*.

Henry II. uses two genuine great seals; two other doubtful or spurious seals are attributed to him. In all of them Norman art is seen in its utter decadence. The designs are crude, ill-proportioned, and shapeless. There is that want of elegance which characterises even the more archaic art of the seals of the eleventh century. Wars and rumours of wars engrossed the universal mind. The King and the craftsman, the prince and the peasant, had no other thought than those which ranged around the camp and the battlefield. The arts of the goldsmith and the seal-engraver were well-nigh forgotten amid the ceaseless clang of the armourer's workshop and the blacksmith's anvil. The second seal of Henry II. lets in a first pale and tender ray of the Gothic flood of light which was destined so soon to supervene upon the tottering edifices of Normanese and Byzantine style of art. For while hitherto the Roman capital letters had been exclusively used as the characters in which the legends were written on seals, here the capital H alone in *Henricus* is formed after the Gothic or Lombardic type, the rest of the letters adhering to the previous forms. From so small a beginning, which might well be overlooked, how great a result was to follow we shall presently see. This king called himself 'King of the English, Duke of the Normans and Aquitanians, and Count of the Angevins'; for the Duchy of Normandy fell to him from his mother, from his father he inherited the Countships of Anjou, Touraine and Maine, from his wife Eleanor of Aquitaine that

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Duchy also. In 1171 the English conquest of Ireland added that country to Henry II.'s possessions. Hence it is that the European dominions of Henry nearly equalled those belonging at the present day to the Sovereign of Great Britain. Henry, however, notwithstanding his vast domain, was cursed with an undutiful son, whom he had caused to be crowned King at the early age of fifteen years, at Westminster, July 15, 1170, that he might rule this land while his father was absent in Normandy and elsewhere on the Continent. A second coronation of the Prince in 1173, with his consort Margaret of France, was performed at Winchester. His seal as king is extant, and is evidently founded on French styles. Yet this twice-crowned 'King of England, Duke of the Normans, and Count of the Angevins,' who died in his father's lifetime at the age of twenty-six, finds no place in the great majority of Lists of English Sovereigns. It has already been shown that the Empress Mathildis daughter of Henry I. has a clear right to a place in the royal *fasti* of England, and the claim of this young king, son of Henry II. and generally at the time he lived called Henry III. or Henry the Younger, is equally incontrovertible. If the careful examination of ancient seals has restored two forgotten names to the list of England's sovereigns, let us hope that future historians will not fall into the twofold errors of omission which are made so manifest by the study of the royal seals of our land.

In Richard I.'s seals, of which there are two types, the first scintillations of awakening art are openly exhibited, although the king's effigy therein retains much of the same kind of detail which Henry II.'s designers had employed. But in the treatment of the drapery, the construction of the throne, and even in the portraiture, there is an evident tendency to a renaissance of Romanesque art. In the field on each side of the monarch's head a crescent enclosing a star has been introduced by way of representing the open air and the rulers of the starry host of the heavens, emblematic in a way of the divine protection, the *Dei gratia* under which the king is especially set. This employment of a part for the whole, a crescent and a star for the whole firmament of the sky, is a figure borrowed from the oldest—indeed from prehistoric—art development of man's ideas. For we find in corresponding manner upon the oldest Greek vases, made a thousand years before the Christian era began, a single quatrefoil or a rosette placed in the field or background to indicate the country, a night-bird to represent night, a shell or a sprig of seaweed or a cuttle-fish to signify a marine scene, and so forth. 'A part for the whole' is an aphorism which belongs to and explains every possible mode of universal art. It is the postulate which marks the line of cleavage between imagination and matter-of-fact. At each side of the king's throne is a wavy sprig or spray of flowers which has been thought by some to

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represent the mystical *Planta-genista* or Broom-plant, favourite flower of the family royal to which old writers have unwarrantably attached the surname of Plantagenet, notwithstanding that no one member of this family can be shown ever to have adopted this surname any more than members of the present dynasty use the surname of Guelph, which some people fondly imagine they employ. Analogous instances of the love of flowers by royal personages in the middle ages will readily suggest themselves to most of us. The fleur-de-lis, the marguerite or daisy, the cornbottle, the white heather, the thistle, the shamrock, the violet, have in turn been favoured with a monarch's admiration and regard.

In the first seal of Richard I. the king's bowed or convex shield, of which only one half is depicted by the engraver, bears the figure of a lion rampant to the sinister. From this circumstance some of the older writers have assumed that the full shield of arms bore two lions rampant combatant; but we are perhaps more likely to be correct if we imagine the engraver wishing to represent one lion only, which probably constituted the full armorial bearings of him who was known as Richard Cœur de *Lion*. The lion-hearted would appropriately bear a lion on his shield, but not two lions. The introduction of the Lombardic letters A E and H into the otherwise Roman capital alphabet of the legend marks the progress of Gothic art and the gradual retrocession of Latin forms.

The second seal, which was called into existence by the loss of the first seal in the sea and the temporary detention of the king in Germany, with romantic incidents, is principally important for the shield of new arms: three lions passant guardant in pale, which has from 1197 to the present day—but not without a break in Commonwealth days—constituted the Royal Arms of England. The royal crest of a lion passant was by subsequent kings improved into a lion passant guardant crowned, such as some of us have formerly seen on the so-called 'lion-shillings' so eagerly sought for by collectors.

King John's seal indicates in a still more marked degree the improvement of the arts and sciences during the closing years of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century. Other Lombardic letters are introduced into the Roman inscription; the beauty of proportion and balance were carefully studied; and the result is that the design of this king's seal—although it may be said to show some traces of Italian influence—faithfully reflects the national improvement in fine arts which, it is known from other sources, came about at this time. Military operations abroad, not only in the immediate proximity to our island, but also far away in Italy, Sicily, the Levant, and the Holy Land, had introduced to the warrior nobility phases of foreign artistic beauty which, upon eyes only tutored to look upon the jejune and inferior productions of a



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now debased Norman style, must have exercised a spell of enchantment, and it is not a matter for wonder if the insular art of England rapidly melted away before the superiority of imported elegance.

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit et artes  
Intulit agresti Latio,

which the poet sings of the importation of Greek manners into Italy, finds history repeating itself in the case of the rude forms of English art drawing inspiration and amelioration from external influences acting upon the native element. John is our first king who calls himself 'Lord of Ireland,' and succeeding sovereigns retained the title until Henry VIII. adopted the formula of 'King of Ireland,' which is still in use. The original *Magna Carta* in the British Museum still retains a burned, shrivelled, and nearly indistinguishable seal of this king.

Henry III.'s seals mark another great advance in beauty. In the first seal, which was not in use until 1219-1220, but retained until 1259, carved foliage, the introduction of the lions, and lions' or so-called leopards' heads, into different parts, are noteworthy features herein. The charming pose of the drapery is almost classical in its treatment. The curved neck and carefully drawn mane of the charger remind us of the Greek horses in the frieze of the Parthenon, and the whole *ensemble* combines to make this seal by far the finest of any that has yet been mentioned (Figs. 1, 2). The second seal, used between the years 1259 and 1272, marks continued progress. Some may consider it not so fine a work of art as the first; but it has many novel points of interest. One of them is the highly ornamented throne with richly carved back and decorated finials. The small lions at the side of the throne may be considered to be, in some respects, the forerunners of the royal supporters afterwards attached to the heraldic bearings of our kings. A third seal, of somewhat smaller proportions, was used for a short time about 1263, 1264, with sundry differences of detail not necessary to be dilated upon on this occasion. Henry III.'s seal of absence has recently been recovered from the oblivion of ages. It bears a beautiful design, and the workmanship of its matrix was so good, even in contemporary critics' eyes, that Edward I. simply altered the name on the legend and adopted it for his own uses.

The obverse of the seal of Edward I. is a very good copy of Henry III.'s second seal, with trifling variations of detail; but the reverse is a new design, and on the war-horse there appear here for the first time the caparisons which cover it nearly down to the hoofs, and are charged with the three royal lions passant guardant in pale of England, properly and of course *contournés* or reversed—that is, with the head to the right hand or heraldic *sinister*, and not to the left hand, or heraldic *dexter*, as in the shield. This seal can scarcely

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be pronounced an improvement on Henry III.'s seal in point of artistic merit; but the heraldic fashion was rapidly passing through a series of phases which did not end for more than three hundred years later, and it was, no doubt, felt that the effigy of the king in his military capacity should rightly be endowed with all the circumstantial pomp of the heraldry of the hour. Hence, probably, the alterations of the obverse. His son, the ill-fated Edward II., was content to make use of the father's seal, adding only to the obverse in the field on each side a typical or conventional castle in allusion to the castle in the shield of the royal arms of Castile, as borne by his mother, Queen Eleanor of Castile, daughter of Ferdinand III.

Edward III.'s reign marks a glorious epoch in English history, and his many great seals demonstrate this in a remarkable manner. No fewer than eight seals were employed by that great monarch, two being seals of absence from, the others of presence of the ruler in, his realm. Of these, the first great seal was used for less time than a year, from January to October 1327. It was simply the seal of his grandfather, Edward I., once altered, as we have seen, by his father, Edward II., and now again added to by the grandson, who places a fleur-de-lis on each side of the regal effigy in the obverse, above the castle of Castile. This is a complimentary allusion to the arms of his mother, Isabella of France. The second seal carries on the chronology to 1340, with an elegant Gothic canopied throne. The third (which is the first of absence) discards the canopy. It was used from 1338 to 1340. The fourth seal, used only in 1340, introduced the elegant canopy, and is remarkable for the introduction also of the formula *Rex Francie* into the legend, and the quartering (in strict adherence to the rule of marshalling armorial bearings) of the royal arms of France with those of England, on the shield and trappings. The fifth seal (or second seal of absence), used at intervals from 1340 to 1360, indicates a remarkable development in the Gothic architecture of the throne, which now becomes an elaborate structure of tracery in panels, with turrets, gables, pinnacles, and niches, and with two armoured men-at-arms standing upright behind the crenellated crest of battlements which crown the composition of the edifice. The sixth great seal (the fourth of presence) is not very materially different from the foregoing; but the men-at-arms are bending low over the battlements, and it is difficult to make out their curiously-drawn forms.

We now come to the culminating type of seal used in this reign, to which the previous seals have been leading up by rapid gradation. This was in employ from 1360 to 1369, and has been called the *Brétigny seal*, because by the Peace of Brétigny the title of King of France was renounced by Edward III. and a new seal was thereby rendered necessary. The diameter of this is about four inches and a half; the canopied throne here is of a most elaborate nature, and

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contains, in niches of delicate carving and panels of beautiful workmanship, figures of the Virgin and Child, St. George of England, men-at-arms, and lions. On the reverse the introduction of a small oak-leaf or trefoil near the hilt of the sovereign's sword has a meaning now obscure, possibly the private mark of the artist who conceived the design, or of the goldsmith who made the matrix; if so, he has left no record beyond this tiny leaflet, even his name has not been preserved. The substitution of black-letter or Old-English alphabet in the legend for the capital Lombardic lettering is worthy of a passing note. In 1372 this beautiful seal, overflowing rich with native art-feeling, an object which cannot fail to strike with admiration all who examine it, underwent an alteration of its legend, for the resumption of hostilities with France naturally led to the reassertion of the English claim to that kingdom by Edward III., who promptly placed the contentious words *Rex Francie* on his great seal again. But no alteration was made to the design, which appears, indeed, to have been looked upon as an ideal or typical production capable of no improvement, for its use was continued, with the necessary adjustment of the king's name, for a hundred years after its first appearance.

Richard II. used this Brétigny seal in this manner, substituting the name *Ricardus* for *Edwardus* throughout his reign, 1377-1399. He used also for his French affairs that great seal of Edward III., where the men-at-arms are bending low over the battlements of the canopied throne to which attention has already been drawn, with a corresponding correction of name.

The next king, Henry IV., also made use of the Brétigny seal with the name *Henricus* introduced into it, from 1399 to 1408. But from the latter year to the end of his reign in 1413 a new design—the matrix being made of gold—was adopted in which the seal engraver's art saw its culmination of excellence (Figs. 3, 4). Here the face of the seal is divided into several perpendicular sections with niches and canopies containing in all no fewer than twenty-one figures, apart from those on the shields and banners. Among them are representations of the Virgin and the Child, a crowned king, a martyr with a palm-branch, St. Michael the Archangel, St. George and the Dragon, St. Edward, king and confessor, St. Edward, king and martyr, angels, men-at-arms, lions, and the conventional apocalyptic emblems of the four evangelists; an angel, a winged lion, a winged ox, and an eagle. Here the 'modern arms' of France, three fleurs-de-lis, two and one, instead of *semé-de-lis*, called by heralds 'France Ancient,' appear for the first time, a change imitated from that newly adopted by the French king, although it had been occasionally used as far back as 1280. The foliated scroll-work on the background of the reverse of the seal is also a happy addition to the effect. It has been advanced by some that this

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grandly beautiful seal, replenished as it is with copious and elaborated details, never crowded or confused but balanced in a manner suggesting the perfection of artistic intelligence, is a rival to the Brétigny seal of Edward III. No doubt it is. Each is a polished gem of the first water. There is, however, a chasteness about the earlier work which yields in this to the paramount feeling of richness and fulness to which the Perpendicular style of architecture prevalent in the opening years of the fifteenth century so easily and so charmingly lends itself. Not one of these figures and emblems was put in as mere and meaningless caprice of the artist. Every one of them had a symbolical signification which was without doubt clearly understood at the time, although it has needed to be explained afresh to modern historians, to whom it had become an enigma. Mr. Wyon rightly sees in its details an intention of impressing on the popular mind Henry IV.'s claim to the throne of England by descent from Henry III. Although he had won the crown by military prowess and by parliamentary choice, he seems to have preferred to defend his title on the ground of his royal lineage through Edmund, younger, or, as he maintained, elder, son of that king. Thus Henry IV. appears to have advisedly selected the symbolism of *his* great seal—the seal especially his own as distinguished from the borrowed seal of Edward III.—from ideas closely attached to Henry III., whose devotion to St. Edward and St. Edmund were matters of general knowledge; he had named his sons after them; he had rebuilt Westminster Abbey in honour of the Confessor, and thither was carried to his last resting-place on the feast of St. Edmund; and the banners of these two English saints had been borne in his son's battles beside the royal banners of the realm.

Henry V. used the seals of Henry IV. without alteration. Henry VI. also used these two seals during his first reign, 1422–1461, adding to one of them for discrimination's sake a minute quatrefoil on the reverse of the silver seal of Brétigny, but in nothing altering the golden seal. For French affairs—for it must be borne in mind that Henry VI. ruled an extensive French kingdom as well as an English realm—several great seals were used with the appropriate legend, 'Henricus Dei Gratia Francorum et Anglie Rex,' and with French art so clearly evident in their design that they are altogether put out of the series of English royal seals. Edward IV.'s first ten years of rule, 1461–1471, are marked with inferior imitations and modifications of the highly admired Brétigny seal, for no sooner had the middle of the century passed than the glory of the Gothic architectural edifice, so favourite a theme with seal engravers and art workmen, began to degenerate. Want of balance and due proportion, too much of the available area devoted to unmeaning detail, while the principal figure is stunted, mark

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clearly the decadence which was stealing over the arts of the fourteenth century and paving the way for the new glories, if they may be called glories, of the Palladian school. The fashion of plate armour in place of mail also compelled a new seal to be made, in order not to be out of touch with the times. Of the two seals of this king, the second was better than the first. Into its imagery there have been introduced several suns in radiant splendour, by way of allusion to the mock-suns seen in the sky by the king at the battle of Mortimer's Cross, on February 2, 1461—an omen of prodigious import, as is testified by the words which Shakespeare puts into his mouth:

Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear  
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

The 'Readeption of Royal Power,' as it was termed by Henry VI., from October 1470 to April 1471, enabled the restored king to utilise Edward IV.'s second seal with substitution of the name *Henricus* for *Edwardus* in the legends; and (with altered name) the golden Brétigny seal with which he had begun his first reign. But the readeption lasted for only a few brief months, and Edward IV.'s second term of royalty, from 1471 to 1480, is marked by three new seals of greatly inferior merit. One of these has been conjectured by Willis and by Wyon to have been used for French affairs only, because the only impression known is that preserved at Paris appended to the Treaty of Amiens, August 29, 1475, and because the several words of the inscription are divided from each other by fleurs-de-lis. These are points of weight undoubtedly; but, on the other hand, the precedent of Henry VI.'s French seals, where the word *Francorum* and not *Francie* is used in this respect, has here been ignored.

Edward V. and Richard III. show nothing in their great seals that is of interest, the fourth seal of Edward IV. being practically the seal of these his two next successors. Henry VII. imitates the fifth seal of Edward IV.—which would seem to be a reason for discarding the idea of its original application solely for French matters—and in some respects improves on it, for the design is bolder and better proportioned. A second seal, of which also only one impression is known, and that also at Paris, appended to the confirmation of the Treaty of Étapes, bears the small counterscal charged with an angel holding shields of arms royal, as in the contemporary style of French great seals. From the introduction of a shield of arms of France in a niche opposed to a shield of arms of France and England quarterly in a corresponding niche, there can be no doubt that this is indeed a seal reserved for French affairs; but its rare use seems to preclude any great amount of conjecture as to its especial restriction to France.

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Henry VIII.'s great seals mark a second era in royal sigillography, for during the reign of this sovereign, which was inaugurated by the adoption of his father's great seal—with additions of a lion rampant and a fleur-de-lis at the head and tail of the charger—we at length arrive at the so-called last Gothic great seal of England—a good example of the sphragistic elegances which Gothic architecture had become capable of forming in the artistic hands of the masters. This seal, which possesses details of renaissance in the gartered shields of arms, the shaping of the crowns, the Romanesque characters in the inscription (wherein note the title *Fidei Defensor* for the first time appearing, as well as Gothic details in the pinnacles and arches of the throne), marks the transition of art from the one style to the other, and points with its date of first use, the year 1532, to the precise period of the wave of progress indicated by the change. It is the boundary-mark between the new and the old, the passing of mediævalism and the conception of modernity. The Teutonic and the Italian types of beauty had struggled for the mastery, and the end of the former was in sight (Figs. 5, 6).

What remains of our subject may be told in fewer words, for the greater part of the allowed length of this theme has been devoted to a consideration of the more remote and more instructive eras of these historical vestiges. The third seal of Henry VIII. demonstrates by its Renaissance canopy with flat-headed oval arch and triangular pediment how complete a victory had been gained over the old form, and how deep a root the new style had already struck. The inscribed title of 'Supreme head on earth of the English and Irish Church' points the mind's eye to many a solitary dungeon and to many a martyr's pyre. The Golden Bulla appended by the king to the indented treaty of the Field of the Cloth of Gold in 1527 deserves a passing mention, for, although used as a seal, it is really a golden plaque chased by a master-hand into the similitude of a seal. The line of hexameter verse which it bears—

Ordine junguntur et perstant federe cuncta,

—was neatly turned into an elegiac epigram by Francis I., the other party to the treaty, whose corresponding golden seal bears the pentameter answer to the above dogma:

Plurima servantur federe cuncta fide.

Edward VI.'s single great seal, that of Queen Mary, and the first seal of Queen Elizabeth are inferior both in design and in execution to those of Henry VIII. The seal of Philip and Mary, 1554-1558, depicts these rulers seated with the hands resting on an orb set on a pedestal, on the front entablature whereof are the royal

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initials P and M united by a knot; but the general aspect is poor, unEnglish, and forbidding, strongly indicative of the barren condition of art in England during the Philippic period of unrest. Elizabeth's second seal, used between 1586 and 1603, reaches the excessive diameter of five inches and a half. It is thoroughly realistic in its details: the Queen's features, the coif, the ruffed collar, the stiff hooped petticoat, the embroidery spread over the fabric of the dress, the rays and emblematical hands of divine power issuing from clouds, make up a strange assemblage of peculiarities, and the result is ludicrous. Here the harp of Ireland, crowned, first takes its welcome place among the royal badges in the field. Shall it ever be removed? Curious it is withal to note that Elizabeth's seal for Ireland has an uncrowned harp. James I.'s great seal brings in the changed royal arms consequent on the union of the crowns of England and Scotland. The banner of arms invented by the heralds for Cadwallader, last king of the Britons, looks grotesque among the florid carving with which the seal is replete. The greyhound at speed beside the springing horse on the reverse cannot be intended to mean that the king went into battle accompanied by a hound: its presence here signifies symbolically the rapidity of the monarch's military attack, exactly in the same way as the devices on the shields of ancient Greek warriors, which were drawn on archaic vases five hundred years before the Christian era, were selected from objects of rapid movement and attack,—the thunderbolt, the leg bent at the knee, the flying bird of prey, and the darting serpent; as also, on one of the Assyrian slabs, the eagle flying over the king, who is riding forth to give battle to his enemies, is an emblem which speaks to those who understand it. James's second seal is but the first with the addition of a more prominent canopy or baldachin to protect the waxen effigy of the royal features from injury by pressure. Charles I.'s seal is interesting for its title of *Magnæ Britannia*, which was superseded by the older *Angliæ Scotiæ* in his second seal of 1627. The first seal is a modern discovery only restored to the series in recent times. The second shows the horse devoid of armour, and introduces the novelty of a landscape view behind the horse. It is London from the Surrey bank, with the Thames, London Bridge, and shipping below the bridge. The 'northern heights' are indeed mountains, and fill the background. This view of London, but without the mountains, runs through succeeding seals until George III. exchanges it for a view of Windsor Castle. Charles's third seal, of 1640, reverts to *Magnæ Britannia* in the title, and it may be that this style was the cause of its making. The fourth seal, of 1643, is a copy of the third, and the engraver, Thomas Simon, the celebrated medallist, received £100 for his work. The Commonwealth seal, of 1648, 'the greates seale of England 1648 in the First Yeare of

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'Freedom by God's Blessing Restored,' is a curious example of ingeniously dispensing with the divine form of human kings, giving instead a map of England, Wales, and Ireland thickly spread with several hundred place-names and with warships in the circumambient seas. On the reverse is set the interior of the House of Parliament in session with a member addressing the assembly, and by his attitude prepared

The applause of listening senates to command.

For this work Simon received £200. Anything more dejecting than the design can scarcely be imagined for a seal. The work, no doubt, is as good as a good medallist could make it; but the bathos of the design is unfathomable, the sadness unutterable. It is a medal, not a seal. The second seal, of 1651, is but a copy of the first, and was used until 1659. Oliver's seal, when he was Protector, 1653-1657, restores the equestrian figure to the obverse, and in the case of William the Conqueror. We shall see in one of George III.'s seals another return to an equestrian obverse. On Oliver's reverse is a shield of the Commonwealth Arms, the armorial bearings quite different from the generally known arms—a cross of St. George for England, a cross of St. Andrew for Scotland, a harp for Ireland, with the lion crest of England and lion and griffin supporters. A second seal, made in 1657, is similar. Richard Cromwell's carries out the same idea in a new matrix. Charles II.'s first seal would be the most interesting of the four which he used; but the smallness of the fragment left makes it almost impossible to describe it. The king is of larger proportion than in the others. These are of quasi-classical design, and it is unnecessary to dwell upon their varying details. James II.'s seal also flavours of classic types. It is famous for its adventures. Thrown into the river Thames, between Westminster and Lambeth, by the king in 1688 on his flight, not long afterwards drawn up in a fisherman's net, it was returned to the Lords of Council, who delivered it to William III.

The seals of William III. and Mary II., and of William after his queen's death in 1694, have no special call for notice here; the former is in some respects a reminiscence of that of Philip and Mary I. Its omission of Scotland, either by name or by heraldry, would appear to be an oversight; but it was not until this seal was in use that the Estates of Scotland resolved that the two sovereigns should be declared King and Queen of Scotland. The consequent alteration of the seal, so as to include the name and arms, was directed, but apparently not carried out. Queen Anne's first seal indicates further progress in the ornamentation which is slowly affecting seal art. The carved figurines which James II. had innovated to support the throne here became allegorical personifications



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of Piety and Justice. Her second seal marks the Act of Union between England and Scotland in 1707, which provided, *inter alia*, for one great seal of the United Kingdom and suitable change in the royal arms. Its reverse is medallion: Britannia is a classic deity seated on a rock at the base of high cliffs, and accompanied with a lance and an oval shield of the royal arms of England and Scotland impaled, the tressure of the latter being dimidiated, but not so the lion. It has been ascertained that this emblematical representation was inspired by a Restoration medal struck in 1660.

The Georgian line ushers in still more alterations and modifications. Conventionalism has been thrown away; the medallist has worsted the seal artist; and art has perished with the vanquished, never to return. Here beside the king in majesty are grouped the abstractions of kingly virtues: Justice, Power, Wisdom, Piety, shed their influence over him; Envy—perhaps an allusion to the Pretender—lies prostrate, grasping a serpent, beneath the throne of George II.; Plenty with her cornucopiæ stands behind Britannia, and the classic personification of abstract idea, which was so much in vogue in the eighteenth century, is amply reflected on the seals of this dynasty. In George III.'s first seal the novelty of a profiled instead of a full-faced king in majesty can hardly be said to be an improvement, and the disparity of the royal figure, as compared with the group of attendant characters, shows that art was not going well forward. The first seal was stolen in 1784, and a second then made shows much the same style. The third restores the full-faced portrait of the sovereign, but omits the figure of Plenty! The fourth signalises, by the changed shields of arms, the union of Great Britain and Ireland; and the omission of the arms and name of France, which had been originally assumed by Edward III. nearly five hundred years before, is a happy alteration now that our possessions in geographical France are circumscribed. There are two important deviations from conventionalism in the fifth seal of George III., made in 1815. First, the readoption of the title of 'Supreme head on earth of the Church of England and Ireland,' which had been introduced, for valid reasons, by Henry VIII. and discarded after the reign of Edward IV., is difficult to account for; and, secondly, the legend begins on the equestrian or military side of the seal and is carried on to its finish on the throne side. The palm branch, lying over a classic rudder, tells the story of Trafalgar. The part, as has been shown, stands for the whole, in consonance with the fundamental principle of æsthetic representation. George IV.'s classical seal reverts to the profiled portrait. The reverse is medallion, and there is something in the treatment of the allegory that recalls Flaxman and Blake. William IV.'s seal is a naval apotheosis. Behind the riding figure of the king on the quay side (which is the obverse) are two ships of war, with all sails

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set, perilously near the wall in impossible positions; in the exergue the trident, enfiled with laurel crown of victory, speaks of naval supremacy, and reminds us that William had been Lord High Admiral. The allegorical reverse reinforces this by a figure of Neptune holding a trident. The great seal of Queen Victoria is far too elaborate to be described here very fully. It may generally be said to bear on the obverse the Queen riding on a horse led by a page; the proportions are not well balanced, the Queen's head looking somewhat smaller than the attendant's. On the reverse her Majesty sits enthroned under an elaborate canopy of Gothic style. The allegorical figures at the sides are Piety with a Bible, Law with a book, the Church or Religion as a prelate mitred and giving a blessing. It has been made three times over: in 1838, 1860, 1878. The true criticism of these nineteenth-century great seals of our sovereign belongs to a future age, which will pronounce a just comparison between the chaster styles of the mediæval and the more complex character of the modern specimens.

We have now taken a rapid glance at the many points exhibited by the series of great seals, and may indulge in a retrospect of what has been seen. First, through the uncertain gloom of Anglo-Saxon ages, the ancient gems of Offa and Eadgar stand apart, and these ages are more correctly represented by the solitary examples of the last of that dynasty, St. Edward the Confessor, whose seals show an archaism of their own. The Norman cult of the arts is demonstrated by the seals of the kings from William I. to Henry II., 1066 to 1189. The early English feeling which gradually overcame Norman types is shown in Richard I.'s seals and onwards to the first type of Henry III.'s. To these succeeds in chronological order the architectural type shown by Edward I. in 1272 and his successors till Henry VIII. in 1542. This was a method which subsisted for a very long time, and it may be subdivided into periods of growth—culmination in the Brétigny seal of Edward III. and the second seal of Henry IV., and decay in the times of Edward IV. and Richard III. Next follows the renaissance of Henry VIII. and the Tudor sovereigns, closely succeeded by the Jacobean and the Stuart seals, which are characterised by strain after pseudo-classical effect. Commonwealth times were to depress seal-art even to a lower depth. William and Mary revive the Stuart style but for a short time, and Anne, by introducing set emblematical scenes on her second reverse, opens the door to the peculiarly medalllic character which distinguishes the seals of the Brunswick race. In the seal of Queen Victoria there is a *rapprochement* to Gothic work; but the technique is entirely different, and the result to the eye is apparent. It is an improvement on the seals of the eighteenth century; but to antiquarian eyes it is certainly inferior to those of the fourteenth. It is to be hoped that this improvement will be maintained by rejection of

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designs only suitable for medals, and by strict adherence to the true principles which govern the best seal examples. The history of an empire is written not only by her chroniclers and historians, but also by her coins, her medals, and her seals, and the tale of Great Britain's progress has been, and should ever be, impressed on the seals of her sovereigns.

INCIDENTS IN THE WAR WITH  
NAPOLEON. FROM UNPUBLISHED  
CORRESPONDENCE. EDITED BY  
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL THE HON.  
E. STUART WORTLEY



N 1798 Europe had entered upon a struggle that was destined to last for eighteen years. The campaign of the previous year had made the French masters of Upper Italy. Holland, Switzerland, and the Cisalpine Republic (formed partly of territory that had belonged to Venice) had accepted the mode of government imposed on them by the enthusiasts of Liberty. In February, 1798, Berthier entered the Eternal City and proclaimed the Papal States a Republic under the protection of France. The Pope was bereft of all his possessions and compelled to wander from place to place until, a year later, he died at Valence; Charles Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, was a fugitive from his capital, Turin; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany trembled in anticipation of a similar fate.

In view of this alarming state of affairs, which threatened to give France an enormous preponderance on the continent, Great Britain, calculating on the immediate co-operation of Portugal and Naples, and on the eventual assistance of Russia, Austria, and Turkey, decided on renewing the war, and determined that the scene of it should be the Mediterranean, where her naval forces gave her the best hope of success. Accordingly, preparations for strengthening the fleet were hurried forward as soon as it became known that the French were fitting out, at Toulon and other southern ports, a large armament for some maritime expedition. On April 29, 1798, Lord St. Vincent had orders to do everything in his power to intercept the French fleet; and Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, commanding the Mediterranean detachment, began the pursuit which ended in the Battle of the Nile. The letters, extracts from which I am about to give, describe the events which followed this momentous fight, and deal generally with the course of affairs in the Mediterranean and in Italy during the autumn and winter of 1798-99. The writers include Sir William Hamilton, British Minister at the Court of the Two Sicilies (Sicily and Naples); Sir John Acton, Prime Minister at the same Court; Lord Nelson; Mr. Wyndham, British Minister at the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; Sir Charles Stuart, Governor of Minorca;<sup>1</sup> Captain Ball, in charge of the Blockade of Malta; Sir Sydney Smith, who conducted the defence of Acre, in Syria, against Napoleon's attack. Among the most curious are some from soldiers belonging to the French army

<sup>1</sup> General the Hon. Sir Charles Stuart, commanding H.M.'s forces in Minorca.

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in Egypt, whose correspondence seems almost invariably to have fallen a prey to the British frigates patrolling the African coasts. The episodes to which they refer are the capture of Minorca, the overthrow of the Sicilian Monarchy, the defence of Acre,—affairs generally in the Mediterranean during those months. The central figure is Nelson. His is the energy which appears to keep in motion many of the actors in the great struggle. The task he set himself that winter was threefold. He sought the consolidation of the Sicilian Monarchy, the maintenance of the Blockade of Malta, and the isolation of Egypt. To Nelson's influence it was due that the King of Naples made an effort to oppose the advance of the French in Italy. It was Nelson's unfailing encouragement and support that kept Captain Ball constant in the endeavour to reduce the stronghold of Valetta. If frigates enough had been at his disposal, not one Frenchman would have escaped from Egypt. Day and night he worked to thwart the ambitious schemes of the French Directory and to counteract the revolutionary spirit. The correspondence involved was enormous, threatening here, cajoling there, encouraging his officers, flattering the Powers, imploring assistance from Turk, Russian, and Austrian, leaving no stone unturned if by any means he could procure a ship, or a man, or a bag of flour, to help forward the cause of the Allies.

The first of the letters is from Sir William Hamilton to Commodore Duckworth, who, with a naval force, had co-operated with General Stuart in the capture of Minorca a few weeks previously. The letter is dated Naples, November 28,—that is, a few days after the King of Naples had issued a manifesto to the French demanding the evacuation of the Papal States and Malta ;—and the Neapolitan army, with the King at its head, and the Austrian General Mack as Commander-in-chief, was already marching on Rome. After congratulating the Commodore on 'The joyful surrender,' Sir William proceeds to give him an account of recent events.

Thank God since the glorious and decisive Victory of the 1st of August<sup>1</sup> the good cause in this Country has a very different aspect, still by the indecision of the Emperor of Germany and of this Court our Situation on the land side is by no means secure.

As you probably may not have been informed of many Circumstances with respect to Alexandria, Malta, and the Venetian Islands, I will just set down for your intelligence and in return for your goodness what is known here. The Neapolitan Minister writes from Constantinople, and which Letter was received by this Government a few days ago, that a Turkish Squadron had joined Commodore Hood in the blockade of Alexandria, that Buonaparte and his Army were mouldering away surrounded by Turks and Arabs, and that one hundred and fifty of his ships in the Port of Alexandria had been burnt. A Squadron of twelve Ships of the line, Turkish and Russian, have driven the French out of all the Venetian Islands, except Corfu, where the Inhabitants rose against the french and drove them into the Citadel. The french Garrison consists of one thousand men

<sup>1</sup> The battle of the Nile.

## THE WAR WITH NAPOLEON

who cannot get provisions and must soon surrender. The French Ship the *Generux* escaped from Lord Nelson and the unfortunate *Leander*, her prize, were drawn close under the Citadel, but seven Russian Ships had entered the Port of Corfu and it is expected we shall soon hear of the Surrender of the Citadel and Ships. Lord Nelson who has done me the honor to lodge in my house since his return from Egypt, having sent Captain Ball to block up Malta with the *Alexander*, *Audacious*, *Goliath*, and *Emerald* Frigate, went himself in the *Vanguard* to inspect the state of Malta, and took possession of the Island of Gozo, and brought off the french Garrison of two hundred men, and after having kept the British Colours flying there twenty four hours he put up those of His Sicilian Majesty, and intends, should the Valetta fall as is expected soon, to put the whole Island of Malta in the possession of that Monarch, claiming only the *Guillaume Tell* and two French Frigates as belonging to him.

Lord Nelson's presence at this Court has given Courage, and at last His Sicilian Majesty has marched with His Army into the Roman State. I send you enclosed a printed Copy of His Majesty's Manifesto and a Letter he wrote to His Subjects, leaving the Queen Regent. The french under General Championnet made a sort of stand on the hills of Frascati the 23rd instant, but General Mack offering to let them retire provided they evacuated Rome they marched off towards Tuscany. Mack has sent a strong Column after them, and by this time Lord Nelson, who left Naples the 25th instant with the *Vanguard*, *Culloden*, and *Minotaur* and three of the Portuguese Line of Battle Ships having taken on board five thousand of His Sicilian Majesty's Troops, is, I hope, in Leghorn. By these active measures and the Emperor's Army coming forward, as we are assured is now determined, there is every reason to expect the french may soon be driven out of Italy, except Mantua, that must be regularly besieged. We have still M. La Combe St Michel the ambassador of the french republic and Cisalpine minister at Naples, as no war has yet been declared. The King of Naples entered Rome on the 27th to the great satisfaction of the Romans who have been completely plundered and nearly starved. We have no official accounts, but I believe there is no doubt of Sir B. Warren having taken on the coast of Ireland the *Hoch*, and four Frigates and sunk another; three frigates escaped, but only one has got into Brest. The french troops are I suppose on board the Ships, no mention is made of them.

On December 2, writing again to the same person, Hamilton gives a further description of the entry of the King into Rome.

The King of Naples made His entry into Rome on the 29th of November amidst the acclamations of all ranks of the people. The french, notwithstanding their promise to evacuate Rome and the Pope's States, have left a garrison of 500 french in the Castle of St Angelo now besieged by the Neapolitans, and the french Army, instead of evacuating the Roman State, have taken post at Civita Castellana a few days march from Rome. They are said to be between 9 and 10,000 men. Three columns of the Neapolitan Army are on their way to attack them. Civita Vecchia, the Maremma and so on, the whole coast to Leghorn is in the possession of His Sicilian Majesty. We hear, but not with certainty, that Lord Nelson with the 5000 Neapolitans is arrived at Leghorn. If the Imperial Army is advancing, as is said, and passed into Italy, the french may soon be driven out of the States, but if they gave time to collect an Army, this country is by no means secure, a few days will determine this business one way or the other. Lady Hamilton and I are much pleased in having made the acquaintance of your Lieutenant Mr. Gregory and I should be most happy to have the honour of seeing you here also. We expect Lord Nelson at Naples very soon, as he meant to return, having done no business at Leghorn and sent *Troubridge* to attack Genoa.

A few days later (December 6) Nelson addresses General Sir C. Stuart in terms of hearty congratulation on having added Minorca

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to the dominions of a king, 'an acquisition as a seaport invaluable to our country,' and tells him that he himself had hurried back from Egypt early in August, as, by Earl St. Vincent's orders, he was in expectation of being summoned to attend and assist the expedition.

However I am sure my place was much better filled by Commander Duckworth. . . . The war commenced here is yet impossible to tell how it may turn; either it may hasten the ruin or save this Monarchy. At all events if the King had not begun the War, he would have been soon kicked out of his kingdom. The King is at Rome, but 500 French still hold possession of St Angelo. General Mack is gone to Civita Castellana where 13,000 French have taken a post. Mack's force with him is 20,000 fine young men, but with some few exceptions wretchedly officered. If the French are not soon driven from this post which is very strong by nature, Mack must fall back to the Frontier on the side of Ancona.

The French have drove back, to say *no worse*, the right wing of the King's army, and taken all their baggage and artillery.

The Emperor has not yet moved, and his Minister Thugut is not very anxious to begin a new war, but if he does not, Naples and Tuscany will fall in two months.

The success of the Neapolitan army was short-lived; the vain-glorious entry into Rome was their solitary triumph. In the first serious encounter with the French under Championnet, they were hopelessly defeated, and the whole force was soon in full retreat towards Naples. The popularity of the dynasty could not survive the spectacle of a defeated and flying King, and, fearful of the violence of the revolutionary party in the capital, their Sicilian Majesties hastily collected what valuables they could and sought the protection of the British flag. They were accompanied in their flight by the British Minister and his wife, and Sir William thus describes the situation in a letter to General Stuart dated from the *Vanguard*, Naples Bay, December 22.

I had the honour of receiving your obliging letter from Mr. Richardson three days ago, he came to Naples at a very unfortunate moment, the fine army, under the command of His Sicilian Majesty and General Mack, that had taken possession of Rome, consisting of upwards of 40,000 men, having been, by the treachery of the officers, and the uncommon cowardice of the men, reduced to one half that number, and, except in Abruzzo, making not the least stand. Gen. Mack, by the last accounts, had retired with his column to Gessa, within a few miles of Capua, and the enemy, altho' inferior in numbers, still pressing upon him. He entreated their Sicilian Majesties not to lose a moment in saving themselves and Royal Family by a hasty retreat into Sicily . . . and their Majesties and Royal Family are actually on board this ship. . . . Tomorrow, we shall probably sail for Palermo. . . . You see then, Dear Sir, that this kingdom must be inevitably in the hands of the French in a few days, unless the Emperor's army had marched, and of which we have not any notice. I am so fatigued with the many operations in getting off the Royal Family in secrecy and safety, and which never could have been effected without Lord Nelson's prudence and courage, you will excuse my not entering into further particulars at present. It is a cruel case that so fine a kingdom should be lost, which I fear it is, by mere treachery and cowardice.

I have the honour to be etc.

WM. HAMILTON.

Next night, in spite of a storm, the *Vanguard* put to sea, and the sufferings, mental and physical, of the poor fugitives were only

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mitigated by the confidence inspired by the presence of Lord Nelson and the untiring devotion of Lady Hamilton. The Queen, a sister of Marie Antoinette and daughter of the Empress Maria Teresa, who during the recent crisis had displayed qualities much more masculine than those of her consort, now became prostrate and absolutely dependent on Lady Hamilton's protection. The latter proved herself capable of real unselfishness and courage, and when, during the voyage, the youngest of the Royal Princes was seized with convulsions, she was his devoted nurse, until he died, within a few hours, in her arms.

Nelson's was indignant at the failure of the campaign, and he wrote in scornful terms to General Stuart.

PALERMO, January 7th, 1799.

MY DEAR SIR,—Although I could not think the Neapolitans to be a nation of warriors, yet it was not possible to believe that a kingdom with 50,000 troops and good-looking young men, could have been overcome by 12,000 men without anything that could be called a battle :—certainly not 100 Neapolitans have been killed—but such things are—if I have not been dreaming. Poor Mack came on board the *Vanguard* on the 28th. My heart bled for him. He is worn to a shadow. On the 3rd at night 8000 French attempted to force Mack's lines at Capua, in which were 25,000 men. They did not succeed. This is all we know. I do not flatter myself that all that remains are good men and true—I trust they may be. The Nobles of Naples—I speak as the Queen tells me—are endeavouring to negotiate a truce or peace with the French, and have offered to exclude the present King from the throne, and to form a republic under French Protection. There is another party who wish that the Duke of Parma, who is married to a Spanish princess, should be King under French and Spanish protection. How it will end God only knows.

I keep the 'Alcmena' to give you the latest news from Naples.

The conduct of the Emperor is to me extraordinary, the loss, at least, of his Italian dominions will be the natural consequence. Tuscany must drop from his family, and whether a month sooner or later is of little importance. You have seen the movements of Austrian armies—so have I,—and found unhappily all their Generals *Traders* by making the most of their commands by oppressing the poor soldiers.

I feel very much, my dear General, for your situation in the invaluable possession which your excellent judgement placed under the Dominion of His Majesty, and believe me that I shall have the greatest pleasure in doing everything you can wish me. I am endeavouring to bring matters to a close, both in Egypt and Malta. Either one or the other will enable me to give Commander Duckworth two Sail of the Line from hence. I have nominally a great force, but anybody is heartily welcome to both the Neapolitan and Portuguese Ships.

The *Vanguard* is at Palermo, their Sicilian Majesties desiring me not to leave them, but the moment you want me I fly to your assistance, for ever believe me, with the greatest respect, esteem and regard.

Your most faithful,

NELSON.

The following note is dated Palermo, January 19, 1779.

MY DEAR SIR,—The New order of Things is pretty near settled at Naples, and I believe the whole Kingdom will soon be called the Parthenope Republic. I wish it may not shake the Monarchy of this Island.

The Emperor will repent his unhappy conduct when too late.

With every kind regards, believe me my dear Sir,

Your most faithful,

NELSON.

Honourable Lieut.-General STUART.



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After meeting with desperate but unorganised resistance from the Lazaroni, or peasants, the French army entered Naples on January 23. These, and a force called the Christian Army under the command of Cardinal Ruffo, alone remained faithful to their allegiance, the nobles of Naples, under the leadership of Prince Caraccioli, having declared for the Republic.

In the meantime, as the following note (enclosed by Mr. Wyndham with a letter from himself) from the Russian Minister announces, a Russian force was soon to be in a position to attack the French.

*From the Russian Minister to Mr. Wyndham.*

FLORENCE, Feb. 7th, 1799.

MONSIEUR,—It is with the greatest satisfaction that I announce to your Excellency in the most authoritative manner, that His Imperial Majesty, my august sovereign, has commanded that a very considerable number of his troops should march immediately to Italy, there to act against the French and especially give their assistance to the King of Naples. Several vessels have quite recently started from the Black Sea 'en route' for the Mediterranean, and everything announces a firm and noble resolution to oppose with the utmost vigour the schemes of the French Government.

J'ai l'honneur d'être etc.

C. G. MOZENIGO.

*From Mr. Wyndham to General Stuart.*

FLORENCE, Feb. 4th, 1799.

SIR,—I have had the honour to receive two dispatches from you, the first obligingly giving me information of the ill-success of the Neapolitan army, and of your intention of sending a packet vessel every month to Leghorn, the second enclosing a letter from the Pope.

In regard to my opinion whether the Minorquins may remain in the Port of Leghorn without hindrance or molestation, I can only answer that so long as the Grand Duke is permitted to remain Sovereign of Tuscany, there can be no doubt but that they will receive all the freedom and hospitality of a neutral Port, but I cannot take upon me to say how long that may last.

Surrounded by democratic Republics, with a french army at the Confines, eager for plunder and scarce restrained by orders of the Directory from taking possession of this entirely defenceless state, openly threatened by the Jacobins in Power, His Royal Highness has everything to fear, and from all appearances we are on the eve of a Revolution, not from the Inhabitants, who are a loyal and well disposed People, but from the force of the french armies and french Influence which has pervaded a *small* class of Tuscans, but the most enterprising and rapacious.

The circumstance of a large army of Russians being on their way to this Country and expected here almost daily, will inevitably bring on a more serious war, than the french have experienced with the Italians, will probably draw in the Emperor, and this Country in all likelihood will be revolutionised and plundered by the french before the assistance can arrive.

The french who are in force at Lucca, can be at Leghorn in 24 hours.

I have the honour to enclose you an official Note which I received from Count Mozenigo, the Emperor of Russia's Minister Plenipotentiary at this Court, concerning the arrival of troops of his Country. Those which come by sea may be daily expected, those which come by land are arrived some days since at Salzburg.

With these circumstances you will judge yourself if the Minorquins are likely to be secure in Leghorn.

I have had the honor to send your letter to the Pope, who is very ill and has been in great danger.

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The Pope and the King of Sardinia (who is here) have both received orders from the french to go to Sardinia; the pope's illness annuls the order as it relates to His Holiness and the caprice of the french has caused a counter order for the King's departure.

The King is an absolute prisoner here, guarded by a french Company. An armament is equipping at Calvi, either for Elba or Sardinia.

Lord Nelson and Sir W. Hamilton write me word that Malta is expected to fall daily, and that Bonaparte's army is at its last stake. General Berthier and 2000 french have been massacred by the Natives at Cairo, which is no longer in the hands of the french.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,  
W. WYNDHAM.

Nelson was still at Palermo, where the prospects of their Sicilian Majesties showed no sign of improvement. He writes to Lord St. Vincent at Gibraltar,

PALERMO, Feb. 13th, 1799.

MY DEAR LORD,—Our news from Calabria is very bad as most of the Towns have erected the Tree of Liberty and it approaches the coast towards Sicily and in this Island are many discontented people who have shown themselves in various places in a manner contrary to law and nearly approaching rebellion. Thus situated, who can say that the chance is not that the Royal Family will not be obliged once more to take refuge under the British Flag. I have letters from Mr. Wyndham at Florence of Feb. 7th; he represents the situation of Tuscany as very critical. The french make no scruple of declaring their intention of revolutionizing the Grand Duchy. His Excellency has requested Capt. Louis to remain at Leghorn until it is seen whether the scoundrels of french, not contented with turning the King of Sardinia out of Piedmont, intended seizing his person after he left Leghorn by some of their Privateers and to carry him to Corsica, for if they can help it His Majesty will never get to Sardinia. Capt. Louis has been applied to for to permit the *Terpsichore* to go, as if by accident, in company with the Vessel, for to such a state of degradation is this Monarch reduced to, that he dare not publicly accept of the offered protection of the British Flag. The moment the *Terpsichore* arrives she shall go off to Gibraltar. His Holiness the Pope is dead.<sup>1</sup> The french ordered him, although being in Tuscany, to quit that country and repair to Sardinia, and when he represented his ill state of health, Salicetti was present when the old Man's blisters were taken off to see he did not sham. However he is at rest from all his cares and troubles and in truth he is to be envied. As to myself, I see but gloomy prospects look which way I will. We have accounts that 60,000 Russians are arrived at Salzburg, the German side of the Tyrol, but as the Austrians have been going to march the whole war, so they will I fear, arrive too late in Italy. At present I see but little prospect of the fall of Malta, several Vessels with provisions are got in; Ball is indefatigable and has great hopes. In short, my dear Lord, every thing makes me sick to see things go to the Devil and not to have the means of prevention. El Corso is just going to Corfu to try and get some Turks and Russians to come to Messina.

God bless you, My dear Lord,  
NELSON.

The following is from Sir John Acton to Lord Nelson.

PALERMO, Feb. 11, 1799.

MY LORD,—I am ordered by His Sicilian Majesty to acquaint your Excellency that a printed notification made in Naples by the French General Championnet in

<sup>1</sup> This rumour turned out to be premature. The Pope did not die till a few weeks later.

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date of 27th Jan. last, declares positively to all the Inhabitants of that Kingdom, that the Monarchy is there destroyed, that the French Army is assuming the denomination of the Army of Naples, is come in that Capital, and shall remain there to defend the Neapolitans from any attack against their independency, and to maintain amongst them (in their usual stile) the conservation of their conquered Liberty by the French Arms—. The same Notification mentions the Creation of Republican Authority in Naples, to govern that Country and defend it. The French Colours are hoisted on the Castles, and we hear that a Frigate and four Galliottes are arming for the Republicans. It is with true sorrow that His Sicilian Majesty must consider at present those once beloved subjects as Rebels while under the Force of the Enemy, who shall employ them in every manner possible against the Interests, and security of His Majesty, out of the faithful Subjects under His Authority, especially in the Kingdom of Sicily.

I have the honor to be,

(Signed) JOHN ACTON.

Sir William Hamilton writes to his relation Colonel Graham in Minorca to acquaint him with the desperate prospect of affairs in Sicily, where treachery and the revolutionary spirit combine to render the position of the Sicilian Royalties very insecure ; he says :

From Naples we know nothing officially since the 27th of last month. The *Mutine*, Captain Host, returned here yesterday from the Bay of Naples, but could have no kind of communication with the shore, as whenever he approached, and before he was within reach of the guns, all the batteries fired at him. Captain Host says that the French tricolour was flying at all the Castles, and *not* that of the New Republic that we were told was called the Vesuvian Republic, white, blue, and yellow. The Lazaroni fought bravely for three days, but were overpowered by the French and Neapolitan Jacobins, who had Prince Moliterno at their head. This Court flattered itself that the Calabrians would have opposed the French measures vigorously, but alas ! Cardinal Ruffo who was sent from here on the 7th March with full powers from His Vicar General, writes word that Calabria Citra had followed the example of the Capital and acknowledged the new Republic before he arrived, and that several Towns of lower Calabria had also planted the tree of Liberty by the advice of the priests, as the only means of saving these Provinces from being over run and plundered by the French.

The Cardinal found no troops assembled and the Priests preaching submission to their Parishioners, so that I look upon the whole Kingdom of Naples by this time as revolutionised, and although the Sicilians hate the French, yet discontents in many parts, as at Catania, Melazzo, and Trapani, no doubt encouraged by the French and Jacobin party, have already been manifested, and troops are marched from hence to quell the riots. This government thinks Messina so insecure with its present garrison that 500 men are going from hence this night to relieve the suspicious garrison in the Citadel of Messina. In short, if the Emperor of Germany does not march his army into Italy, or some other accident draw off the French from these parts, I much fear that their Sicilian Majesties may be obliged to take refuge again on board the *Vanguard*. We are flattered with the hope that the Emperor of Russia is sending a considerable body of troops to the assistance of His Sicilian Majesty, but the great confidence of this Court is in the protection of the King's Squadron under brave and indefatigable Lord Nelson.

At the present moment his Lordship's Squadron is employed in so many parts that we have here only two Ships of the Line, and Malta does not seem inclined to surrender yet. By every account from Egypt it is probable that it is nearly over with Buena Parte's army, and that the British ships employed in the Blockade of Alexandria may soon return to Lord Nelson. As to the Grand Duke of Tuscany he is menaced also with a French invasion, and a Ship of the Line and a Frigate remain at Leghorn to assist that Court in case of accident. As for myself I am

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really so worn out and vexed at being witness to so much treachery and cowardice, and feel that I could be of more use to their Sicilian Majesties in England than by remaining here, that I am fully determined to profit by the King's leave, which I have had two years in my pocket, and return home in the first Ship that goes down to Gibraltar, in which case we flatter ourselves that we may be able to pay our respects to you at Mahon. It is very trying that whilst Great Britain is at such expense and fatigue to assist its allies, they should do nothing for themselves, on the contrary they seem to counteract all we do for them.— Sicily, abounding with corn, will scarcely give a mouthful to the brave Maltese Insurgents that are fighting for H.S.M.

You see I am sufficiently out of humour !

But ever Yours,

My dear Sir,

WM. HAMILTON.

Sir William's anxiety was shared by Lord Nelson, who finally appealed for help to General Stuart, Governor of Minorca.

PALERMO, Feb. 16th, 1799.

MY DEAR SIR,—What a state we are in here without troops and the enemy at the door ! for, although there are 4000 Neapolitan regular troops, these are not to be trusted. 13,000 Sicilian troops are raising, and 26,000 Militia, but I fear before these are got together the active french will get possession of Messina, the key to Sicily. There is a good citadel and might be defended for a very long time, but there is such treachery that probably it will be given without a shot. I know my dear Sir, your situation at Minorca, and I regret that you cannot, I fear, send here and save us, for 1000 English troops in the Citadel of Messina would, I am convinced, save Sicily. I dare not urge such a thing, but having ventured to mention this subject, I leave it to your excellent judgment. With every sentiment of respect, believe me, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and faithful Servant,

NELSON.

I have sent my letter to Lord St. Vincent open for Duckworth to read which tells all the news I can learn.

Honourable Lieut.-General Stuart.

General Stuart's answer was to come in person with two English regiments, and with these Messina was garrisoned and confidence restored. An official despatch to the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, Secretary of State for War, lays before him the results of the expedition.

On board H.M.S. 'Aurora',  
April 15th, 1799.

SIR,—In my last letter of the 27th Ultimo, I had the honor to inform You that I had stationed the 30th and 89th Regiments in the Cittadel of Messina, under the Command of My Adjutant General Lieut. Col. Stewart.

The application of Lord Nelson, and Sir Wm. Hamilton's Letters pointing out the distracted State of Sicily, were not the only inducements which led me to assist the King in Preserving this essential and important Part of His Majesty's Dominions, for I considered the internal resources of the Island, the consequence of its Ports to the British Navy, the probability of such a diversion's favouring the approach of the Austrians and Russians from the Tyrol, and the probable effect it might have of stopping the French at Naples, and facilitating our attempts against Malta, but above all, the certainty of its securing to England a Station, where supplies could be obtained, and His Majesty's Forces assembled to act either against Italy or Egypt. Nor could the measure be adopted at a more favourable moment with

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respect to Minorca, for the Works, if not entirely finished, only required Fuel to render them defenceable. Fuel could alone be procured from Sicilly, and as the addition of two weak Regiments did not afford the means of making advantageous descents upon the well-guarded Coasts of Spain, or add to the real strength of the Garrison already scarce of Provisions, it appeared in itself a Substantial reason for granting the required assistance, provided the Productions of Sicilly could be really and effectually obtained in return.

Under these impressions, but determined not to hazard any part of His Majesty's Forces in Sicilly without a Personal examination of the Actual State of that Country, I proceeded with the British Regiments to Palermo, and was received by their Sicillian Majesties with a degree of enthusiasm and joy, too characteristic of their unhappy situation. If they were surprised at my arrival, my determination instantly to proceed to Messina appeared no less extraordinary, for accustomed to the greatest Sloth in their Method of transacting business, the Minister had no conception of the rapidity with which this Service might be performed, but being pressed by Lord Nelson and Sir W. Hamilton, the necessary papers were made out and I was upon my Route in Five Hours, with full Powers to Command, and make such arrangements in the Eastern Part of Sicilly as I might Judge necessary.

These arrangements made I left the Cittadel of Messina Garrisoned by His Majesty's Forces and turned my Views towards Malta where I arrived on the 24th inst., and examined the different works surrounding the Harbour of Vallette, and was highly pleased with the very judicious disposition Captain Ball had made to Blockade the Enemy; the Enthousiasm of the Maltese Peasantry, their attachment to the English, and their love for this respectable Officer, joined to the hardships they voluntarily underwent, under fire of the Enemy, could not fail of being a most interesting scene, and lamented extremely that I could not agree with Him in the sanguine hopes He entertained of Vaubois's speedy surrender, for when I considered that the French had never endeavoured to get rid of the useless and numerous Inhabitants the Towns of Vallette and Victoriosa contained, and reflected that there had been little or no desertion, I was confident that the distresses of the Garrison were exaggerated, and that however 4000 Men were inadequate to the defence of such extensive Works, yet if they were supplied even sparingly with Provisions, it would require a long Siege and a very Superior Army to compel them to Capitulate.

On my return to Palermo I found the necessary quantity of Fuel for the Troops at Minorca embarked, and the Vessels on the point of Sailing—a full Power was at the same time remitted to me, to obtain all such supplies as might hereafter be required and Sicilly could afford. Their Sicilian Majesties condescended to come on board the Frigate, and to manifest in very flattering Terms their Approbation of the regulation I had established at Messina, expressing an earnest desire that I would signify what other Measures were necessary for the security of the Island, this led Sir Wm. Hamilton to press me for a few Observations tending to that Object, and I ventured to comply with this request, more to encourage their Majesties not to abandon Sicilly, than from a hope that any suggestions of Mine would be adopted; should they however be productive of this effect, and The King express His determination not to abandon His subjects at the moment of difficulty and danger, the Island is safe; but if listening again to the Fears of His family, and the Wretched Timid Councils of a corrupted Court He flies the Country, I have every reason to believe He will lose His Crown—not that the Sicilians however discouraged by Their Sovereign's pusillanimous Conduct, will fall an easy prey to the French, for I firmly believe that they will unite in their efforts against the Enemy, and founding their hopes of Succour from England upon the assistance they have already received, solicit Protection and further support from His Majesty to render their Resistance effectual. I shall only add that whatever may eventually prove the result of this undertaking, I have risked little to gain considerably, a conduct which appears to me more beneficial to the general

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Service than remaining inactive, or risking considerably when little is to be obtained. I have the honor to be

Etc., etc., etc.

(Signed) CHS. STUART.

From this date matters began to improve in Italy. The armies of the Directory were being everywhere driven back by the combined Austrian and Russian forces under the able generalship of the Archduke Charles and the famous Suwarroff, and before the end of April MacDonald (who had succeeded Championnet in the command) was ordered to evacuate Naples, leaving only a few hundred men to garrison St. Elmo, Gaeta, and Capua, and bring the bulk of his force to the assistance of Moreau and the main French army. On the retreat of MacDonald, Cardinal Ruffo occupied Naples, and the King hastened from Sicily to take possession of his recovered dominions. The following letters bring matters up to this date :

LORD NELSON TO GENERAL STUART.

PALERMO, *March 27th, 1799.*

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,—I grieve at your indisposition and will be with you at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. The transports with wood are here. The *Dolphin* has her orders to sail the moment the weather admits. An order is issued for supplying all vessels sent by you with whatever Sicily produces. All the Royal Family are I assure you, full of gratitude for your certain salvation of this Country.

Ever my dear Sir,

Believe me,

Your obliged,

NELSON.

LORD NELSON TO GENERAL STUART.

*March 30th, 1799.*

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,—I send you Mr. Wyndham's letter which pray return when read. Pray return with the Turkish Admiral's letter. The news from the Xtian army in Calabria is very good by the Cardinal's own account. He begs the King to come to him or send the Prince Royal and if he could bring 2000 English with him, he promises to replace him in his Capital in a fortnight. Of all this you will believe as much as you please. I hope your gout is better. All in this house join in wishing you a speedy riddance of it with My dear Sir,

Your obliged,

NELSON.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON TO GENERAL STUART.

PALERMO, *April 13th, 1799.*

SIR,—I hope Your Excellency got back to Minorca perfectly recovered from your fatigues and indispositions.

The hints you was pleased to give me in writing relative to the putting this Island in a proper State of defence I communicated soon after your departure to General Acton, who has laid them before Their Sicilian Majesties and I am desired to return your Excellency many thanks in their name, for this fresh mark of your kind attention to their Interests.

Having received a letter from Collonel Stewart mentioning the difficulty of procuring money for Bills at Messina and his wish that at least the Outworks of St. Salvador might be demolished, I sent his letter directly to General Acton, and you will find by General Acton's Answer inclosed that everything was immediately regulated according to the Colonel's Wishes.

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Since you left us affairs seem to be taking a good turn in favor of Their Sicilian Majesties. Cardinal Ruffo's army in Calabria augments daily and is said now to be 30 thousand strong, His Eminence is marching forward towards Salerno to join an other large body of people that have risen in favor of His Sicilian Majesty near Salerno. The french sent 1500 men against those of Salerno only 300 are returned and most of them wounded. An other large body of the people of Abruzzo under the Command of an Outlawed Priest and notorious Murderer, are marching towards Gaeta in favor of the King of Naples.

Lord Nelson has sent Captain Troubridge in the *Culloden* with three other British Ships of the Line, and the *Portugheze*, with some Frigates, to take possession of all the Islands, and to block up Naples completely.

The *San Leone* Brig is just arrived with Letters from Captain Troubridge of yesterday's date. He is in possession of all the Islands, and has already open'd a Communication with Cardinal Ruffo and the Loyalists near Salerno, and has sent a vessel to Gaeta to communicate if possible with the outlawed Priest of Abruzzo, called the Grand Diavolo.

I have just talked with three Swiss officers that escaped from Naples. They say the french at Naples are certainly not more than 2500—that the People are universally for the King and that the french do not put their Trust in the Jacobin Neapolitan Army which are 20 thousand men, but have taken possession of all the Castles.

You see Sir if the promised Russians were to arrive soon the business would be done, and We do not think it improbable but that the Cardinal on one Side and the Grand Diavolo on the other and the brave Troubridge by Sea may do the business before the Arrival of the Russians, and which We most sincerely wish.

The officers from Naples said that the Grand Duke of Tuscany and His Family are gone to Vienna that the french are in possession of Tuscany and Porto Ferreiro, and that the Pope has been sent to Besançon.

I shall soon have an other opportunity of giving your Excellency further accounts from Naples as in a few days Lord Nelson will send another Vessel to Minorca and Gibraltar.

I have the honor to be  
Sir, Your Excellency's  
most obedient  
humble Servant,  
WM. HAMILTON.

LORD NELSON to GENERAL STUART.

PALERMO, April 13th, 1799.

MY DEAR GENERAL,—I sincerely hope that long before this time you have forgot the gout and are as well as all here sincerely wish you. As Sir William writes on the subject of your very important and interesting letter left with him, I shall not enter more on the subject than to say it seems to give the greatest satisfaction, and I know part of your plans are ordered to be put in execution. You have, my dear General, done more for the preservation of Sicily than all the Ministers could have in 7 years; indeed except Acton they are a set of coxcomical fools. I have this moment news from Naples Bay, the Xtian army is only 40 miles from Naples where the French are in the greatest alarm. If the Russians would but arrive the King would soon be on his throne again.

Ever my dear Sir Charles,  
Believe me,  
Your obliged friend,  
NELSON.

LORD NELSON to GENERAL SIR CHARLES STUART.

April 28th, 1799.

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,—Our news from the Continent is good and I believe for the most part true. On the Rhine the Archduke Charles has forced Jourdan to

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recross it; the Swiss in revolution, on the Adige General Sherer has been defeated and forced to retreat into Mantua; in consequence of these events nearly all the French troops have left Tuscany. All the French troops except 500 left Naples for Capua on the 22nd taking with them sick, cannon, &c. &c. Those left kept possession of St. Elmo which it is supposed would be evacuated the 24th. Many of the principal jacobins are gone off; therefore Troubridge tells me he thinks his next letters will be from Naples. So far this is good, I sincerely hope it will continue. Captain Edmonds has this moment told me that he heard of a fact at Messina that authentic accounts had arrived of the landing of some Russian troops on the Adriatic to join the Cardinal.

Believe me my dear Sir Charles,

Your faithful Servant,

NELSON.

In the meantime, in spite of all Captain Ball's efforts, of which the following account gives a specimen, the French garrison in Valetta still held out obstinately.

On the 5th of January I assembled at Cita Vecchia the Chief Inhabitants of the Island to take into Consideration a Plan for the attack of the French Garrison of Vallette and Cottenero, I delivered paper No. 1<sup>1</sup> to be read, which was approved of, and a Plan was given in for the attack of Cottenero, by a Mr. Chetcuta, which was also approved of. General Vital and he were ordered to be ready to put it into execution. A plan was given in by General Caruano for the attack of Vallette, which was considered by me, the officers of Artillery and Engineers as very objectionable and hazardous. The Assembly adjourned and met by appointment at St. Josephs on the 7th, and at Zeitun on the 9th when a Plan was produced by Caruano for the attack of Vallette quite different from the first. A Plot was concerted between him, and a person of the Name of Guillaume, who lived in the Town of Vallette and had Six hundred person joined with him ready to attack the French, if we would co-operate. He required Musket Cartridges, with which we supplied him. Two Hundred Men were to go over in Boats in the Night from Point St. Angelo to Marsamucetto, where there is a Store house outside of the Gate, in which they were to be lodged until day light. Two thousand Men were ready to file along the Wall on the South side of Vallette to enter the Marine Gate when the Signal was given by the Ringing of Bells in the Town. I objected to it upon these grounds, first that it would be impossible to pass the two hundred Men over to the Store house in such boats as they had, undiscovered by the Garrison, unless the Weather was very bad; another objection was, the great Risk of the Plot being discovered by the French before it could be put into execution, for it was conducted with so little secrecy that every Body appeared to be acquainted with it all over the Island, and French Spies might carry the Intelligence. Equal danger was to be apprehended of a discovery from the People in the Town by treachery, fear or imprudence. My last Words to General Caruana, were, that the Plan would fail, and it appeared to me that Guillaume was destined to perish, and to Occasion the Sacrifice of a number of brave Men. I strongly urged to the Assembly to give it up, and put into execution the Plan of Cottenero, the Success of which, depended only on enterprize and Courage. All the Chiefs, from a deference to my opinion, would have followed my advice, but as I perceived they were very Sanguine in the Success of the Plan, from their knowledge of Guillaume, I agreed to give it a trial; provided they failed, they would attack Cottenero the next Night; which they promised. At the same time, I could not help observing, the Maltese might be so discouraged by the failure at Vallette, as to prevent their making a Vigorous Attack on Cottenero; but the Chiefs assured me to the contrary. A Signal was made on Thursday afternoon to Guillaume, that we would Co-operate to put his Plan into

<sup>1</sup> Omitted as being too detailed.



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execution the next morning at daylight, for which purpose the Marines and some Seamen were landed from the Squadron under my Command, and each Ship had orders to go off Vallette to draw the attention of the Enemy, and to prevent their Ships escaping, but it blew so hard that they were not able to get into their Station. The Two hundred Men destined for the Store house, favoured by the darkness of the Night got safe over in Boats, and were lodged there by two in the Morning. Forty Men were to come over from Corradino at day light who would not be suspected, as they crossed every Morning. They failed in their promise, and the reason some of them gave to me, was, that little Boys were talking of this Plan the preceding evening in the Town of Vallette and they thought the French would certainly know it before the time appointed to put it into execution, they therefore were afraid to appear at the rendez-vous. Guillaume, at not seeing them, sent to the Maltese in the Store house to tell them he should not be able to make the Signal until 8 O'Clock, it was then deferred until noon, and at the expiration of that time he told them they must wait until the next morning, at which they were so alarmed, and trembled to that degree that their Muskets made such a Noise as would have discovered them had any person gone near the Store house. Two thousand Men who were to rush in at the Marine Gate at day light in the Morning were anxiously waiting for the Signal to be given. At 8 O'Clock the French threw some Shells very near a Church in which were all the English Troops who, began to Suspect from the Signal not being made, that the French had discovered the Plot, and knew them to be there. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8 a Polacre Brig got into the Port of Vallette and gave the News of the disturbances at Naples. At 12 the French fired a Salute, and there was a report immediately made, that the Signal had been given by our Friends for assistance, and that the Gates were thrown open. Our Troops rushed immediately forward and got within Pistol Shot of Floriano, but perceived the Gates were Shut. The French kept up a very heavy fire of round Grape; fortunately only One Maltese was killed and One Marine Wounded belonging to the *Emerald*. At 6 in the evening some French Officers coming over from Fort Emanuel passed close to the Store house in which were all the Maltese, and just at that moment were execrating the Maltese in General, which so alarmed those in the Store house, who thought the Conversation was addressed to them, that they immediately sallied out, discharged their Muskets and attempted their escape. Some of them were taken by the French; there are about Thirty Missing. A French Spy got into the Garrison that Night and gave Intelligence of the Plot, Guillaume was apprehended the next day with twelve others and Shot. The moment I knew of its failure I sent over to desire Guillaume to make his escape, knowing it could not remain long undiscovered, but he was so infatuated as not to be sensible of his danger and had sent to desire we would give his Plan another trial. At Noon, when the Guns were firing at Vallette, a Report was Circulated at the Maltese Post near Cottenero, that the Gates of Cottenero were thrown open, and their Friends inside inviting them; the Soldiers without forming, immediately rushed from their Quarters, and ran towards the Gates, which they found Shut, the French kept up a heavy fire on them and Killed and Wounded about Twenty.

REMARK.—From every report that came to my knowledge I have not a doubt but the Plot would have Completely Succeeded if Guillaume's Party had possessed Courage to make the Signal at day light. As it failed, we were fortunate in escaping with so little loss. There was a private Signal established to acquaint us if the Plot had been discovered.

On the 13th I anchored my Ship in Marsa Sirocco Bay that I might be ready to co-operate in the Attack of Cottenero, which was delayed until the 16th. I went on Shore early in the Morning to make the Necessary Arrangements; I ordered all my Officers except One Lieutenant and the Master to land with the Marines and some picked Seamen, in the evening. I sent off a Memorandum to Captain Gould of the *Audacious* to land his Marines and some Seamen. He very handsomely came on Shore and headed his Party. Some of the Troops destined to attack Cottenero were to pass in Boats which were to have been drawn over a Neck of Land for that

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purpose, the attack was to commence at 4 O'Clock. At 2 they acquainted me the Boats could not be got over, for the very severe Weather, and instead of Two Thousand Men which were to have been Collected, there were not more than 800. The French at 3 ocl. in the Morning hung Lights and Torches all round the Garrison, which gave the Troops a Suspicion that they knew of our intention. We were under the Necessity of deferring the attack to another time, for want of Boats to enable our Party to Cross. General Vital seemed determined to make the attack the next Morning; he and all his Troops were under Arms that Night but they shewed so much backwardness, that it was given up for the following Night, when they were to send all the Forces of the Island; but I saw such a Want of Spirit among the People that I recommended waiting two or three days, that he and all the Chiefs might rally and animate them; for I was convinced, from the present state of their minds, that their fear would cause the Sacrifice of the Lives of a Number of brave men. In Order to Stimulate the Maltese to a Vigourous attack, I gave in a list of Volunteers from my Ship who would undertake to be the first party to Scale the Walls and shew them the way and I intended another Party in the Rear to Cover the retreat. At the time appointed to Storm the Maltese Troops got over one of the Ditches of the French Works, when One of their People said, that they were all lost! upon which the whole Force ran away, and could not be got to rally, there was not a Musket fired on either side.

On the 20th I called an Assembly of the Chiefs to take into Consideration the Situation of the Island, and to point out the Necessity for Vigourous Measures. I recommended enrolling One thousand Volunteers, of approved Character and Courage, who were to have a distinguished dress and a Pension settled on them, which should be continued to their Families if they fell fighting for their Country, these Men were to make Oath before an attack, that they would not desert their Chief or Standard. A discourse was prepared to be delivered the following day (Sunday) by the Clergy of the different Parishes, to animate the Men to brave danger in the Cause of their Religion, their Liberty and their Country. The Assembly adopted all the Plans I recommended and then requested I would allow them to hoist English Colours all over the Island as a token of their Gratitude to the English Nation for the great Services rendered them. And they requested I would Act among them in a Legislative Capacity, both of which, I declined, stating my reasons for it.

Farther east than Malta, however, a decided success had been scored by Sir Sydney Smith in his successful defence of St. Jean d'Acre. Napoleon had included not only Egypt but also Syria, Constantinople, and even India in his dream of conquest, and second only in importance to the blow dealt him by the destruction of his fleet at the battle of the Nile was the resistance he met with at the siege of St. Jean d'Acre. The investment lasted sixty days, and during that period the French assaulted forty times and lost 3000 men. Sir Sydney here describes the opening fight.

SIR SYDNEY SMITH *to* VICE-CONSUL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

ST. JEAN D'ACRE, April 9th, 1799.

SIR,—I take the opportunity of informing you of the state of affairs here for the benefit of my brother and colleague at Constantinople and of those of your colleagues with whom you are in immediate correspondence. It being manifest that it was the intention of Bonaparte to besiege Jessar Pasha in the town of St. Jean d'Acre, we hastened, as allies of the sublime Porte to come to his assistance. We arrived off Acre two days before the enemy, and this interval was well employed in reconnaissances and preparations towards putting the place into a state of defence. The enemy's advance-guard appeared at Caifa during the night of March 17th and

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we announced our presence by a repeated discharge of Mitrailleuse, without meeting with any response from their cannon ; on the morrow we discovered their artillery coming along the coast from Alexandria and Damietta, and the whole of it (the list is here added)<sup>1</sup>, with the flotilla which carried it, fell into our hands.

The cannon, consisting of 44 pieces of all calibres from 24 to 4, has been in constant use since, some on the ramparts of Acre against the enemy's lines and batteries and some of the above-named frigates directed against the enemy's flank, and with conspicuous success as their fire has slackened considerably since the first attack. The nature of ground having permitted them to push their works to within half a rifle's length of the ditch, has been of some advantage to the Turks who have kept up a well-directed musketry fire. The enemy however, finally succeeded in making a breach in the wall at the N.E. and thro' this they delivered an attack on March 30th but were vigorously repulsed by the garrison. The dead bodies filling up the ditch were sufficient evidence of the loss sustained by the French.

Jessar Pasha's troops made 3 sorties with success, the last which took place on April 7th was for the purpose of destroying a mine made by the enemy at the N.E. corner near the old breach. The English undertook this enterprise and while 2000 Turks sallied forth, some to the north and some to the south, they jumped into the mine and having examined it and found no powder in it as yet, they destroyed the supports and entrances and demolished the work.

Our firing still continues night and day without interruption, the guns being served by the English assisted by Turkish artillerymen from Constantinople, who are very skilful. The enemy's fire is slack, perhaps they are economising their ammunition, of which they have very little, for a last attempt to make a breach. This gives no anxiety to Colonel Phelippeaux, Engineer in the Service of the Ottoman Porte, in view of the strength and courage of the garrison. The English vessels and gunboats keep up a vigorous musket fire on the enemy's lines and entrenchments and prove conclusively to the French General that he has undertaken an operation of extreme difficulty on account of the quantity of our artillery, the obstinacy of our garrison and the daring of the ships crews under my orders.

I am Sir, etc.,

(Signed)

W. SYDNEY SMITH.

Napoleon was finally obliged to relinquish the hope of reducing Acre, and on May 20 began slowly to retrace his steps to Egypt with an army weakened by sickness and dispirited by defeat. This was one of the keenest disappointments of his life, and he would constantly repeat in after years, when speaking of Sir Sydney Smith, 'That man made me miss my destiny.' From this moment his one idea was to get back to France, where his presence was more and more urgently required by the disastrous state of affairs brought about by the incompetence of the Government and the blunders of the Generals. Had the allies at this juncture known how to take advantage of the prosperity their arms had met with, culminating in the victory at Novi (August 15), they might have carried their successes to the very frontiers of France and even opened a campaign of invasion. This time France escaped the danger. The inevitable jealousies arose between the two cabinets of Vienna and St. Petersburg, preventing effective combination ; the opportunity was lost ; and no sooner had Napoleon set foot on the continent again than his

<sup>1</sup> *Negresse, Foudre, Deux Freres, Dame de Grace, Dangereux, Marie Rose, Torride, Transport.*

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influence was felt in the re-organisation of the army and the infusion of fresh discipline and enthusiasm through all ranks.

The following letters from French soldiers in Egypt are interesting from their candour and *naïveté*. One of Napoleon's proclamations to the people of Cairo is added here, though it has been published elsewhere, as throwing additional light on the character of that extraordinary man.

AU GRAND CAIRE EN EGYPTE.  
le 14. Frimaire, Année 7.

J'ai hazardé bien des fois mon cher papa de vous donner quelque signe de vie, mais toutes mes lettres ont été interceptées par les Anglais, qui ne laissent pas passer le moindre bâtiment faisant voile pour France. Vous vous représenterez difficilement combien il est dur d'être privé de toute communication avec des parents qu'on chérit et qu'on aime au dessus de tout. Je ne sais si cela produit sur vous le même effet, pour moi il me tarde d'être au terme des peines, des fatigues, et du privation que j'endure dans ce détestable pays, qui est à mon avis le plus exécrationnel pays du monde habité.

Nous sommes ici comme des déportés sans seul moyen de rentrer en Europe, les débris de notre escadre sont insuffisants et je doute que sans une paix prochain avec les Anglais nous puissions sortir d'ici. Toute l'armée redoute l'approche de la peste, et si malheureusement elle repand cette année son haleine mortel je ne sais comment on fera pour l'éviter.

L'espèce d'ennemi que nous combattons appelé mameluk sont en partie détruit ou chassé en Syrie et dans la Nubie, il ne reste plus que quelque tribus d'arabes beydouins du désert d'Arabie qui de tout temps ont pillé la peuple de quelque nation qu'ils fussent et qui inquiètent quelquefois nos convois et nos caravanes. On parle en ce moment d'aller dans l'Inde, mais en vérité je ne sais pas comment ! Déjà un grand nombre de soldats sont devenus aveugles et cette malheureuse maladie d'eux qui prive de la vue ceux qui en sont atteints, étant beaucoup plus dangereuse dans l'intérieur de l'Afrique fera peut-être ouvrir les yeux de ceux qui nous commandent ici, et mettra des bornes à leur ambition désordonnée.

On envoie des renforts au General Desaix qui est au Faïoum, c'est à dire l'ancienne Memphis sur la rive gauche du Nil vert au milieu de l'Egypte. Huit cent Mamelouks ont déserté Ibrahim Bey, un des chefs qui s'était enfui à Gaze en Syrie. Celui-ci étant resté seul avec 100 Mamelouks a descendu le long de la mer rouge, a passé le Nil et a rejoint, dans le Faïoum, Murad Bey son collègue auquel il reste environ 800 Mamelouks tous à cheval et bien montés. Le General Desaix est chargé de les battre ; mais ce Bey évite le combat et s'enfuit dans le désert ou il est impossible de le suivre faute d'eau et de vivre. Ils reviennent quand nos troupes sont retirées. Ils ne peuvent donc périr qu'à force de les harceler sans cesse, et ce genre de guerre sera très long et très pénible.

Adieu mon cher père, embrasse pour moi tout le monde comme je t'embrasse.  
J. GEORBERT.

EN EGYPTE DU GRAND CAIRE.  
le 15 frimaire l'an 7ème.  
5 Dec. Vieux style.

Cher Perre, cher Merre, frere et soeur, parents et amis, c'est aujourd'hui que votre fils s'empresse à mettre la plume à la main pour vous donner de mes nouvelles et pour savoir le comportement de votre santé, pour la mienne Dieu merci, je demande que la votre se trouvent de même, et pour vous donner un petit détail des routes et des illes que nous avons passées. Je vous ai écrit de Gène une lettre que je ne say pas si vous l'avez reçue. Je vous avais marqué notre embarcation, nous avons parti le 4 floréal de Gène pour Toulon, de Toulon nous sommes revenus à Gène, nous en sommes party le 28 du même mois toujours par merre. Nous avons passé les illes de Corse, de la on voyait les illes de Tosquane, et les illes sur votre

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gauche, de la nous avons passé les îles de Sardaigne et nous avons continué notre route, nous avons été fait la prise de Malte, ou que tout les chevaliers étions un bien forte place. De la nous sommes parties pour les îles de Candie et nous avons tombé en Afrique, la frique qui fait la quatrième partie du monde. De la nous avons passée la Sicille et nous avons venu faire la prise de l'Égypte qui est un pays de Sauvage, nous avons eu un peu de mal dans les déserts d'ailleurs pour vous faire détails de bataille et de nos Victoires et de notre armée et du mal que nous avons eut il n'y aurait pas assez de papier chez les libraires de la Ville. Quand j'aurai le bonheur de vous voir je vous le dirai de bouche avec grand joie. Je vous dirai cher père et cher mère que j'ai été à l'endroit où la Sainte Vierge s'est sauvée avec Joseph et l'enfant Jésus, quand le roi Hérode voulait faire égorger tous les enfants mal. Nous sommes à dix journées de Jérusalem et nous sommes à 30 lieues de la mer rouge et je crois que nous allons aller à Jérusalem. Je crois que la république ferait la guerre aux enfers, nous avons été les vainqueurs partout l'Europe, nous le sommes encore en Afrique et nous voulons rendre tout le pays libre. Il y'a ici un fleuve, qui passe entre le grand Caire et Ghizah ; c'est là où le bon dieu a été baptisé et c'est dans ce même fleuve que le bon roi David a descendu dans une corbeille. Je n'ai pas le temps de vous en marquer davantage pour le présent, mon fers est chau, j'espère que dans 6 mois vous verrez, ou être en France. Je voudrais que ma sœur Fenchette fût avec moi, elle aurait de quoi à faire ses stations, quand je vais partir de ce pays je lui vais faire passer des reliques saintes pour faire ses prières. Cher père cher mère je finis en Vous embrassant.

JEAN GIGOUT,

Caporal de la 12 compagnie d'ouvrier.

The proclamation of General Buonaparte to inhabitants of Cairo contained this passage :

Des hommes perverse avaient égaré une partie d'entre vous, *ils ont péri*. Dieu m'a ordonné d'être miséricordieux pour le peuple. J'ai été clément et miséricordieux pour eux.

J'ai été fâché contre vous de votre révolte, je vous ai privé pendant deux mois de votre divan mais aujourd'hui je vous la restitue ; votre bonne conduite a effacé la tache de votre révolte.

Schérifs, Ulemos, orateurs des mosquées, faites bien connaître au peuple, que ceux qui de Gayeté de Cœur se déclareraient mes ennemis n'auront de refuge ni dans ce monde ni dans l'autre. Y auraient il un homme assez aveugle pour ne pas voir que le destin lui-même dirige toutes mes opérations, y auraient il quelqu'un assez incrédule pour révoquer en doute que tous dans ce vaste univers est soumis à l'empire du destin.

Faites connaître au peuple que depuis que le monde est monde, il était écrit qu'après avoir détruit les ennemis de l'Islamisme faites abattre la Croix je reviendrai du fond de l'Occident remplir la tâche qui m'a été imposée, faites voir au peuple que dans les Saint Livres du Koran dans plus de vingt passages ce qui arrive a été prévu et ce qui arrivera est également expliqué.

Que ceux donc qui la crainte seule de mes armes empêche de nous maudire changent, car en faisant au Ciel des vœux contre moi ils sollicitent leur condamnation ; que les vrais croyants fassent des vœux pour la prospérité de nos armes.

Je pourrai demander Compte à Chaque'un de vous des sentiments les plus secrets de son cœur, car je sais tout, même ce que vous n'avez dit à personne, mais un jour viendra que tout le monde verra avec évidence que je suis conduit par des ordres supérieurs, et que tous les efforts humains ne peuvent rien contre moi, heureux ceux que de bonne foi sont les premières à se mettre avec moi.

## THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY SOME OLD MILITARY BOOKS. BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL



for the gift of second sight, which, Mr. Lang assures us, in his notes upon the 'Legend of Montrose,' is quite as prevalent as ever it was—an oracular delivery which may mean much or little, according to the faith of the hearer in what our fathers have told us. Who so prescient as to pronounce what, in the torrent of current literature, will be valuable after the lapse of half a century? Ordinary foresight is of no avail; neither is literary insight, nor business instinct. Fifty years ago Elzevirs were much looked after; now, a score or more of Elzevirs may be had for a single volume of Tennyson or Stevenson in the original edition; but the care with which these are treasured may in turn prove the very cause of an ultimate and irremediable slump in Tennysons and Stevensons. A friend of mine, some thirty years ago, succeeded to the property of a great book-collector, including a large country-house. Roomy as the house was, however, it was too full of books for the comfort of the new inmates: they blocked the passages, made the bedrooms musty, lay three-deep on the billiard-table and five-deep under it, besides filling in orderly fashion bookcases and shelves in every available space. My friend was in despair; he was neither unlettered nor without a becoming respect for a reasonable library; but he wanted room to move about in his dwelling: so he directed his agent to remove all unbound books and to have a catalogue made of the rest. A dealer took the condemned lot at the rate of one shilling a volume. What that amounted to I know not; but it is pretty certain that it did not reach the figure which might be had now for *one* of these shabby tomes, for among them happened to be Burns's 'Poems chiefly in the Scottish dialect,' in the first Kilmarnock Edition, whereof an exemplar sold in London two years ago for a matter of four hundred guineas!

Nothing short of second sight can avail to avert mischance of this kind. Nor is it at all certain, could a person gifted with second sight be had, like a water-finder, for the hiring, that he would prove of much practical use. Genuine seers are not cheerful people when 'the hour' is upon them: they revel mostly in coming disaster and death, and scrupulously avoid foretelling windfalls and good luck. Therefore, really it is a pure matter of chance what books succeed to pecuniary eminence. Chance sometimes serves the turn, as, in humble measure, in my own case. Among a few thousand volumes on my shelves there are many by which I set great store; but it is very unlikely that there is more than one

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which is worth its weight in gold, still less likely in pound notes. That one turned up in the clearing of rubbish out of a long-closed drawer. It is Bradshaw's 'Railway Guide' for the year 1841—the second issue of the series—the acorn whence sprung the mighty oak of to-day. Where were the seers that they did not warn travellers sixty years ago of the prospective wealth they were casting away in their old *Bradshaws*?

In another field the men of second sight might have done a good turn to the present generation. The wits had their fling at the Volunteers in the early days of the Movement. Hardly anybody suspected that the Citizen Army had come to stay, or perceived in it more than a dubious auxiliary created *ad hoc*—the scare of French Invasion. Crimean and Indian veterans looked on superciliously—not always good-humouredly—on the rapid enrolment and diligent drilling that began in the late 'fifties; Conservative politicians, who remembered Reform and Corn Law riots, wagged their wise heads at the imprudence of training large bodies of the people to arms; few, very few (perhaps Lord Wemyss and Lord Wantage—at that time Lord Elcho and Colonel Loyd Lindsay—are the only survivors of them), realised the depth of the Movement and the intensity of martial patriotism underlying our commercial crust. Yet the result has been the creation of a force of upwards of 250,000 or 300,000 men in these islands alone, without reckoning the Volunteers of the Colonies, equal, if not superior, as marksmen to any infantry of similar numbers in the world; superior in discipline and soldierly bearing to the regular troops of many other nations.

To the collector, early satirical literature about the Volunteers offers a promising and almost virgin field. I have little acquaintance with its resources; only here and there a few scraps stick in nooks of memory. One squib I recollect—I think the little volume bore the title of 'The Sludgebridge Volunteers'—wherein was described the formation of a corps in an English county town. To drill the recruits, a sergeant of the Grenadier Guards and a corporal of the Coldstream came down, brilliant, awe-compelling creatures, each with

The front of Jove himself,  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command.

The pupils were as willing as the instructors were competent; but the accents of Olympus smote strangely on the ears of Sludgebridge. There was a perplexing difference in the language of these demigods. The Grenadier conveyed the command to 'shoulder arms' in the syllables 'Shoolah AMPS!' Not so the Coldstream corporal, who, albeit inferior to the other in rank, differed from him but as one star differeth from another in glory, and was his equal in tremendous mien. He bellowed 'Shalloo HICE!' This was the

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source of grievous division among the devoted defenders of Sludge-bridge. Which was orthodox—the Grenadier or the Coldstream—‘Shoolah amps’ or ‘Shalloo hicc’? Manifestly both could not be right; and, inasmuch as uncertainty is fatal to a word of command, two schools arose in that nascent corps—brothers-in-arms but opponents in practice—and it was rent, as the primitive Church was rent, by a dispute as incapable of solution, and therefore as bitter, as the *Filioque* controversy, the tonsure argument, or the squabble about the reckoning of Easter.

However, as I have said, I have none of the literature which heralded the nativity of our Volunteer Army to refer to: these reflections take their rise from a little volume before me in time-toned calf.

Perhaps, to an unprofessional reader like myself, few less promising subjects for study could be offered than a drill-book; yet ‘The Exercise of the Foot,’ published in 1690 ‘by their Majesties’ command,’ proves worth more than a passing glance, were it only for the insight it affords into the instruction of those troops which were to build the reputation of Marlborough. In 1690 Parliament voted supplies for an English Army of 62,000 men, which was increased the following year to 65,000; but upon the peace in 1697 the establishment was reduced to 7000 men in England and 12,000 in Ireland. A battalion in those days was not homogeneously armed as at present; every infantry company was made up of musketeers, grenadiers, and pikemen. The last-named seem to have had no firearms; but the grenadiers carried muskets and bayonets. After firing one round they slung their muskets, lighted and threw their grenades. Field evolutions were few, slow, and commendably simple. There was one word of command which ought not to have been suffered to fall into disuse. ‘Take heed!’ is preferable to and more effective than its modern equivalent, ‘Attention!’ which is not easily rendered impressive, usually resolving itself into the sternutatory monosyllable ‘SHN!’

**Take Heed.**

As soon as this Word of Command is given, there must be great Silence observed throughout the whole Battalion; the Soldiers doing no Motions either with their Head, Body, Hands, or Feet, but such as shall be ordered, looking steadfastly to the Commanding Officer, who is to Exercise and give the Words of Command, as was formerly said in the Exercise.

How those gallant fellows who carried all before them at Blenheim and Ramillies must have jumped to the ‘Take heed!’ thundered at them by a heavily-booted and bewigged colonel, each man of them in the attitude as prescribed—‘that he stand with a straight Body, hold up his Head, look lively, his Eyes always upon the Commanding Officer.’ In one respect the position at attention differed from that of the modern soldier in the ranks—the heels



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were not closed ; 'the Feet must be a little Pace distant from each other.'

If the field movements were few and simple, the same cannot be said of the manual, firing, pike, and grenade exercises. In the modern firing exercise six or seven short words of command suffice to call a company to attention, load, fire, and stand at ease ; but it was a serious and elaborate business in the days of William and Mary, requiring no less than forty separate orders. Thus : 'Musketeers, take heed to our Exercise—Joyn your Right Hand to your Muskets—Poise your Muskets—Joyn your Left Hand to your Muskets—Handle your Matches—Blow your Matches—Cock your Matches—Try your Matches,' and so on, every command being accompanied in the text by minute explanation. The match was a fickle affair, especially in wet weather, which rendered the caution under the command 'Give Fire !' far from superfluous, namely :

As soon as this Command is given, you draw the Tricker with the First Finger, drawing the cockt Match quick and strong upon the Pan. *If it discharge or not* you must have a special care that you draw your Tricker but once.

Loading after a volley was a lengthy operation. First the soldier received the order 'Blow your pans !' then he 'cast about to charge,' took a 'charger' or cartridge from his bandolier, and was commanded to 'open it with his teeth.' Next the powder and bullet were dropped down the barrel (there was so much windage that there was no need for ramming), and the word came—'The wad from your hats !' on which he took 'some of the Wad that sticks between your Hat-band and your Hat,' drew forth his rammer, and rammed all home.

It is difficult to believe that even under the elaborate discipline observed under Marlborough's command any serious attempt could be made to deliver all these parade commands or to execute all these separate movements in the heat and din of action. In fact, a frank confession is made on this point in Sir Thomas Kellie's scarce but well-known 'Pallas Armata,' a book of military exercise published sixty years earlier than the 'Exercise of the Foot.' After prescribing thirty-three separate words of command for firing a single volley, he adds, 'Observe that all this multitude of postures in service are redacted to three—*make readie, present, and give fire !*' Probably one of the most obvious lessons that will remain after the present South African campaign must be the futility of training men to volley-firing with delicate arms of precision—the absurdity of disturbing the soldier's aim at the most critical adjustment of his nerves by shouting 'Fire !' and taking his name for punishment if he waits till he is on the distant target.

In another detail Sir Thomas Kellie's taste was at variance with modern practice. He could not bear to see arms carried at the

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'trail,' 'although,' he adds, 'I have seen many souldiers (and chieffie the lazie Dutches) to carie their musquet with their hand upon the barrell, and the mouth before, which is an vnseemlie posture, and verie vnreadie for service.'

To return to the 'The Exercise of the Foot' in 1690, bayonets had been introduced rather early in the century, as a kind of dagger to be screwed *into* the muzzle of the four-foot barrel; but shortly before the issue of this manual a valuable improvement was devised by Mackay of Scourie, an early comrade of Claverhouse in the Scots Brigade of the Dutch service, and his ultimate vanquisher at Killiecrankie. Mackay invented a socket for the bayonet to fit *round* the muzzle of the piece, whereby volleys could be fired with fixed bayonets, and followed instantaneously by the charge. Still, the full advantage of this weapon does not seem to have been grasped by the framers of this drill-book, for, although instructions are provided for the use of the bayonet by musketeers, chief reliance was placed upon pikemen for the charge, and they are directed to be constantly trained with the musketeers. Their separate exercise was an elaborate affair, in effect resembling our modern bayonet exercise, but far more complicated. The caution, 'Pikes, take heed to your exercise!' is the prelude to such a profusion of commands as to occupy nearly fifty pages of the drill-book.

It is remarkable that, although flintlocks had been devised in Germany during the sixteenth century and had come into general use during our own Civil War, British musketeers at the close of the seventeenth century were still fumbling with the old matchlocks. When these were finally discarded I have failed to discover; but by the time Marlborough became Captain-General of the British forces at home and abroad, his infantry, probably, were all equipped with flintlocks. These had a remarkable lifetime. In 1807 a Scottish clergyman named Forsyth invented a fulminating priming; yet Brown Bess, with her flintlock, held the field throughout the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns, where the fire of British infantry became famous for its steadiness. When the Duke of Wellington was asked why Souham did not press him more closely in the critical retreat from Bourgos in 1812, he answered, 'Because they had learnt that our bullets were not made of butter.' So firm was the Iron Duke's faith in Brown Bess with a flintlock that, a quarter of a century later, in 1835, when the Master-General of the Ordnance asked for his opinion of the value of Forsyth's invention, he earnestly deprecated any change in 'these admirable arms.'

I considered our Arm (Brown Bess) as the most efficient that had yet been produced. The fire from it undoubtedly is acknowledged to be the most Destructive known. . . . I confess I always considered undesirable any alteration of them, much more any change of them for others of different Calibre, Length, etc. . . .

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For instance, in case of Wet—which Musquet will recover soonest—the one with the Flint and the Steel lock, or the one with the lock for the use of Detonating Powder? I recollect having had a Trial with Manton's plugs on that point. The Musquet with the Flint and Steel lock commenced its fire the soonest. . . .

Can the Soldier be entrusted to take care of the 60 or 75 Rounds of Priming composed of Fulminating Powder? Will it bear all the vicissitudes of heat, cold, wet, to which he must be exposed? Where is it to be kept in order that he may get at it for use with certainty and celerity? . . . I do not hesitate to declare my opinion that it would be absolutely impossible to venture to rely upon the Priming Ammunition, whether in our Fleet or in our Armies.

There spoke the most successful commander then living, with unrivalled experience, affording a significant instance of what is perhaps the chief snare in the path of military progress—namely, —professional conservatism. The Duke was the restorer of prestige to British arms on land. He had blotted out the Duke of York's deplorable record in the Low Countries; he had persisted in exacting from regimental officers a knowledge of and attention to their duties, thitherto left to be learnt and performed by sergeants; by uncomprising discipline and a free use of the lash he had broken his men from the inveterate habit of plundering, until, at the close of six years' incessant campaign in the Peninsula, he was able to pronounce that his victorious army had been

brought into such a state of discipline that *every description of punishment was almost discontinued altogether*. I always thought that I could have gone anywhere and done anything with that army. It was impossible to have a machine more highly mounted and in better order. . . . When I quitted that army on the Garonne, I do not think it was possible to see anything in a higher state of discipline.<sup>1</sup>

The Duke was, in truth, a great military reformer, in the sense that he had formed an ideal standard of efficiency and discipline, and sternly cut away every abuse and repressed every mischievous habit that interfered with its attainment; but he was slow, as many great commanders have been slow, to realise the importance of science applied to the details of armament. He relied more upon the workman than upon his tools, just as he preferred 'an army of stags commanded by a lion to an army of lions commanded by a stag.' Throughout a long series of years, from 1827 to the close of his life in 1852, he was constantly warning successive Governments of the extreme peril to which the nation was being exposed by the reduction of the forces and the neglect of defensive works.

But the Duke's complaint was, not that arms and appliances were obsolete, but that there was not enough of either, that what there was had fallen out of repair, and that both the fleet and the army had been dangerously depleted of men. He took note of steam, indeed, but not as an advocate of its application to military purposes. In 1827 he told the Prime Minister, Lord Goderich,

<sup>1</sup> Evidence of the Duke of Wellington before the Royal Commission on Military Punishments, 1836.

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that he believed steam power could never be applied to ships of war, at the same time warning him that the use of steam transports would 'give a certainty to the movements' of an invading force such as no such expedition had possessed before. It was not till 1844 that he wrote to Peel about the 'threatened application [of steam] to maritime warfare, and the known preparations of our neighbour and naval State in this peculiar equipment.'

Three years later, in his eloquent and well-known letter to Sir John Burgoyne, the Duke observes that he has 'for years been sensible of the alteration produced in maritime warfare and operations by the application of steam to the propelling of ships at sea,' and of the enormous facility thereby acquired by an expedition invading Britain. But in the whole of the elaborate and sagacious scheme of organisation set forth in that letter as a means of meeting the new danger, there is no suggestion for improved armament or new mechanical means of defence. On the contrary, 'I know,' wrote the Duke, 'of no mode of resistance, much less of protection, from this danger, excepting by an army in the field capable of meeting and contending with its formidable enemy, aided by all the means of fortification which experience in war can suggest.' Not what engineering or mechanical science could suggest, you see, but experience in war; and there had been no war for thirty years. Our last great defensive operation had been at Torres Vedras, and its author can scarcely be blamed if he failed to imagine any system or means of defence more perfect.

Nevertheless, conservative as he was in armament and suspicious of the policy of abandoning a well-tried weapon in favour of a novelty, the Duke lived to approve and ratify a vital change in the infantry small arm. In 1850 the musket of the British infantry differed from the Brown Bess of Peninsular and Waterloo days only in respect that it was fired by percussion caps instead of flint and steel. It is known how much the Duke valued the advice and opinions of Prince Albert on military matters: he was extremely anxious to resign the Command-in-Chief of the army in the Prince's favour. Well, the Prince advocated arming the infantry with the Minié rifle, and shortly before his death the Duke wrote approving of this proposal, provided the whole of the infantry carried arms of uniform calibre.

I have passed a long way outside my text—the 'Exercise of the Foot' in 1690; but, having dwelt on the conservatism of one famous British commander in respect to armament, it seems only fair to mention another, who eagerly encouraged invention and was always on the look-out for improvement. The science of war in the days of Edward I. of England was vitiated and its operations were hampered by the preposterous forms of ceremonial chivalry; nevertheless, the public records bear witness to the large expenditure of that fine

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soldier on the latest forms of war-engines; his letters contain frequent and minute instructions relating to their manufacture and transport to the seat of war, and we are given occasional glimpses of the keen personal oversight he took of their behaviour in action. Thus, at the siege of Stirling Castle in 1304, the King caused an oriel window to be constructed in his house in the town, whence the Queen and her ladies might watch the effect of the missiles and wildfire discharged upon the obstinate stronghold on the rock from thirteen great machines. The very names of these engines have been preserved—the Lincoln and the Segrave, the Robinet and the Kingston, the Vicar and the Parson, the Berefrey, the Linlithgow, the Bothwell, the Prince's, the Gloucester, the Dovedale and the Tout-le-monde. But throughout the siege King Edward waited impatiently for the arrival of a newly-invented engine, the War-Wolf, superior to anything that had been put in the field before. It arrived at last, in the third week of July, unluckily just before the brave Sir William de Oliphant, his garrison being in the last stages of famine, had to haul down the Scottish ensign and run up the white flag of surrender. But Edward was not to be balked of trying the War-Wolf. He allowed none of his troops to enter the castle, and warned the garrison to seek what shelter they could find, while the new engine was discharged against the walls (*tauntz il eit ferru ove le lup de guerre*).

If it is unusual to find an experienced commander like Edward I. retaining in old age an alert and sanguine interest in the improvement of military armament, it is still more so to find anybody with the hardihood to advocate seriously and in cold print the revival of weapons long disused and obsolete. Yet no fear of ridicule deterred 'Richard Oswald Mason, Esq.', from putting his name to a thin octavo now before me, dated 1798, and entitled 'Considerations of the Reasons that exist for Reviving the use of the Long Bow with the Pike.' Mr. Mason starts with the assumption that 'the Use of the Long Bow in the Field has been disused without due Consideration,' owing to 'the Prejudice imbibed in Favour of Fire-Arms.' He dwells regretfully upon the glories of Agincourt, cites Lord Herbert of Chisbury's warning against the abandonment of the peculiarly English weapon, and declares that all the advantage gained by the French from their novel use of the column in attack would disappear under flights of cloth-yard shafts. He illustrates his treatise with many engravings, showing the modern archer wearing a sabre-proof helmet and bullet-proof breastplate, armed with long bow and arrows, sword, and a pike ten-feet-long, which pike has a couple of hinged props, enabling a company of archers to lay their pikes round them in *chevaux-de-frise*, as a defence against cavalry. This, in effect, is a revival of the venerable 'Swedish feathers' of Gustavus Adolphus, 'not altogether so soft to

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encounter as the plumage of a goose.' Each archer could only carry twenty-four arrows, which, Mr. Mason reckoned, could be discharged at the rate of twelve a minute. What, then, should happen at the end of the second minute in action? 'Ho!' cries Mr. Mason, 'you have touched upon a point in which the long bow is immeasurably superior to the musket. You fire your Brown Bess, away goes your bullet, and, be its billet where it may, you never see it again; whereas your arrow is recoverable; you pick it up and blaze away with it until seventy times seven.' Apparently Mr. Mason's conception of British infantry in action was that commonly current among unprofessional people till (say) eighteen months ago—to wit, a continuous advance, with the enemy always falling back before them.

'Bows and arrows!' quoth Dugald Dalgety to Randal MacEagh, scandalised by the archaic armature of the Children of the Mist. 'Ha! ha! ha! have we Robin Hood and Little John back again? Bows and arrows! Why, the sight has not been seen in civilised war for a hundred years. Bows and arrows! and why not weavers' beams, as in the days of Goliath? Ah! that Dugald Dalgety of Drumthwacket should live to see men fight with bows and arrows.' Nevertheless, had Dugald's life been prolonged for a hundred and fifty years, it is certain that he would have ridden at a later and greater battle of Leipsic than the one he was so fond of describing. There he would have witnessed what 'the immortal Gustavus would never have believed—nor Wallenstein, nor Butler, nor old Tilly'—bows and arrows in civilised war, whereof General Marbot bore testimony to his dying day, in the shape of the scar of a wound inflicted by a Bashkir arrow.

Musing over these relics of old-world military literature, one's thoughts turn naturally—more profitably, perhaps—to the changes wrought in the attainments of officers and the personal circumstances of the rank and file. Queen Victoria ascended the throne just two-and-twenty years and two days after the battle of Waterloo, whence the British army had emerged (to quote one of its French critics) 'possessing memories of glory and success incontestably the most substantial of the armies of Europe.'<sup>1</sup> But a new generation had grown up during a period of profound peace, while the minds of rulers and people had been closely concentrated upon schemes of social and political reform. The glory of our arms had been secured at a stupendous cost; the burden of more than eight hundred millions of debt lay heavy on the taxpayers; Ministers found retrenchment the surest path to favour with the constituencies; for more than thirty years—from 1820 to 1852—the uppermost question was, not what could be done for the army, but how much of the army could be done with-

<sup>1</sup> *L'Armée Anglaise*. Par le Baron de Graney. [Paris, 1873.]

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out. That War Minister who could pare down the Army Estimates to the most exiguous total was surest of favour with his colleagues and the public. So the army fell off in numbers, as was only too easy to ensure with a force recruited exclusively by volunteering. In 1816 the total of all arms, exclusively of regiments serving in India, was 175,615 men; this had been reduced in 1837 to slightly less than 100,000, composed of one hundred regiments of the line, including the old 95th or Rifle Brigade. But the army was contemptibly weak in cavalry and artillery, and *absolutely without a reserve of any kind*. The Militia had been allowed to lapse; all that remained of it at the nominal headquarters of each battalion was the permanent staff, consisting of an antiquated adjutant, half a dozen infirm sergeants, and a few stands of flintlock Brown Bess muskets. So it came to pass that in 1847, when France gave us one of the periodical war-scares, the Duke of Wellington wrote to Sir John Burgoyne:

It is perfectly true that, as we stand at present, with our naval arsenals and dockyards not half garrisoned, five thousand men of all arms could not be put under arms if required for any service whatever, without leaving standing, without relief, all employed on any duty, not excepting even the guards over the palaces and person of the sovereign.

Efficiency also was at dead low ebb, as the following incident, described to me by an officer present with and belonging to the regiment, will serve to illustrate.

It had a glorious record, that regiment; it had formed part of that army which, when he dismissed it in the south of France after its work was finished in the spring of 1814, the Duke of Wellington, who was not given to bragging, proudly pronounced 'fit to go anywhere and do anything;' and it had afterwards borne itself nobly in the fiery ordeal of Waterloo. Well, this regiment was quartered in Ireland during the 'forties. Infantry drill was then practically the same as it was in 1792 (and remained so until after the Crimean War). The visits of inspecting generals were irregular and far between; but one fine summer day this once famous regiment was ordered to parade for inspection in the Phoenix Park. The general desired the colonel to execute a change of front in line. The adjutant, knowing his chief's limitations, was at hand for his assistance, and proceeded to give the necessary words of command. The general was so unreasonable as to interrupt this family arrangement, and desired the colonel to carry out the movement himself. Now, this was far beyond this gallant officer's powers; nevertheless, he was quite ready to do his best. Like every Waterloo regiment, this one possessed profound traditional faith in the square as the *chef d'œuvre* of tactics. The colonel could at least show how *that* ought to be done; he threw his battalion into square and began a brisk fusillade from all its faces. In vain the general shouted; in vain he swore; in vain he sent galloper after galloper to order

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the line to be re-formed. Secure in the centre of his square, the colonel sat unmoved, till at last the general rode off the field to avoid, it may be supposed, an impending stroke of apoplexy.

So much for what was possible in the commissioned ranks, an exhibition of incompetence which could not be made at this day in an administrative battalion of Volunteers. The marvel remains, not that when, some ten years later, the hour of trial came, the rank and file were found to be of the same matchless material as of yore, but that there were any rank and file at all. There was little to attract recruits to a service in which the old ferocious traditions still prevailed. Reading and recreation rooms, gymnasia, and all the various expedients which have since been devised to relieve the tedium of barrack life, were undreamt of fifty years ago. Even those who ought to have known best of what development the British soldier was capable, considered him irredeemably unfit for anything but the blind discharge of his duty. 'The scum of the earth,' said the Iron Duke to Lord Mahon; 'all English soldiers are fellows who have enlisted for drink; that is the plain fact.' He could not imagine discipline being maintained save under terror of the lash. 'I have no idea,' he said before the Royal Commission in 1836, 'of any great effect being produced by anything but the fear of immediate corporal punishment.'

It is true that one of the Duke's most trusted officers held a different opinion. Writing in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, Sir Charles Napier was able to exult that Parliament had prescribed 200 lashes as the maximum which could be inflicted, even by a general court-martial, and had rendered it illegal to bring a poor fellow out of hospital to receive the balance of a sentence.

I have seen many hundreds of men flogged [he goes on], and have always observed that when the skin is thoroughly cut up or flayed off, the great pain subsides. Men are frequently convulsed and screaming during the time they receive from one lash to three hundred lashes, and then they bear the remainder, even to eight hundred or a thousand lashes, without a groan. They will often lie as if without life, and the drummers appear to be flogging a lump of dead, raw flesh. Now, I have frequently observed that in these cases the faces of the spectators assumed a look of disgust; there was always a low whispering sound, scarcely audible, issuing from the apparently stern and silent ranks; a sound arising from lips that spoke not.

This was the system for censuring which William Cobbett, formerly sergeant-major in the 54th Foot, and afterwards conductor of the famous *Weekly Political Register*, had been sentenced in 1810 to two years' imprisonment and a fine of £1000. Is it not one of the brightest rays in the lustre shed from the name of Victoria that in her reign this atrocious punishment was from time to time diminished, and finally abolished for ever? Is it not one of our proudest reflections that the British Army has gloriously falsified the predictions of those who firmly believed that the cruel cat could



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not be dispensed with? Even Charles Napier himself could not advocate its abolition on active service.

In the matter of rewards, the counterpart of punishment, the change which has come over the practice and spirit of the army during the late reign is not less remarkable. The rule of the service used to be that nobody under the rank of field officer should be entitled to receive a war medal. A unique exception was made in the case of Waterloo, when the Prince Regent, acting on the specific recommendation of the Duke of Wellington, commanded that a medal should be struck and given to all officers and men who had contributed to that signal victory. But no such recognition was made of that long warfare of which Waterloo was but the epilogue, until in 1848 the Queen presented a medal to all the survivors of the campaigns between 1793 and 1814. Since that day such decorations as have been bestowed for war service have been bestowed all round. No class of men recognise more thoroughly than soldiers the necessity for gradations of rank; but none appreciate more than they a token which, while it does nothing to efface such gradations, infuses them with the true spirit of comradeship. We have got rid for ever of the old injurious scheme of inequity under which, when the Deccan prize money was distributed in the reign of George IV., the share of the general commanding the army was struck at £44,201, and that of the private soldier at 19s. 10d.!

In other respects there has been steady amelioration of the private soldier's lot. In 1846, when flogging was reduced to a possible maximum of fifty lashes, good conduct medals and badges, and gratuities for non-commissioned officers, were instituted. Military savings-banks were started, regimental schools set on foot, and separate quarters provided for married men. It is hardly credible that up to this time the only provision for men married by permission was a curtain in the common sleeping-room of the company. The good work has gone on ever since, until now we are actually considering whether it would be advisable, and not more costly, to provide a separate cubicle for every man in permanent barracks.

After all, the business of an army is to fight, or to be ready for fighting. The gradual amelioration of the conditions of regimental life was very gratifying to everybody with feelings of ordinary humanity, and it did not appreciably increase the Army Estimates; but it did nothing to relieve the ever-present dread of experienced generals lest the nation should be found defenceless in the hour of peril. Sir William Harcourt, in his speech in opposition to Mr. Brodrick's reorganisation scheme (March 14), referred to the Army Estimates of the Duke of Wellington's administration as having been the lowest of any during the last century. He was entitled

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to do so, but not to claim them as proof that the Duke approved of the decay of national defences. Nobody could so claim them who has examined the masses of correspondence stored at Apsley House, or they would be aware of the incessant and earnest warnings which he addressed to successive Ministries, and his protests against the false economy of reduction without providing the machinery for timely increase. The national purse was in civilian hands, and civilians could not be brought—it never will be possible to bring them—to realise that the mere total of fighting men is only a fraction of any military force; that, without a reserve, even these cannot be created by the stroke of a pen; and that when an emergency arises all the wealth of England is helpless to improvise the transport, hospital equipment, and other machinery necessary to put an army in position to strike or to defend.

It was perhaps the unauthorised publication of the old Duke's letter to Sir John Burgoyne in 1847, and especially the pathetic closing paragraph thereof, that first roused the national conscience to the peril of the situation.

Views of economy of some [he concluded], and, I admit, the high views of national finance of others, induce them to postpone those measures absolutely necessary for mere defence and safety under existing circumstances. . . . I am bordering upon seventy-seven years of age, passed in honour. I hope the Almighty may protect me from being the witness of the tragedy which I cannot persuade my contemporaries to take measures to avert.

At last the leaven began to work. The Prince Consort had lived down the prejudice which he had encountered among the Queen's subjects, and supported the Duke as ardently in pressing on the Government the need of preparing for war as the Duke supported the Prince in paving the way for universal peace by the first International Exhibition.

The Militia, our only reserve at that time, was restored in 1852; but two years later, when we decided to invade the Crimea, many of its battalions had not been enrolled, and others had received no clothing or arms. Nevertheless, it served a valuable purpose in that war; for without its aid as a feeder the army before Sebastopol could not have been recruited, nor could the British garrisons in the Mediterranean have been maintained. The expeditionary force with which we blundered to success through the Crimean campaign was called an army, and was commanded by a Field-Marshal; but in truth it was but an agglomeration of units. When the war broke out there was absolutely no field-hospital service; every regiment depended upon the individual exertions of the regimental surgeon. As for armament, the Horse Guards had just approved of the Minié rifle for the infantry. So far so good; but the state of the artillery may be judged from the fact that in the previous year it had been ascertained that there were not fifty guns in England fit for service.

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Well, that campaign woke the nation to the necessity for attending to the wants of the land forces, but not until a terrible price had been paid for long years of neglect. Down to 1852, ludicrous as it may seem, the Militia had been administered by the Home Secretary. Until 1854 the Departments of War and the Colonies had been committed to a single Secretary of State. The infantry and cavalry were in charge of the Commander-in-Chief, who was financially responsible to the War Minister, and responsible to the Sovereign in all matters of discipline, command, and promotion. Artillery and Engineers were under the separate and independent control of the Master-General and Board of Ordnance, who were also responsible for the supply of all war material. Lastly, the Commissariat was a department of the Treasury! Little wonder that there was want of harmony in action among so many heads. A great change was made in 1854. The Board of Ordnance was abolished, and its functions divided between two great chiefs—the Secretary of State presiding in the War Office, the Commander-in-Chief at the Horse Guards. The friction continued as great as ever. It was impossible for any Commander-in-Chief to discharge effectively the duties of the vanished Board of Ordnance; yet these had been thrown upon that official. The two departments were not united till 1870.

Meanwhile, a notable addition had been made to the forces of the Crown. At the close of the Indian Mutiny in 1858, the East India Company's service was abolished; three of the Company's Bengal Cavalry regiments were incorporated with the Queen's army as 19th, 20th, and 21st Hussars; nine fusilier battalions of the Bengal, Madras, and Bombay armies became the 101st to 109th regiments of the line; the 18th Hussars were raised at Leeds; and second battalions were added to the first twenty-four line regiments in the Army List.

In 1870 further changes ensued. The term of enlistment, originally for life, had been successively altered in William IV.'s reign to 25 years—in 1847 to what was then termed short service (to wit, 10 or 12 years), with the option of re-enlistment for a total period of 21 years. After the Indian Mutiny we passed into a drowsy state. So long, said our statesmen, as we had a decent Navy to protect our commerce, we were never likely to have to fight a big campaign on land. Such dreams were rudely dispersed by the great Franco-German war. All men saw that it might as well have been England as Germany that the French Emperor singled out for attack. The conviction of necessity for the power of rapid mobilisation was forced upon the least bellicose of Ministers, and for the first time the foundation of a reserve was laid. The period of service was shortened to six or eight years with the colours, followed by four or six in the reserve. The Militia

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was taken from the Lord-Lieutenants of counties and placed immediately under control of the Crown, and the purchase of commissions was abolished. A further important step was taken in 1881, by linking together line regiments in pairs, one of which might always be on foreign service, fed by the sister battalion at home. This involved sacrifice of the time-honoured regimental numbers; territorial designations were substituted, and the militia of the various districts were incorporated so as to form third and fourth battalions with the line in the territorial regiment. A Militia reserve was created, to reinforce the line battalions in time of war.

In regard to the quarter of a million of trained Volunteers who have come into existence since 1859, and have since been identified with the territorial regiments, the part which this splendid force is taking in the South African campaign is warrant of their value in their primary duty of home defence. When the war began, in October 1899, the total of enrolled Volunteers was about 230,000; within six months this had increased to 260,000 and of these between 10,000 and 12,000 have been accepted for service at the front with the regular army. Of the Militia about 15,000 are employed at the present moment as battalions in Lord Kitchener's army, besides the Militia Reserve drafted into the line battalions. Add to these 10,000 Yeomanry and 40,000 Colonial troops also serving as volunteers in South Africa, and we have reason indeed to be proud of the devotion of our fellow-countrymen, especially when it is remembered that it has not been possible to accept the services of more than one in five of those who volunteered.

The scheme of linked battalions of territorial regiments has undergone its first test during the last eighteen months. It had been severely criticised both by professional men and by civilians. It was feared that the reserve men would not be forthcoming when called upon, that short service would prove incompatible with endurance of a prolonged campaign, and that the increase of strength calculated upon in the new system would prove illusory. Unfriendly critics, of whom the present writer must confess himself one, have been silenced by the result. Reserve men came forward almost to a man, punctual to a day. Their presence and example supplied what was necessary to stiffen young and inexperienced soldiers, and the regiments have nobly maintained their ancient reputations. True that in some important respects there have been shortcomings. The hospital service has proved utterly inadequate to the requirements of the largest army that Great Britain has ever put into the field. But that has been proved which most men doubted, namely, the power of sending forth such an army; it rests now with Parliament and the public to see that never again shall our soldiers suffer for want of adequate equipment.

One other thing is incumbent upon us who live at home at ease.

## SIR HERBERT MAXWELL

The conditions of service in the army have been vastly ameliorated during the reign of Queen Victoria; but so have the conditions of other modes of life. There still lingers in those districts which should furnish the best recruits the old feeling that it is to a young fellow's discredit to enlist; that the Iron Duke's apophthegm about 'the scum of the earth' still applies; and that the ranks are filled with ne'er-do-weels. Nor will this feeling be dispelled till the King's uniform is treated as a passport rather than a disability. It is vastly to our discredit that we permit the managers of theatres and other places of entertainment to exclude soldiers in uniform from all but the worst places. This is so in no other country in Europe, and the best way that we can show our gratitude for the service so ungrudgingly given by our army is to insist upon the removal of this last sign of contempt. 'If you would raise the character of men,' wrote Vauvenargues a hundred and fifty years ago, 'you must raise them to consciousness of their own character and strength.' The way to do this is not to behave as we have hitherto done to our army—long periods of neglect, varied by spasms of uninstructed criticism, intermittent bursts of congratulation, standing innumerable drinks, and all the rest of it—but to treat them with the respect and consideration due to a body of men as capable of self-respect as any of their so-called betters.

## THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN THE CORRESPONDENCE OF HORACE WALPOLE. BY GEORGE HIBBARD



IR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN says in the third chapter of 'The Early History of Charles James Fox': 'Moral considerations apart, no more desirable lot can well be imagined for a human being than that he should be included in the ranks of a highly civilised aristocracy at the culminating moment of its vigour.' And not only has such a state advantages peculiarly its own, but a society that can create such a position must have its particular charm, and the person that holds such a situation a particular interest. One is not cut off from the ordinary intercourse of the world for nothing, and such elevated isolation—an isolation, if isolation can have participation, only shared by a few favoured mortals—must make him to whom such good fortune may have fallen a person whose views, if not necessarily valuable, are such, at least, as must be highly curious. Indeed, it is to many such a one, who, happening to have, together with the advantages of this position, the advantages of natural intelligence, that the world is indebted for much useful information and literature for some of its most charming features. Who is not grateful to a Duc de Saint Simon, to a Duc de Grammont, and to Horace Walpole? Sir George Trevelyan goes on to say, after speaking of a society of the sort he indicates in the first paragraph:

It is in such societies that existence has been enjoyed most keenly and that books have been written which communicate a sense of that enjoyment most vividly to posterity . . . a student who loves to dwell upon times when men lived so intensely and wrote so joyously that their past seems to us as our present, will never tire of recurring to the Athens of Alcibiades and Aristophanes, the Rome of Mark Antony and Cicero, and the London of Charles Townshend and Horace Walpole.

But, as has been said, beside the curiosity as to the particular member, such a society is interesting in and of itself, and the views of such a member are to be regarded and to be considered from the position that such a society must hold as a whole. Indeed, that such persons and such societies should result certain conditions are absolutely necessary, the first of which is that there must be a ruling class and a ruled one, and when such a state of affairs does exist it generally happens that 'society' represents the real and significant life of the nation. In the England of the last century, society pure and simple was practically the country, and what society did and what society thought was history. It is only latterly, when political power as a general thing is passing away from the modish world, divorced as it has been in France and in America, merely 'separated' as it is coming to be in England, that the records of society become

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records of individualities and trivialities, to which we may still look for the best expression of what is generally the most refined life of the time, but which cannot really be very significant or comprehensive. Once it was different. In 'the London of Charles Townshend and Horace Walpole,' society was the real beginning and end of everything. To be sure, the middle classes, if not the 'masses,' existed, and probably had opinions, and at elections their votes were necessary; but it was the chosen few who first learned the news, who first discussed it, and by whom as a general thing 'public sentiment' was made. And in such a society, 'when Lord Chesterfield was its oracle and George Selwyn its father-confessor,' Horace Walpole had a prominent place.

Although he himself says but little about the matter, while others possibly have said a good deal, it is sufficient for all purposes to describe Horace Walpole as the youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, that Walpole who held the post of Prime Minister of England for over twenty years, longer than any one else in her history—old Robert—he who alone surpassed the cynicism of his own 'Every man had his price' when he said that he never knew but one woman who would not take money, and she would take diamonds. 'Horace,' although a 'commoner,' was of old family, and really of the highest position, and when he succeeded in his seventy-fifth year to the title of Earl of Orford, 'the accession,' as Lord Dover says, 'seems rather to have annoyed him than otherwise.' With that affectation which was in part the result of character and in part unquestionably due to the influence of the society in which he had always lived, he frequently signed himself 'The Uncle of the late Earl of Orford.' But although he has been much abused—Bishop Warburton, who was a contemporary, for example, squarely calling him a 'coxcomb,' and Macaulay, writing almost in our own time, saying, 'The conformation of his mind was such that whatever was little seemed to him great, and whatever was great seemed to him little'—he unquestionably had marked abilities. Macaulay himself concedes that 'his writings rank as high among the delicacies of intellectual epicures as the Strasburg pies among the dishes described in the Almanack des Gourmands,' and Lord Byron has observed in his preface to 'Marino Faliero':

It is the fashion to underrate Horace Walpole; firstly, because he was a nobleman; and secondly, because he was a gentleman; but, to say nothing of the composition of his incomparable letters and of the *Castle of Otranto*, he is the *Ultimus Romanorum*, the author of the *Mysterious Mother*, a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love play. He is the father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language, and surely worthy of a higher place than any living author, be he who he may.

And of all persons seemingly the least likely to approve, Thomas Carlyle, the all-scoffer, to make an attempt at one of his

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own words, describes Walpole as 'one of the clearest-sighted men of the eighteenth century.'

It is true that Walpole interested himself almost wholly in the little affairs of an exclusive few; still there were times when he looked at life very broadly indeed, and although he was, despite his Whig principles, really the staunchest of aristocrats, he certainly had a warm heart and a kindly nature. He managed to write with a charm particularly his own, and always in what he wrote expressed ideas that were distinctly individual. He differed from those about him in many ways, but in nothing does he seem to have differed more, and nowhere does he show his clear-sightedness and breadth of view more clearly, than in his ideas as to the proper conduct of England in regard to America. It is in what Byron calls those 'incomparable letters' that this 'fine gentleman' wrote pretty directly what he thought of our Revolution, and what he thought were the mistakes of his countrymen in regard to it. He says little that is new; he gives really no new facts at all; but the impression that such events made upon such a man is worth considering, and the place that the Revolution held in his letters, and evidently in his thought, is significant. And first it is astonishing that it held any place at all. However prone we Americans may be to self-glorification, there is one way at least in which we are not apt to err in our tendency to exaggerations. We are not now, and never were, wont to overestimate the position which America held in English eyes, nor indeed in the eyes of any other nation. Indeed, a little of our proclivity for self-adulation arises from a half-consciousness that America has not been accorded sufficient consideration, and a consequent irrepressible desire to gain what we imagine is not given to our country. In short, it is safe to say that although we Americans may have shown only moderate modesty in our opinions of our own land, we have shown more than modesty in our idea of the opinions in which we believe that land is held by others. It must, therefore, be a surprise to many to see America so seriously considered even in that early time, and in such a society as existed in London in the last of the eighteenth century, for society at any time is a very selfish affair, taking but little notice of anything outside itself, and when it does take this notice, the matter must be very curious or very important to attract its attentions.

Even such a notice as we find in a letter from the Earl of March to George Selwyn, written at 'Almack's, Thursday night,' must show that America had its importance. He writes:

Bunbury is returned and was last night at Ranelagh with Lady Sarah. He has bought Gimcrack from Lauragais. Lord Harrington sets out on Saturday for Paris. . . . I find that there is some bad news to-day from Boston. They will not allow the Custom House officers to do their duty; have used them excessively ill and have almost, if not quite, killed the collectors; in short, they are in a state



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of rebellion. There are people here and at White's every night. Bully enquires very much when you are to be here again.

Now, when society sandwiches in such a thing as the loss of an empire between the purchase of a horse and the fulness of the clubs, the fact indicates that already there is a strong consciousness of something happening. Almost all the notices in Horace Walpole's letters occur in the same way, between a good saying of George Selwyn or some absurdity of Miss Cudleigh, an account of the flirtation of the Princess Emily and the Duke of Grafton, or a quarrel between Gold Stick and the Master of the Buckhounds. His first real mention of American affairs, to the effect that: 'the scene in America grows serious. We have this week heard that New York has taken as warm a part as Boston against the teas,' comes in a letter, in which he announces that Lord Stanley marries Lady Betty Hamilton and gives her an entertainment, which he calls a *fête champêtre*, to cost five thousand pounds, adding that Lord Stanley has bought all the orange-trees round London and that he supposes the haycocks are to be made of 'straw-coloured satin.' He goes on in the same letter to say that he is reading Montaigne's Travels, and that 'Dr. Elliot's pretty wife . . . has eloped with my Lord Valentia, who has another wife and some half-dozen children,' and such for the most part all his letters are, with gossip of the slightest and news of the most important, inextricably mixed.

That America took a most important place in the party politics of the time as well as occupying the attention of society may be seen from his next notice. He speaks of 'an irregular dissolution of Parliament,' of which the 'chief motive is supposed to be the ugly state of affairs of North America' and of which the first consequences 'were such a ferment in London as is seldom seen at this dead season of the year. Couriers, despatches, post-chaises, post-horses hurrying every way. Sixty messengers passed through one single turnpike on Friday.' It is very different now when there is a general election, and later America, with the invention of the telegraph, certainly worked another very important revolution of another kind.

His next mention of our land—and he is still referring to the 'trouble in our Colonies'—is interesting for a particular reason, since it was this notice which supplied Lord Macaulay with his ever-famous New Zealander.

The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will perhaps be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and in time a Virgil in Mexico and a Newton at Peru. At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra.

But very soon he is more explicit. When Fort William and Mary was seized—really about the first 'overt act' of the revolution

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—he says: 'They have picked General Gage's pocket of three pieces of cannon and intercepted some troops that were going to him,' and a month later, after the action of the General Congress has been heard, he gives his first opinions as to what is going on: 'The Americans at least have acted like men, gone to the bottom at once and set the whole upon the whole. Our conduct has been that of pert children: we have thrown a pebble at a mastiff and are surprised it was not frightened.'

That society, and consequently the country—not as it would be nowadays, the country and consequently society—was much exercised about America is indeed very clear from what Walpole writes the Countess of Ossory, on February 1, 1775:

You must prepare, Madam, to talk America; there is no other topic to be heard, and in truth it grows a very grave one. You must lay aside your botany from the hyssop to the cedar of Libanus, and study imports and exports and charters and geography, and religion and government and such light reading; you will have occasion for it all. In a little time this country will be so much in earnest . . . people discuss at first but are only angry and personal at last: and, to be sure, that is more amusing.

It is fair to say that Walpole's disapproval of the American War was a personal matter, the better judgment of a capable man, who, having no direct concern in what was going on, could, as sometimes happens in such cases, reach a better understanding of the truth. That the war itself was popular both in society and in England at large he himself confesses:

The war with our colonies which is now declared is a proof how much influence jargon has on human actions. A war on our own trade is *popular*. Both Houses are eager for it as they were for conquering the Indies. . . . We are raising soldiers and seamen—so are the Americans; and unluckily can find a troop as easily as we a trooper. But we are above descending to calculation; one would think the whole legislation were of the club at Almack's and imagined, like Charles Fox, that our fame was to rise in proportion to our losses.

Still, Walpole was no longer young, and a good deal of his lack of enthusiasm may have arisen, not from keener foresight, but from a 'fine old gentlemanly' disapproval of the time. In speaking of war he says:

The nation will stare a little if it is the former. It is little expected and less thought of. We are given up to profusion, extravagance and pleasure; heroism is not at all in fashion. Cincinnatus will be found at the hazard-table and Camillus at a ball. The vivacity of the young Queen of France has reached hither. Our young ladies are covered with more plumes than any nation that has no other covering. . . . I am glad the American enthusiasts are so far off; I don't think we should be a match for them.

Lexington seems to have made but little impression on the 'noble author,' and Lexington probably did not take at once the place that it has since held in history. Indeed, it must be very difficult to tell what is the important event of our own time.

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To contemporary Greece, Salamis was probably only a struggle of local significance; and to contemporary Europe, Chalons was undoubtedly only one battle more of the many that every year were fought on Transalpine soil. Walpole, writing on 'June 5, 1776,' simply says:

This day se'nnight it was divulged by a London Evening Post extraordinary . . . that General Gage had sent nine hundred men to nail up the cannon and seize a magazine at Concord. . . . An hundred and fifty Americans, who swear they were fired on first, disliked the proceeding, returned blows and drove back the party. Lord Percy was despatched to support them, but new recruits arriving his Lordship sent for better advice, which he received, and it was to retire, which he did. The King's troops lost an hundred and fifty, the enemy not an hundred.

Later history has established that the loss of the Americans was ninety-three, and of the King's troops two hundred and seventy-three.

But that he appears to have had some idea of the significance of the day is evident, for he writes a few lines further on, quoting, of course, from 'Chevy Chase':

So here is this fatal war commenced!

The child that is unborn shall rue  
The hunting of that day.

It is of Bunker Hill he speaks when he says:

I did not send you immediate word of our victory at Boston, because the success not only seemed very equivocal but because the conquerors lost three to one more than the vanquished. . . . We are a little disappointed indeed at their fighting at all, which was not in our calculations.

The contemporary mention of a man who to later times is a great one almost always comes with something of a shock. It is like being in a slight measure the valet to that hero, and we are astonished to find that one who to us is almost mythical can be treated so lightly. Even in Cicero's correspondence the continual casual mention of Cæsar seems almost unbecoming, and when he incidentally, in a letter 'ad Lentulum,' speaks of him merely as that 'very distinguished man' we are really disconcerted. In a degree it is the same with Washington, for such a long time has passed that he has become very largely a conventional figure, and any everyday mention of him takes one by surprise. Therefore it is with a sense of something incongruous that one reads his name in Walpole's next paragraph. 'However, we are determined to know the worst, and are sending all the men and ammunition we can muster. The Congress, not asleep neither, have appointed a Generalissimo, Washington, allowed a very able officer, who distinguished himself in the last war.' He mentions Washington in a preceding letter, but then it is only to state that 'the Congress have named General Washington generalissimo, with two thousand a year and five pounds a day for his table; he desired

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to be excused receiving the two thousand.' Washington did accept the command on June 16, 1775, refusing all pay beyond his expenses, a thing not so astonishing as the amount of the pay offered. Ten thousand dollars in those days was a good deal.

It must be confessed that Walpole scolds a little—often in an old lady-like as well as an old gentleman-like way. He says :

Mrs. Britannia orders her Senate to proclaim America a continent of cowards and vote it should be starved unless it will drink tea with her. She sends her only army to be besieged in one of their towns, and half her fleet to besiege the *terra firma*; but orders her army to do nothing, in hopes that the American Senate at Philadelphia will be so frightened at the British army being besieged in Boston that it will sue for peace. . . . When did you ever read before of a besieged army threatening military execution on the country of the besiegers! *car tel est notre plaisir*! But, alack! we are like the mock Doctor; we have made the heart and the liver change sides; *cela étoit autrefois ainsi, mais nous avons changé tout cela*!

And at this time he goes to Paris and finds reassurance in the French opinion as to the situation.

You may judge whether they do not stare at all we are doing! They will not believe me when I tell them that the American war is *fashionable*, for one is forced to use the word to convey to them an idea of the majority.

He is never very happy about England, and very soon in connection with American matters he indulged in a diatribe which, although retrospective, some may think in a measure prophetic.

Countries are but great families that rise from obscurity to dignity and then degenerate. This little island, that for many centuries was but a merchant, married a *great fortune* in the last war, got a title, grew insolent and extravagant, despised its original counter, quarrelled with its factors, kicked its plebeian wife out of doors, and thought by putting on an old red coat to hector her relations out of the rest of her fortune which remained in their hands as trustees. Europe, that was jealous of this upstart captain's sudden rise, encouraged him in his folly in hopes of seeing him quite undone. End of volume the first. The second is in the press.

A long time has passed, and although 'continued in our next' was written at the end of the first, that second volume has not appeared. But the story of a nation is a long one, and the delay is perhaps natural. Is that volume 'in the press' now, and will it soon be issued? If Horace Walpole were alive in England to-day he would probably say 'yes,' for his Whiggism would be Conservatism to-day; and although in favour of freedom every where, he was not the man in whom the material could be found out of which to make a Radical.

It is but shortly after this that he makes a complaint that helps us to realise how far removed we are now in conditions, if not in time, from the days of which he writes. Walpole mourns bitterly over the difficulty of getting any news, and, indeed, it must have been exasperating to know that it was quite impossible to hear of any event in America until weeks after it had happened, and that then such information was not the most accurate. Nowadays, when

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a war, no matter how distant, is almost fought out on our doorstep, or information about it is almost as easily gained as if it had been, one is scarcely able to understand such repining as that in which Walpole indulged. To have the tidings of great events really thrill us, we should get it 'hot and hot,' and we cannot believe that the news even of Waterloo, for which England had to wait two days or more, could have been quite as exciting as if 'extra' after 'extra' had announced the advance of the British from Brussels, the arrival of Blücher, and the final charge of the French Guard on the English 'right,' all at least within the hour after each event happened. But though we can hardly realise Walpole's trials in this matter, we can easily sympathise with him in what he says :

Don't you think, Madam, that it is pleasanter to read history than to live it ? Battles are fought and towns taken in every page, but a campaign takes six or seven months to hear and achieves no great matter at last. I dare say Alexander seemed to the coffee-houses of Pella a monstrous while about conquering the world. As to this American war I am persuaded that it will last to the end of the century ; and then it is so inconvenient to have all letters come by the post of the ocean. People should never go to war above ten miles off, as the Grecian States used to do. Then one might have a gazette every morning at breakfast.

How much Walpole would have enjoyed existence now, when, indeed, 'one might have a gazette every morning for breakfast ;' when 'war correspondence' has become a profession, and when what happens on any civilised battlefield is known, if not before the last shot has been fired, at least almost before the smoke has cleared away, and certainly before the last of the wounded has been picked up.

It is in May 1776, that Walpole continued to Sir Horace Mann :

I take up my pen again and fear my last sentences have made you expect some news. I know none ; except that I think the intoxication of this country begins to wear off. . . . Oh ! Madness to have squandered away such an Empire ! Now we tremble at France, which America enabled us to resist. How naturally our ideas hang on our country, even when all future ages are the same to one who is going to leave it. What will it be to me a few years hence whether England shrinks back to its little insular insignificance under George the Third or George the Tenth ?

Walpole is not hopeful at any time, nor for that matter about anything very much in connection with England. He is even frightened already by the growth of London.

I remember when my father went out of place and was to return visits which Ministers are excused from doing, he could not guess where he was, finding himself in so many new streets and squares. . . . Babylon, Memphis and Rome probably stared at their own downfall. . . . This little island will be ridiculously proud some ages hence of its former brave days and swear its capital was once as big again as Paris, or—what is to be the name of the city that will give laws to Europe !—perhaps New York or Philadelphia.

He speaks as he does for the reason that he fears that with the loss of America London will not be able to support herself, and later he returns to the same subject :

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Alas ! the trade of America is not all we shall lose ! The ocean of commerce wafted us wealth at the return of regular tides ; but we had acquired an empire too in whose plains the beggars we sent out as labourers could reap sacks of gold in three or four harvests.

Ireland seems already to have had a fondness for things American, for Walpole, in a paragraph thrown casually into a letter to the Countess of Ossory, tells us : ' I heard t'other day from very good authority, that all Ireland is *America mad*—that was the expression. It was answered *so is all the Continent*.' And he concludes with fine irony : ' Is it not odd that this island should, for the first time since it was five years old, be the only country in Europe in its senses ? '

As has been said, there is not much in Walpole's correspondence in the way of information, of amounts of revenue expended, of losses in battle, of marches and counter marches, in short, of the minutæ of history, but there is a good deal in the way he looks at things, and, if nothing else, there is always a curious charm in seeing events through the eyes of one living at the time. He himself gives the best reason for the interest that the world has always taken in his letters when he blames himself for not having gathered information from elder persons of many things that he should have liked to know, and then adds : ' There is much more satisfaction in inquiring into old stories than in telling them. . . . Recollection is more agreeable than observation at the end of life.' And it is because of this charm that abides in retrospection—a curious interest as to the world in the past—that men have been led to read his letters with such interest and attention, those brilliant illustrations of a brilliant—and momentous time.

But event had followed event. It was the beginning of 1778. Burgoyne had surrendered and the end was coming. Walpole, assuming the interest of his correspondent to be greater in ' Heliconian affairs than in the politics of the *late* empire of Great Britain,' announced the return of Voltaire to Paris, and scoffingly added :

The other event would not be worth mentioning but for its novelty. In that light to be sure no parallel instance is to be found in ancient or modern history, whether Ammonite, Jewish, Chaldean, Egyptian, Chinese, Greek, Roman, Constantinopolitan, Frank, French, British, Saxon, Pict, Ossianite, Mogul, Indian, or England (all which I have examined carefully this morning to no purpose) ; nay, in the tales of the fairies, in which I am still more deeply versed, I find nothing similar. . . . Yesterday Feb. 17 did the whole Administration, by the mouth of their spokesman Lord North, no, no, not resign ; on the contrary, try to keep their places by a full and ample confession of all their faults and by a still more extraordinary act—by doing full justice both to America and the Opposition—by allowing that the former are no cowards nor conquerable, . . . and by acknowledging the independence of the provinces not *verbally* yet *virtually*.

Only a little before he had said, ' I am glad the Americans are to have their independence. They deserve it.' And it is with a



From "Les Trois Richelieu"

*Armand Jean Du Plessis, Cardinal de Richelieu*  
 From the painting by Philippe de Champaigne in the National Gallery

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manifest tone of rejoicing that he writes what is practically his last reference to our land :

As to America, it will certainly retain its seat among the sovereignties of this world ; so Columbus's invasion begins to be set aside, and one quarter of the globe will not be held *in commendam* by another ! Imagination could expatiate widely on that chapter,—but what have I to do with a new era in the annals of mankind ?



ARMAND JEAN DU PLESSIS,  
CARDINAL RICHELIEU

## ARMAND JEAN DU PLESSIS, CARDINAL RICHELIEU



AMONG the great statesmen of the world's history, few, if any, rank higher than the mighty Richelieu, cardinal, duke, *pair de France*, general, admiral, patron of commerce, literature, and the arts, chief counsellor of his king, and ruler of Europe for a quarter of a century.

Enemies he had, personal as well as political; but no voice has ever been raised to question his greatness or his devotion to his country and his king. As Mme. de Motteville has written, 'Richelieu a fait de son maître un esclave, et de cet illustre esclave un des plus grands monarques du monde.'

Of such a man every portrait must be interesting, and fortunate the painters selected for the task.

Cardinal Richelieu took a fancy to the austere painter, Philippe de Champaigne, a native of Brussels, not of France, who had worked in Paris from the age of nineteen. In this Richelieu showed his usual sagacity; for Champaigne ranks among the greatest portrait painters of his day, even when his rivals were Rubens and Van Dyck.

He was the painter *par excellence* of Richelieu, and it is through Champaigne that we know and recognise that tall, gaunt, and commanding figure, which stalks through the history of his time, or broods over it like some Ormuzd of the East.

The portrait reproduced here is interesting as giving a triple view of the great Cardinal's features. It was painted to be sent to Rome to the sculptor Mocchi, who made a bust from it. The profile on the spectator's right is marked 'De ces deux profiles ce cy est le meilleur.' The incident recalls the similar triple portrait of Charles I., painted by Van Dyck and sent to the sculptor, Bernini, at Rome, that Bernini might make a bust from it. It is usually assumed that the idea in the portrait by Philippe de Champaigne was borrowed from Van Dyck. The reverse is probably the true situation. Champaigne paints Richelieu in his full vigour, about forty-five to fifty years old, or some time between 1630 and 1635; Van Dyck's triple portrait of Charles I. can hardly have been painted before 1637. Of the two painters, Van Dyck was the more ready to borrow an idea. Let honour be given to whom honour is due.

LIONEL CUST.

THE CALL OF PSYCHE  
BY MISS M. A. CURTOIS



HUS chanced it. When the year was  
in its prime  
Went Psyche wandering forth one  
even-time,  
Pleased with the shadowy hour, the  
gentle breeze,  
And the long shafts of light between the trees—  
An idle wanderer, without thought of fear,  
Passed on her way the palace barrier,  
Passed the deep wood and its familiar shade,  
With many a wonted haunt and favoured glade,  
And came at last, as if unconsciously,  
Upon wide pastures stretching to the sea.  
Fair was the prospect—in the evening hour  
The sinking glory caught each blade and flower  
To the far distance where, untouched by night,  
The great horizon lay in waves of light.  
Lonely the land, no human footstep stirred,  
No sound of voice or echo could be heard ;  
In the long grass her feet sank silently,  
Her gaze looked far towards the distant sea—  
The sea unseen, whose echoing roar and swell  
Her fancy heard, itself invisible.  
As through a new world, touched with wide content,  
Through the great plain at eventide she went.  
And, passing thus, again in softest tone,  
Around her moved the voices she had known,  
Not in mysterious dread as phantom cries,  
But tuned to all of Nature's melodies—  
Humming with insects who in evening hour  
Drowsily wheel around each drowsy flower,  
Soft as the air, so summer-faint and sweet,  
It scarcely stirred the grasses at her feet ;  
Wide as the distances which, far away,  
Called to some other life the dying day,  
And echoing evermore mysteriously,  
As from the hidden murmur of the sea.  
Like the uplifting of a spirit throng  
They rose—the air became alive with song.

*Borne on the dying day,  
Lightly we pass where evening breezes float,  
Or by the shores of the resounding sea.*

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*Spirits of Life are we,  
Bearing its voices through the silent hours  
Till early dawn has touched the skies with red.*

*Then, with the light of day,  
Lost in the wave of universal life,  
In the warm rays we sink till night return.*

*Night cometh on apace.  
In the deep blue are stars yet unrevealed.  
Hasten, O dreamer, ere the darkness fall.*

*Lo! in the web of Life  
Bitter and sweet are mingled for thy fate.  
Awake, O dreamer! Life and Fate are one.*

*As from thy path we pass,  
Passing, we greet thee on our onward way  
To the far caves of the resounding sea.*

Soft was the voice, as one who faintly sings;  
Heavy the air with drowsy spirit-wings,  
Faint as the stirring of forgotten pain,  
Or dream that, passing, cometh not again.  
Far in the background of the evening grey,  
Hidden from view the woods and palace lay;  
In the great distances beyond her tread  
The evening glory stained the glass with red.  
Then, as she wandered, wondering, half in fear,  
Quietly stole a murmur to her ear,  
Soft as the sound of wave within a shell,  
Yet penetrating, individual—  
As if the whole world's universal tone,  
Strangely compressed, spoke to her ear alone;  
And joy and pain, the future and the past,  
And all that life can give, were hers at last.

*Find me and live!  
For where I dwell  
No tongue can tell  
The wealth I give.  
Find me and live.*

*Men call me Love.  
Beyond the sky,  
Enthroned on high,  
I dwell above.  
Men call me Love.*

## THE CALL OF PSYCHE

*Bitter the pain,  
When in my name  
Wake fires of shame  
Burning in vain—  
Bitter the pain.*

*Yet in my home,  
Where few attain,  
Fewer remain,  
No grief may come,  
There in my home.*

*For where I live,  
There where I dwell,  
No tongue can tell  
The wealth I give.  
Find me and live!*

Trembling went Psyche—in her heart the cries  
Rose like the strife of mingled melodies,  
Or shadowy conflict on a darkened field,  
That knows not how to conquer, how to yield.  
Faint with reproaches would the voices come,  
As from the walls of a remembered home;  
Or stretched wild longing to an unseen Throne,  
Sick with a craving she had never known.  
Often in fear she longed to turn her way  
To where, behind her, woods and palace lay;  
But still her gaze, compelled mysteriously,  
Sought the great pastures and the unseen sea.  
The darkness rose, the sunset colours paled,  
Around her feet the evening glory failed;  
Left to the deepening gloom, the conflict wild,  
Terror possessed her like a frightened child.  
Weary, her steps seemed more and more to creep  
As one who fain would pause from work to weep,  
Yet, though her strength be small and helpers none,  
Dare not break down before her work is done.  
Trembling beneath the heavenly mystery,  
Went doubting Psyche, weeping bitterly.

Then paused—no voice had cried, no footstep stirred,  
Through the great plain no echo could be heard:  
A silence more intense mysteriously  
Brooded upon the darkened earth and sky:  
And yet, possessed by awe too great for fear,  
As by command, she raised her face to hear:

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And standing thus, beneath divine control,  
She felt the heavenly call within the soul—  
The call resistless, piercing to the core,  
At whose command the doubters doubt no more.

And in an instant—hearing not, nor seeing,—  
A mighty Presence claimed her inmost being,  
Claimed it as rays that in their glory beat  
On the closed bud that opens to the heat.  
No word was needed, and no message sent ;  
Guided, controlled, without a fear she went.  
The night grew dark ; above her, far on high,  
The stars were burning in a cloudless sky ;  
Beyond her, ghost-like in the evening grey,  
For many a league the darkened pastures lay.  
And fear and anguish, dumb beneath control,  
Lay hushed as sleeping phantoms in the soul ;  
Steadfast as one who owns a fixed intent,  
Through the great plain and starlit night she went.

So to the wider world, the realms above,  
The Soul goes forth beneath the touch of Love.  
Led by the starlight o'er the darkened strand,  
Psyche went on towards the Heavenly Land.

## SIGNALLING TO MARS

### BY HOWARD SWAN



HE recent reports from Mr. Tesla as to unexplained signs which he has noticed, and from astronomers as to artificial markings, lights, appearances, and disturbances on the planet Mars, have led to the supposition that Mars is inhabited by intelligent beings. Although the indications are as yet hardly sufficient to warrant us in taking this supposition as an accepted fact, yet such a supposition having been made renders it necessary to be prepared for the possibility of exchange of signals, by means either of lights or of electrical waves, between Mars and the earth. In view of this I venture the following suggestions:

Electricians will at least allow the theoretic possibility of sending powerful electrical waves along the ether as signals, which signals might be felt as far as Mars, for instance. The difficulty of signalling does not, however, depend on the distance, but on the fact that, even if there are inhabitants of Mars, we do not know either their physical organisation or their language.

I propose to put forward certain considerations to show that careful experiment, combined with intelligence, could overcome both of these difficulties; and how, if intelligent operators are really at the other end, it may be possible to obtain actual information from them.

In the first place as regards the physical bodies of the inhabitants of other planets: We cannot tell if their bodies are like our own, or their surroundings; there may be less, or more, air there, and so their ears may not register the same sounds; they even may not have any ears; their nerves and muscles under the varying conditions of gravitation may be very differently constituted from our own. But I venture to think their *eyes* must be similarly constituted to our eyes, since they live in the same sun's rays, which rays, as we know by experience, can produce the same physical, actinic, and electrical effects either with or without air. And, further, both in and out of air, fishes, beasts, and birds on this earth all have eyes, which respond to the same series of vibrations as do those of human beings. Now, the nerves of our eyes, as Helmholtz has shown, do not respond to an infinite number of rates of vibration of the ether, but to three only—viz., those corresponding to red, blue, and peacock-green light; and all 'colours' are made up from these three primary vibrations in their varied combinations. Even if the Martians have nerves to respond to other vibrations of the ether, as may be the case for ought we know, yet to see at all in the sense we use this word, they must, according to Helmholtz's theory, have nerves to respond to some of these particular vibrations; and if they see 'in colours' at all, the nerves of their eyes must respond, as

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ours do, to all three vibrations. Let us start then, with this sole postulate—viz., that the nerves of the Martian eyes respond to the same vibrations as our own. Call this postulate Mars alpha (M  $\alpha$ ).

Second, if the inhabitants of the other planet can produce any kind of a language, or sign, or symbol that will convey an intelligent message, we are evidently sure of another postulate—viz., that the Martians have in themselves some emotion, sense, or feeling—an inward consciousness that will display intelligence, care, organising power, power of expressing thought—that is, that they are capable of appreciating and utilising knowledge or experience. Call this second postulate, that the Martian is a conscious, sentient, intelligent being, Mars beta (M  $\beta$ ).

In the third place, to gain a clue to the language, sign, symbol or code, or means of communication that the Martians adopt, by which they could communicate, we must first find some fundamental starting-point, one common to both worlds—their world and ours. It must be some simple sign, or set of signs, which should be perfectly understandable to a being of intelligence on either planet; one which would be the commonest of all signs, constantly coming over and over again in any message; one which would act (to give an example) as the letter 'e,' the commonest of our letters, is made to do in Edgar Allan Poe's tale of 'The Gold Bug.' In that tale this one letter 'e' forms the starting-point from which the whole code is gradually disentangled, and any one who may not have read that tale should certainly do so in order to understand the fundamental plan of reconstructing a hidden hieroglyph or code. It is true that in Poe's tale the language was already known to the investigator; but this was not the case with the deciphering of the Rosetta stone, and the discovery thereby of the meaning of the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphic language. For this discovery certain facts in history and certain kings' names were known, and this gave the clue. As we cannot know either the Martian names or their history, we must here start farther back, namely, in the facts of nature. But we may recollect this, that if the people of Mars are intelligent (postulate  $\beta$ ) it is likely the code would be made as simple as possible; and further in this case if, as we suppose, they are trying to send us a message, they would be doing their utmost to reveal the code and not to conceal it; we must therefore look for simplicities; and we must first try and discover the commonest factor which is common to both ourselves and Mars—for this common factor, by a wise and intelligent signaller or code-maker, would certainly be taken as his basic code-word or signal. Take this as the third postulate—that the code will be simple, based on nature,—and the commonest signal will be that of the commonest natural fact experienced by both worlds. Call this postulate Mars gamma (M  $\gamma$ ). Then I believe



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that from these three, with patience, a true code of signals suitable for sending and receiving intelligent messages can be constructed.

I repeat the postulates :

(M $\alpha$ ) 1. Martians have eyes responding to three vibrations—red, blue, green light.

(M $\beta$ ) 2. Martians are intelligent and sentient beings.

(M $\gamma$ ) 3. The code of the Martian language is based on facts of nature, simple and common to both planets.

Let us now consider these and see what evolves from them.

If the Martians have eyes, they can see the sun and the stars ; if they are really intelligent and wise, even to no higher degree than we ourselves, they can understand the relation of their planet to the sun, and the relation of the solar system to the stars ; if they search for the very commonest natural fact which is common to both planets, they must eventually be forced to dwell upon the fact that both planets revolve on their axes and both revolve round the sun. Both planets have a day ; both have a year. Some sign which shall indicate this fact of diurnal and yearly rotation will possibly or even probably be the basic signal.

How was this great fact first learnt and measured by the ancient philosophers of the planet ? First, by regarding the sun and the stars, then by regarding shadows—shadow of a man, a tree, a stone, a stick in the ground, at different periods ; then the shadows of huge erections, monoliths, pyramids. The shadow-mark cast by the sun on the ground from a fixed stock or stone is the commonest physical sign made by nature herself independent of man's intervention. Something indicating this fact may be the first code sign. It might, for instance, be a ring representing the year ; or it might be a lengthening and shortening shadow repeated again and again ; or it might be a beginning, increasing, and ending movement, as of the increase in light, fulness of light, and decrease of light artificially made, the flash lasting a short but appreciable time and repeated many times. There may be several ways of indicating the basic fact : we must choose one or several of the simplest. When we have found a satisfactory one, we must connect it in meaning with the most important fact of (1) astronomical, (2) national, or (3) individual life ; and then, after repeated experiment, we must take what finally appears to be the most intelligent, worthy, and wise meaning of the several symbols. When we have done this, we shall have not one sign but three signs, each with a meaning, wide but distinct ; and from this we may proceed gradually to the full code or alphabet, ranging through all astronomical, all national, all individual facts of life. Any or all of these sequences of daily, yearly, or astronomically periodic movements can be indicated by a circle ; all three by three circles of different sizes, either one inside the other, or side by side, thus **○○○**.

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This consideration leads to a further postulate, which seems from the nature of the case to be necessary for intelligent signalling, and especially for first establishment of intercommunication, namely, the frequent repetition of signal. Either one signal or several distinct signals must be repeated in the same order frequently over and over again, so as to attract attention (as any day is heard at the telegraph tick-ticking, or with the telephone call 'Hullo! Are you there?'). Now, on trial, one signal repeated often is found not very noticeable, it is merely monotonous; and two are far less noticeable than three repeated signals; while four are not so distinct and characteristic as three, and less simple. Three, therefore, is seen to be the best number of repetitions; and this for either three of the same or for three different signals.

From this we may formulate the fourth postulate—viz., that if the Martians are signalling and are expert operators, they will eventually choose three repeated signals, or three different signals repeated one after the other over and over again. We will call this postulate Mars delta (M  $\delta$ ).

'Signals to be noticeable will be three-fold.'

We have now four postulates: ( $\alpha$ ) Martians have eyes; ( $\beta$ ) they are intelligent; ( $\gamma$ ) the facts taken are simple; ( $\delta$ ) the signals are three-fold.

From the postulate ( $\gamma$ ) that the operators are intelligent, we may judge that the simplest mathematical and geometrical forms will be first taken as signals. These are the Circle and the Straight Line: thus **O** or **I**. From the postulate ( $\delta$ ) that the signals are three-fold, if they are to be three different signals, we require one other signal, equally simple and yet not a repetition of the first two; if possible it should be intermediate; it should be natural, simple, significant. On investigation this will, I think, be found most easily not in the square, but in the angle **A** or the triangle  **$\Delta$** . Taking for a moment the triangle as the third letter or signal, then there are six possible combinations. The first combination of three letters or symbols will be either **I O  $\Delta$**  or **I  $\Delta$  O** or **O I  $\Delta$**  or **O  $\Delta$  I**. It is hardly so likely to begin with the third signal  **$\Delta$** , thus:  **$\Delta$  I O** or  **$\Delta$  O I**; though, again, this might perhaps be possible if the signallers wished to force attention by the decidedly artificial yet significant nature of the symbol. The sequence **I O  $\Delta$**  is the one that most naturally seems to form the proper order of signals.

Let us consider these as the 1, 2, 3, or A B C of the code.

[Here it may be pointed out that if it were desirable to *pronounce* these signals by the mouth, then the *sound* made by imitating the *form* of the signal by the lips or teeth could be used: thus (taking now the 'angle' as the third sign) the closed mouth **—** (for **I**) will give the continental **i** (ee); the round mouth **O** the sound **oh**; the open mouth **<** (for **A**) the sound **ah**; so that we should have the

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*sound* of the three signals by the vowel names **IOA** (ee-oh-ah) ; or if the third sound were taken as the dental d or th (as in Greek) we should have **IOΔ** (ee-o-d, or ee-oh-th—yod or yoth). It is, perhaps, not necessary at this stage to lay any great importance on the possibility of pronouncing the signals—still, the possibility is there. To continue] :

The consideration of (M δ) the postulate requiring a three-fold signal, together with the above very apparent vagueness as to the most desirable *order* of the three primal signs, may very well lead us to another and fifth postulate, Mars epsilon (M ε)—viz., that in order to obtain clearness in signalling, it is desirable not only to have a three-fold signal but also to repeat each signal thrice. Thus we might expect, perhaps, to find that signals were repeated 'three times three.' If, now, we found this in actual experiment, that any unaccountable signals, such as those mentioned by Tesla, were repeated thus, three times three, we might indeed conclude that we were on the right track.

It would be evidently useless to pursue this problem to its extreme limits without corroboration by actual experiment upon some sort of receiving instrument which could receive signals of this nature. We might, indeed, pursue the investigation from the academic point of view, and work out a whole theory and practice of etheric signalling by signs, with the view of sending form-signals between England and America. I have already worked this out to some extent, and should be willing to continue the investigation if found useful. But in this case, as regards Mars, it would be developing a method by which *we* could signal to Mars, and not one of decoding their signals, if noted. For the latter purpose we require observations by experts, astronomers, and electricians, under guidance of a working theory such as that above stated, and continued comparison of the results obtained, in the usual manner of experimental science. We may note, however, the following desiderata : If lights were exhibited to form signals of this nature, the size of such lights on the surface of Mars must necessarily be enormous, and the number of signals, therefore, will be very limited. If, however, one, two, or three different signals could be first transmitted by light and were acknowledged, and then the same signals were noted by some other means, such as the invisible etheric rays now made familiar to the public by Marconi and Tesla in the wireless or aerial telegraphy, then other and more complex signals could be sent by invisible rays alone. The only difficulty would then be a practical, not a theoretical one, namely, some instrument which could transmit simultaneously two kinds of vibrations at the same speed so as to produce 'form' in the signals. If three kinds of vibration could be produced, there does not seem any theoretical reason why whole pictures in colours could not be transmitted

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through the ether. The ordinary Hertzian electrical waves might not prove sufficient to transmit 'form-signals'; but a vortexal action might prove the required means—one, that is, by which vortices or 'smoke-ring' movements were set up in the ether at enormous pressure and projected through space. The instrument need not be large, as long as the shock, impact, or vibration was sufficiently powerful; it might even be like a suddenly electrified globe, and the rays, like those of light, might be, although intense, of an apparently gentle, intangible nature. The instrument should be one to transmit differential waves (probably by vortex action); and, to transmit 'form,' one set of waves should persist for a time as a luminous *plane*; while another set formed a perceptible, possibly luminous, *line* or *sign* which could be read as a signal upon that plane—the two being either projected together from the same instrument or from two instruments working in harmony (as with a binocular lantern). For receiver, some arrangement, such as the electrified surface of a large soap bubble, might be employed, in which one portion of the surface was more electrified than the other; or a means might be found for throwing an electrified surface into sympathetic vibration, so as to reproduce luminous geometric forms (as is now done with fine powder on a tympanum by air vibration); or, again, a means might be employed of affecting to different degrees of electrical activity the inner and outer portions of a phosphorescent globe simultaneously, so as to reproduce geometric forms as signals. That such an instrument is even now well within the bounds of possibility the experiments of Crookes, Hertz, Röntgen, and especially of Lenard, have incidentally afforded proof. Lenard, for instance, at Bonn University, projected the shadow of a small cross from one end of a phosphorescent tube to the other, and if this can be done for a few inches, why not for miles or millions of miles? The interplanetary space is—like Lenard's tube—a vacuum, with a trace of highly rarefied gas in it; the earth is one pole or terminal, and Mars may be taken as the other; a sufficiently powerful instrument could certainly transmit a perceptible effect; and, if so, to read the signals is simply a question of code.

To leave this question of instruments at present to the experimenters, let me attempt to indicate the method by which the *meaning* of the symbols or code can be developed, and how an intelligent language can be gradually built up. The problem is much the same as that of the original invention and growth of language.

The symbols we must look for are, or may be, these: the forms **IO**  $\Delta$  repeated, it may be, three times. If each signal is repeated thrice, the message might read thus:

**III OOO  $\Delta\Delta\Delta$**

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If they were of different sizes it might read thus :

III OOO ΔΔΔ

or the reverse :

III OOO ΔΔΔ

What could such a message mean? It might be taken mathematically to mean the figures 1, 2, 3; or, again, physically (taking sets of three), as man, woman, child; or, star, sun, planet; large, medium, small (pyramid, &c.); or, abstractly, beginning, middle, end; creator, creating power, creature; thought, symbol, expression; idea, ideal, embodiment, &c.; or, ethically, spirit, thought (or soul), and body; or, in human emotions, love, wisdom, power.

Now, in these suggested sets of ideas—and I have purposely put in some more difficult to define than others—some may be considered far from the mark. But yet some of them are fairly applicable to the symbols. We should require to choose; and then, taking three of the most suitable, use these as the three-fold meaning of the three signals given. We must not be afraid of one sign acting for three meanings. In ancient languages, Hebrew for instance, one sign often has several ideas or meanings, themselves connected in meaning or in origin—one word expressing several distinct ideas: so in English, extend (a hand), extend (a kingdom), extend (protection); hold out (a finger), hold out (in a fort), hold out (hope); advance (of an army), advance (of money), advance (progress); one (a), one (1), one (they, any person). So, at first, at any rate, the same sign must be taken as always having three meanings—spiritual, mental, material. This would form a sixth postulate, Mars zeta (M ζ). 'Each sign will have three allied meanings.'

The easiest meaning for us to understand would, of course, be the material; but we could never be certain that Martian material things were as our own. It is otherwise, however, with mathematical and abstract ideas: they might—nay, must—be the same in all worlds. One, two, three are always and in any world one, two, three; a triangle Δ has always its three angles equal to two right angles; and the three angles at Y are always and in any world equal to four right angles. So much is sure.

It is equally certain that abstract truths are always truths: 'Love is for ever love, and truth is truth,' says Leigh Hunt; and so Shakespeare, 'Truth is truth to the end of the reckoning.'

Let us, therefore, choose carefully the three most important abstract truths—bodily, mental, and spiritual,—and see which seems to assimilate best with the signs IOA or IOΔ. The strongest spiritual emotion is undoubtedly 'Love'; the strongest mental, 'Wisdom'; and the strongest material or physical manifestation (of light, life, gravity, electricity, &c.) is that of 'Power.'

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We may, therefore, tentatively take, as the A B C of our language, this message :

1	2	3
Father	Mother	Child
Love	Wisdom	Power
Line	Circle	Pyramid

We cannot be sure that the Martian father, mother, and child are as ours, save that they grow, live, die ; but we grant they are sentient, suppose they are loving, and that some at least (the operators) are wise and powerful. But we can be quite sure that the Martian line, circle, and angle are like ours ; the Martian 1, 2, 3 are the same as ours ; and we must take Martian abstract principles of Love, Wisdom, and Power to be the same as our Love, Wisdom, and Power ; and other abstract truths to be the same as ours. Love must be the same love—attraction ; and power the same power—movement and projection. Wisdom may be greater or less, but always skilful adaptation of means to an end, and wisdom lies between absolute love and absolute power. The first expression of any people is emotional ; and it is necessary to have the expression of abstract truths of emotion, as well as mathematical and physical truths, in order that the final system may be complete. Among the emotions Plato, one of the wisest writers, gives love the precedence, ‘since no desire experienced by man is stronger than that of love ; it is superior even to the martial spirit,’ and has been likened, therefore, to the father in the family. Wisdom (Sophia) in all ancient languages is symbolised by a woman ; and if love corresponds to the man or father, Wisdom to the woman, the third, Power, may be considered as the son or child. Which idea will correspond to which sign ? The upright will naturally correspond to the man ; the circle fitly corresponds to the woman, leaving the angle or pyramid to the child. In colours, again, blue is the air (corresponding to Wisdom) ; the outer world is green (Power) ; and the inner world red or golden (Love). We might carry the comparisons further, but the above will be sufficient for the purpose.

We may now venture to expand the meaning of the signals **1 0 Δ** into their full significance, either as received as a message or sent as a message. The system being so comprehensive, many and widely different meanings can be read into it. It can at least be read as follows, amongst other meanings :

“ We are signalling. We are intelligent. We have something to say. We put it under three heads—one, two, three ; line, circle, and angle. We understand measurement—mathematics, geometry, and trigonometry. We understand physics and laws of gravity, light, life. We are male, female, and child : the man upright and strong, the woman gentle and wise, the son full of energy and power. We

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understand that the force passing from father through mother to son is three-fold—bodily, mental, spiritual (or emotional). We understand that as the day and year repeat themselves so do periods in history, in the national and in the astronomical cycles or years. We understand that, as the shadow of a tree, or stone, or mountain grows longer and shorter every day, and the day longer and shorter every year, so in the spiritual and emotional feelings of persons or nations there is an emotional rise, maturity, and fall. We find this sequence, one, two, three, manifested everywhere, from the inner (feeling), through the means (expression), to the outer (manifestation). In our own selves we find the inner feeling is love in the heart; the means, wisdom in the brain; the end, power in the body, used for the well-being of all three. We find that nations rise, mature, fall, just as plants grow, flower, and run to seed or fruit, just as light increases, continues awhile, and fades away. We can calculate times and seasons, the beginning, the middle, the end. We understand astronomy, physics, psychology; light, electricity, life. We know that light goes in straight lines, water in eddies, fire in the pyramidal form. We have colours red (of fire), blue (of air), green (of grass or other vegetable growth). We find that everything goes through three stages—rise, height, fall, continuously round and round. We find the force inside ourselves which moves us (1) is a continuous one (○), and goes through the exterior (Δ) back into the inner or unseen. We are therefore in nature endless, of the same nature as light itself, 1, 2, 3, 1 ○ Δ, round and round, eternally.

Further, he who knows this nature of himself is, by this, the master of material fate, and can reach out to the infinities. He has but to determine or will in (1) his own mind fixedly, and then through (2) the thought his wish or will becomes manifest in (3) the outer world. We know that anything whatsoever that we firmly wish and determine to do can be done through a means, and some means or other can always be found. The one, two, three, or *raison d'être* of the universe, is the ever-continuing sequence of father, mother, child, animated to varying degrees of consciousness of their own unlimited capacities of love, of wisdom, and of power. We are now, in these signals, exercising this power and this wisdom; and as we have done, so may you do. If you will repeat these signals we shall understand that you have seen them, and can understand them, at least in part, probably in whole or in greater part. If now you try with other instruments than your eyes or telescopes, you will eventually find a means of receiving these signals mechanically. When you do so and repeat them to us, we will send you further and more complicated signals, describing our habits and ways of thought, our life and means of living, and the rules we have determined for the guidance of man, woman, child, and nation, so that you need have less sorrow, trouble, fightings, sickness, plague, or famine

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amongst you ; and we may be even able to help you to discover some means to overcome death, which, after all, like night (which has been overcome by artificial light), is only a more or less lengthy disappearance of life, and may be overcome by artificial stimulation of life during the dying periods. Everything is linked together, and if we can only grasp the one, two, three of life-force, this, too, as light and heat have done, will become our willing servant. All material is but different forms of light and heat ; our own life and force-thought is another form of light and heat ; love and wisdom are forms of power ; all power is a form of light and heat and emotion or thought. All are linked together and in progress in an endless progression. The man who likes to do so, can exercise even as far as to our planet his influence ; and when we receive back this signal **I O Δ** we shall know it is so exercised ; and we will send other signals, till the whole of our language and work and thought is fully known to every one throughout your world. We are the Three Martians—the Thinker, the Inventor, and the Practical Operator.'

This, or something of this kind, is the message which can be read in the three symbols or signs, and if the latter portion of the message is hardly warranted in the opinion of some readers, yet the first part is at least fairly the meaning of the three signals. It would not be possible to carry this explanation to its conclusion in the elaboration of a full language within the limits of this paper. Suffice it here to suggest, if not to demonstrate, the ways and means at hand.

To consider one step further, we may have many geometric forms as signals—lines, crosses, curves, &c. ; inorganic and organic forms ; while as to the possibility of giving distinct meaning to these forms, we need only read the 'Song of Hiawatha,' where the original difficulty of writing in picture-symbols is dealt with.

And each figure had a meaning,  
Each some word or thought suggested.  
Gitche Manito the Mighty,  
He, the Master of Life, was painted  
As an egg, with points projecting  
To the four winds of the heavens.  
'Everywhere is the Great Spirit'  
Was the meaning of this symbol.  
Life and Death he drew as circles,  
Life was white, but Death was darkened ;  
For the earth he drew a straight line,  
For the sky a bow above it,  
White the space between for daytime,  
Filled with little stars for night-time.  
On the left a point for sunrise,  
On the right a point for sunset,  
On the top a point for noontide,  
And for rain and cloudy weather  
Waving lines descending from it.



## SIGNALLING TO MARS

When a simple set of signals has been sent and acknowledged, and repeated several times between Mars and Earth, the signals may be varied. Sequences of mathematical or geometrical facts may be signalled; sequences of linked ideas, forms, or pictures, arranged to express mental ideas or abstract truths, can be sent with code words prefixed and attached to each set, till gradually the whole expanse of ideas and thoughts, and the whole language, can be disentangled and arranged. Thoughts could be exchanged, experiences compared; and we might even learn the natural sequences of a world which, cooling so much more rapidly than our own, may have already advanced to a satisfactory development. We might learn, by comparison with our own events, the probable courses of the future great events on our own planet, the trend of races, the meaning of great cataclysms, the national, physical, or ethical laws necessary for the wise government of the world and its races. Nay, further, I venture to think that when our instruments have been perfected, we might both receive and project actual pictures of events, just as now the biograph and the lantern do to public audiences, giving details of our houses, homes, customs, processions, architecture, even down to the details of robes, jewels, paintings, sculpture, &c., by some focusing of the etheric rays, projection and re-expansion comparable with the transmission through the telephone wire of speech and song to the receiver on the telephone. Suffice it to indicate the lines of probable development of the 'etherscope,' as I might name it in advance. I have already worked out a large number of suggestive sequences, and have selected many composite figures or symbols best suitable for form-signalling; and once we get on the right track, and the electrician, the astronomer, and the code or language expert are working together, it is possible that enormous advances in etheric telegraphy and telescropy may be made.

Let me finally point out, however, that for some time at least we could not be sure that the signals did not come from some other planet—Venus, for instance—Mars being in favour simply because it is the nearest of the planets to our own world; nor could we be sure that we had not simply extended the range of our own faculties, and that we were not merely receiving and interpreting our own signals. If, however, the signals are really from Mars, their character must be written on them according to the character of the inhabitants; and if noble and useful we should in any case be the gainers.

## THE GUALICHU TREE

BY R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM



JUST where the Sierra de la Ventana fades out of sight, a mere blue haze on the horizon ; close to the second well in the long desert travesia between El Carmen and Bahia Blanca, upon a stony ridge from which to the north the brown interminable Pampa waves a sea of grass, and to the south the windswept Patagonian stone-strewn steppes stretch to the Rio Negro, all alone it stands. No other tree for leagues around rises above the sun-browned, frost-nipped grass and the low scrub of thorny carmamel and elicui. An altar, some think, to the Gualichu, the evil spirit, which in the theogony of the wandering Indian tribes has so far hitherto prevailed over the other demon who rules over good that all the sacrifices which they make, fall to his lot. An espinillo, some have it ; a tala, or a chañar, others say ; low, gnarled, and bending over to the north-east by the continual influence of the Pampero which rages across the southern plains, the tree by its position and its growth is formed to have appealed at once to the imagination of the Indian tribes. Certain it is that in the days before the modern rifle slew them so cowardly (the slayers, safe from the weak assaults of lance and bolas by the distance of their weapons' range, and rendered gods by the toil of those in Liège or Birmingham, who at the same time forged their own fetters and helped to exterminate a race of men they never saw), no Araucano, Pampa, Pehuelche, or Ranquele, passed the Gualichu tree without by his offerings testifying to his faith in its power, majesty, and might.

The Gauchos used to say the tree was the Gualichu incarnated, believing of the Indians, as the Christians used to believe of the Mohammedans in times gone by in Spain, that they were image-worshippers, a belief which the sectaries of Mohammed held of the Christians as firmly in their turn. But then the Gauchos, though not idolaters themselves, having but rarely pictures of the saints in their mud, reed-thatched huts, to which a mare's skin used to serve as a door, and though they worshipped nothing in particular but skill on horseback and with the lazo, and had perhaps a vague veneration for the mother of their God, about whose nature they were all as ignorant as we ourselves, yet knew that they were Christians, and, being so, had a prescriptive title to make light of, and to misunderstand the creed of every one outside their faith.

Little enough they recked that Father Falkner had long ago explained all the beliefs of the Pehuelches and the other tribes who roamed from Cholechel to Santa Cruz, round the Salinas Grandes, about the lake of Nahuel-Huapi, and in the apple forests of the Andes, showing them to have been as pure adorers of two spirits, one ruling over good, and the more powerful over evil, as the most

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orthodox could have desired. Of all the mountains which faith can remove, but hitherto has not removed, the monstrous cordillera of misconception of other men's beliefs is still the highest upon earth. So, to the Gauchos, and the runagates (forged absolutely on their own anvils), who used to constitute the civilising scum which floats before the flood of progress in the waste spaces of the world, the Gualichu tree was held an object half of terror, half of veneration, not to be lightly spoken of except when drunk, or when ten or a dozen of them being together it was not worthy of a man to show his fear.

Among the Indians, and in the estimation of all those who knew them well, the tree was but an altar on which they placed their free-will offerings of things which, useless to themselves, might, taking into account the difference of his nature from their own, find acceptance and be treasured by a god.

So fluttering in the breeze it stood, a sort of everlasting Christmas tree, decked out with broken bridles, stirrups, old tin cans, pieces of worn-out ponchos, bolas, lance-heads, and skins of animals, by worshippers to whom the name of Christian meant robber, murderer, and intruder on their lands. No Indian ever passed it without suspending something to its thorny branches, for the Gualichu, by reason of his omnipotent malevolence, was worth propitiating, although he did not seem to show any particular discernment as to the quality of the offerings which his faithful tied upon his shrine. Around the lone and wind-swept tree with its quaint fruit, many a band of Indians have camped, their lances, twenty feet in length, stuck in the ground, their horses hobbled and jumping stiffly as they strayed about to eat, what time their masters slew a mare, and ate the half-raw flesh, pouring the blood as a libation on the ground, their wizards (as Father Falkner relates) dancing and beating a hide-drum until they fell into the trance in which the Gualichu visited them and put into their minds that which the Indians wished that he should say.

The earliest travellers in the southern plains describe the tree as it still stood but twenty years ago; it seemed to strike them but as an evidence of the lowness of the Indians in the human scale. Whether it was so, or if a tree which rears its head alone in a vast, stony plain, the only upright object in the horizon for leagues on every side, is not a fitting thing to worship, or to imagine that a powerful spirit has his habitation in it, I leave to missionaries, to 'scientists,' and to all those who, knowing little, are sure that savages know nothing, and view their faith as of a different nature from their own. But, after all, faith is not entirely the sole quality which goes to make belief; no doubt the Indians saw in the tree the incarnation of the spirit of their race, in all its loneliness and isolation from any other type of man. Into the tree there must have entered in some mysterious way the spirit of their own long fight with

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nature, the sadness of the Pampa with its wild noises of the night ; its silent animals, the armadillo, guanaco, ostrich, matabo, the quiriquincho, and the Patagonian hare ; its flights of red flamingoes ; the horses wild as antelopes and shyer than any animal on earth, the rustle of the pampas grass upon the watercourses, in which lurked pumas and jaguars ; the birth of spring covering the ground with red verbenas, the dank metallic-looking grass which grows on the guadal, the giant bones of long-extinct strange animals which in some places strew the ground ; all the lone magic of the summer's days when the light trembles, and from every stem of grass the fleecy particles, which the north wind blows, tremble and quake, whilst over all the sun beats down, the universal god worshipped from California to Punta Arenas by every section of their race.

To Christians too the tree had memories, but chiefly as a landmark, though few of them, half in derision, half in the kindness which comes of long communication (even with enemies) who would pass without an offering of an empty match-box, a dirty pocket-handkerchief, a brimless hat, or empty sardine tin, something, in short, to bring the beauty of our culture and our arts home to the Indians' hearts. One Christian at least had offered up his life beneath its boughs—an ostrich hunter, who, finding ostriches grow scarce, or the price of ostrich feathers fall, or being possessed with a strange wish for regular employment, had hired himself to carry mail bags from Bahia Blanca to Carmen de Patagones, the last settlement in those days to the south. As all the country which he travelled was exposed to Indian raids, and as he generally when chased had to throw off his saddle and escape barebacked ('en pelo,' as the Gauchos say), by degrees he found it too expensive to make good the saddles he had lost. So all the eighty leagues he used to ride 'en pelo,' use having made him part and parcel of his horse. An ostrich hunter from his youth up, and aware that one day he would die the ostrich hunter's death, by hunger, thirst, or by an Indian's lance, well did he know the great green inland sea of grass in which men used to sleep with their faces set towards the way they had to go, knowing that he who lost his way had forfeited his life, unless by a hard, lucky chance he reached an Indian *tolderia* to become a slave. Well did the ex-ostrich hunter know the desert lore, to take in everything instinctively as he galloped on the plain, to mark the flight of birds, heed distant smoke, whether the deer or other animals were shy or tame, to keep the wind ever a-blowing on the same side of his face, at night to ride towards some star ; but yet it fell upon a day, between the first well and the Rio Colorado, his horse tired with him, and as his trail showed afterwards, he had to lead him to the second well, which he found dry ; and then after hours of thirst, he must have sighted the Gualichu Tree, made for it, hoping to find some travellers with water skins,

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reached it, and, having hung his mail bags on it to keep them safe, wandered about and waited for relief. Then, his last cigarette smoked and thrown aside, where the belated rescuers found it on the grass, he had sat down stoically to meet the ostrich hunter's fate. A league or two along the trail his horse had struggled on, making for the water which he knew must be in the river Colorado, and like his master, having done his best, died in the circle of brown withered grass which the last dying struggle of an animal upon the Pampa makes.

Landmark to wandering Gauchos, altar or god to all the Indian tribes, a curiosity of nature to 'scientists,' who, like Darwin, camped beneath its boughs, and to the humorist looking half sadly through his humour at the world, a thorny Christmas tree, but scarce redeemed from being quite grotesque, when amongst its heterogeneous fruit, it chanced to bear a human hand, a foot, or a long tress or two of blue black hair, torn from some captive Christian woman's head, long may it stand.

You in the future who, starting from Bahia Blanca, pass the Romero Grande, leave the Cabeza del Buey on the right hand, and at the Rio Colorado exchange the grassy Pampa for the stony southern plains, may you find water in both wells, and coming to the tree neither cut branches from it to light your fire, or fasten horses to its trunk to rub the bark. Remember that it has been cathedral, church, town-hall, and centre of a religion, and the lives of men now passed away; and, in remembering, reflect that from Bahia Blanca to El Carmen, it was once the solitary living thing which reared its head above the grass and the low thorny scrub. So let it stand upon its stony ridge, just where the Sierra de la Ventana fades out of sight, hard by the second well, right in the middle of the travesia, a solitary natural landmark if naught else, which once bore fruit ripened in the imaginations of a wild race of men, who at the least had for their virtue constancy of faith, not shaken by unanswered prayer; a tombstone set up by accident or nature to mark the passing of light riding bands upon their journey towards Trapalanda, passing or passed: but all so silently that their unshod horses have scarce left a trail upon the grass.

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HE great English novelists of the last century turned the course of English literature out of its older channel. Her streams had descended from the double peaks of Parnassus, to irrigate the enamelled fields and elegant parterres of poetry and the drama; as the critics of the period might have said. But Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, diverted the waters from poetry and plays into the region of the novel, whither they have brought down a copious alluvial deposit. Modern authors do little but till this fertile delta: the Drama is now in the Desert: 'Poetry is a drug,' and Fiction is Literature. Among the writers who made this revolution, Smollett is, personally, the least well known to the world; despite the great part which autobiography and confessions play in his work. He is always talking about himself, and introducing his own experiences. But there is little evidence from without; his extant correspondence is scanty; he was not in Dr. Johnson's circle, much less was he in that of Horace Walpole. He was not a popular man, and probably he has long ceased to be a popular author. About 1780 the vendors of children's books issued abridgements of 'Tom Jones' and 'Pamela,' 'Clarissa' and 'Joseph Andrews,' adapted to the needs of infant minds. It was a curious enterprise, certainly, but the booksellers do not seem to have produced 'Every Boy's Roderick Random,' or 'Peregrine Pickle for the Young.' Smollett, in short, is less known than Fielding and Sterne; even Thackeray says but a word about him in the 'English Humourists,' and he has no place in the Series of 'English Men of Letters.'

What we know of Smollett reveals a thoroughly typical Scot of his period; a Scot of the variety absolutely opposed to Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, and rather akin to the species of Robert Burns. 'Rather akin,' we may say; for Smollett, like Burns, was a humourist; and in his humour far from dainty; he was a personal satirist, and a satirist less than chivalrous. Like Burns, too, he was a poet of Independence; like Burns, and even more than Burns, in a time of patronage he was recalcitrant against patrons. But, unlike Burns, he was *farouche* to an extreme degree; and, unlike Burns, he carried very far his prejudices about his 'gentrice,' his gentle birth. Herein he is at the opposite pole from the great peasant poet. Two potent characteristics of his country were at war within him. There was, first, the belief in 'gentrice,' in a natural difference of kind between men of coat armour and men without it. Thus, Roderick Random, the starving cadet of a line of small lairds, accepts the almost incredible self-denial and devotion of Strap, as merely his due. Prince Charles could not have

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taken the devotion of Henry Goring, or of Neil MacEachain, more entirely as a matter of course, involving no consideration in return, than Roderick took the unparalleled self-sacrifice of his barber friend and schoolmate. Scott has remarked on this contemptuous and ungrateful selfishness, and has contrasted it with the relations of Tom Jones and Partridge. Of course it is not to be assumed that Smollett would have behaved like Roderick, when, 'finding the fire in my apartment almost extinguished, I vented my fury upon poor Strap, whose ear I pinched with such violence that he roared hideously with pain. . . . To be sure Roderick presently 'felt unspeakable remorse . . . foamed at the mouth, and kicked the chairs about the room.' Now, Strap had rescued Roderick from starvation, had bestowed on him hundreds of pounds, and had carried his baggage, and dined on his leavings. But Strap was not gently born! Smollett would not, probably, have acted thus, but he did not consider such conduct a thing out of nature.

On the other side was Smollett's Scottish spirit of Independence. Smollett boasts that, being at the time about twenty, and having burdened a nobleman with his impossible play, 'The Regicide,' 'I resolved to punish his barbarous indifference, and actually discarded my patron.' He was not given to 'booing' (in the sense of bowing), but had, of all known Scots, the most 'canty conceit o' himself.' These qualities, with a violence of temper which took the form of beating people when on his travels, cannot have made Smollett a popular character. He knew his faults, as he shows in the Dedication of 'Ferdinand, Count Fathom,' to himself. 'I have known you trifling, superficial, and obstinate in dispute; meanly jealous and awkwardly reserved; rash and haughty in your resentments; and coarse and lowly in your connections.' He could, it is true, on occasion, forgive (even where he had not been wronged), and could compensate, in milder moods, for the fierce attacks made in hours when he was 'meanly jealous.' Yet, in early life at least, he regarded his own Roderick Random as 'modest and meritorious,' struggling nobly with the difficulties which beset 'a friendless orphan,' especially from the 'selfishness, envy, malice, and base indifference of mankind.' Roderick himself is, in fact, the incarnation of the basest selfishness. In one of his adventures he is guilty of that extreme infamy which the d'Artagnan of 'The Three Musketeers' and of the 'Memoirs,' committed, and for which the d'Artagnan of 'Le Marquis de Bragelonne' took shame to himself. While engaged in a virtuous passion, Roderick not only behaves like a vulgar debauchee, but pursues the meanest arts of the fortune hunter who is ready to marry any woman for her money. Such is the modest and meritorious orphan; and mankind now carries its 'base indifference' so far, that Smollett's biographer, Mr. Hannay, says, 'If Roderick had been hanged, I, for

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my part, should have heard the tidings unmoved. . . . Smollett obviously died without realising how nearly the hero, who was in some sort a portrait of himself, came to being a ruffian.'

As to persons whom he chose to regard as his enemies, he was beyond measure rancorous and dangerous. From his first patron, Lord Lyttelton, to his last, Lord Bute, he pursued them with unscrupulous animosity. If he did not mean actually to draw portraits of his grandfather, his cousins, his schoolmaster, and the apothecary whose gallipots he attended, in 'Roderick Random'; yet he left the originals who suggested his characters in a very awkward situation. For assuredly he did entertain a spite against his grandfather; and as many of the incidents in 'Roderick Random' were autobiographical, the public readily inferred that others were founded on fact.

The outlines of Smollett's career are familiar, though gaps in our knowledge occur. Perhaps they may partly be filled up by the aid of passages in his novels, plays, and poems; in these, at all events, he describes conditions and situations through which he himself may, or must have passed.

Born in 1721, he was a younger son of Archibald, a younger son of Sir James Smollett, of Bonhill, a house on the now polluted Leven, between Loch Lomond and the estuary of the Clyde. Smollett's father made an imprudent marriage; the grandfather provided a small, but competent provision for him and his family, during his own life. The father, Archibald, died; the grandfather left nothing to the mother of Tobias and her children, but they were assisted with scrupulous decency, by the heirs. Hence the attacks on the grandfather and cousins of Roderick Random; but, later, Smollett returned to kinder feelings.

These were times, we must remember, in which Scottish patriotism was more than a mere historical sentiment. Scotland was inconceivably poor, and Scots, in England, were therefore ridiculous. The country had, so far, gained very little by the Union, and the Union was detested even by Scottish Whig earls. It is recorded by Moore that, while at the Dumbarton Grammar School, Smollett wrote 'verses to the memory of Wallace, of whom he became an early admirer,' having read 'Blind Harry's translation of the Latin poems of Robert Blair,' chaplain to 'that hero.' There probably never were any such Latin poems; but Smollett began with the same hero-worship as Burns. He had the attachment of a Scot to his native stream, the Leven, which later he was to celebrate. Now, if Smollett had credited Roderick Random with these rural, poetical, and patriotic tastes, his hero would have been far more human and amiable. There was much good in Smollett which is absent in Random. But for some reason, probably because Scotland was unpopular after the 'forty-five, Smollett merely describes the woes,



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ill-usage, and retaliations of Roderick. That he suffered as Random did is to the last degree improbable. He had a fair knowledge of Latin, and was not destitute of Greek, while his master, a Mr. Love, bore a good character both for humanity and scholarship. He must have studied the Classics at Glasgow University, where he was apprenticed to Mr. Gordon, a surgeon. Gordon, again, was an excellent man, appreciated by Smollett himself in after days: and the odious Potion of 'Roderick Random' must, like his rival, Crab, have been merely a fancy sketch of meanness, hypocrisy, and profligacy. Perhaps the good surgeon became the victim of that 'one continued string of epigrammatic sarcasms,' which, as Colquhoun of Camstraddan told Ramsay of Ochtertyre, Smollett used to play off on his companions, 'for which no talents could compensate.' Judging by Dr. Carlyle's 'Memoirs,' this intolerable kind of display was not unusual in Caledonian conversation; but it was not likely to make Tobias popular in England.

Thither he went in 1739, with very little money, 'and a very large assortment of letters of recommendation. Whether his relatives intended to compensate for the scantiness of the one by their profusion in the other is uncertain; but he has often been heard to declare that their liberality in the last article was prodigious.' The Smolletts were not 'kinless loons'; they had connections; but who, in Scotland, had money? Tobias had passed his medical examinations, but he rather trusted in his MS. tragedy, 'The Regicide.' Tragical were its results for the author. Inspired by George Buchanan's Latin 'History of Scotland,' Smollett had produced a play, in blank verse, on the murder of James I. That a boy, even a Scottish boy, should have such an over-weening passion for this unlucky piece, that he should expect by such a work to climb a step on fortune's ladder, is nowadays amazing. For ten years he clung to it, modified it, polished, improved it, and then published it in 1749, after the success of 'Roderick Random.' Twice he told the story of his theatrical mishaps and disappointments, which were such as occur to every writer for the stage. He wailed over them in 'Roderick Random,' in the story of Mr. Melopoyne; he prolonged his cry, in the Preface to 'The Regicide,' and probably the nobles whom he 'lashed' (very indecently) in his two satires ('Advice,' 1746; 'Reproof,' 1747; and in 'Roderick Random'), were the patrons who could not get the tragedy acted. First, in 1739, he had a patron whom he 'discarded.' Then he went to the West Indies, and, returning in 1744, he lugged out his tragedy again, and fell foul again of patrons, actors, and managers. Of course it is absolutely unhistorical; of course it is empty of character, and replete with fustian, and ineffably tedious; but perhaps it is not much worse than other luckier tragedies of the age. Naturally a

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lover calls his wounded lady 'the bleeding fair.' Naturally she exclaims :

Celestial powers  
Protect my father, shower upon his—oh ! [*Dies.*]

Naturally her adorer answers with

So may our mingling souls  
To bliss supernal wing our happy—oh ! [*Dies.*]

We are reminded of

'Alas, my Bom !' [*Dies.*]  
'Bastes he would have said.'

The piece, if presented, must have been damned. But Smollett was so angry with one patron, Lord Lyttelton, that he burlesqued the poor man's dirge on the death of his wife. He was so angry with Garrick that he dragged him into 'Roderick Random' as Marmezet. Later, obliged by Garrick, and forgiving Lyttelton, he wrote respectfully about both. But in 1746 (in 'Advice') he had assailed the 'proud lord, who smiles a gracious lie,' and 'the varnished ruffians of the State.' Because Tobias' play was unacted, people who tried to aid him were liars and ruffians, and a great deal worse.

The world was out of joint for the cadet of Bonhill : both before and after his very trying experiences as a ship surgeon, the managers would not accept 'The Regicide.' This was reason good why Smollett should try to make a little money and notoriety by penning satires. They are fierce, foul-mouthed, and pointless. But Smollett was poor, and he was angry ; he had the examples of Pope and Swift before him ; which, as far as truculence went, he could imitate. Above all, it was then the fixed belief of men of letters that some Peer or other ought to aid and support them ; and as no Peer did support Smollett, obviously they were 'varnished ruffians.' He erred as he would not err now, for times, and ways of going wrong, are changed. But, at best, how different are his angry couplets from the lofty melancholy of Johnson's satires !

Smollett's 'small sum of money' did not permit him long to push the fortunes of his tragedy in 1739 ; and as for his 'very large assortment of letters of recommendation,' they only procured for him the post of surgeon's mate in an unnamed ship of the line. Here he saw enough of the horrors of naval life, enough of misery, brutality, and mismanagement at Carthage (1741) to supply materials for the salutary and sickening pages on that theme in 'Roderick Random.' He also saw and appreciated the sterling qualities of courage, simplicity, and generosity, which he has made immortal in his Bowlings and Trunnions.

It is part of a novelist's business to make one half of the

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world know how the other half lives; and in this province Smollett anticipated Dickens. He left the service as soon as he could, when the beaten fleet was refitting at Jamaica. In that isle he seems to have practised as a doctor; and he married, or was betrothed to, a Miss Lascelles, who had a small and far from valuable property. The real date of his marriage is obscure: more obscure are Smollett's resources on his return to London in 1744. Houses in Downing Street can never have been cheap, but we find 'Mr. Smollett, Surgeon in Downing Street, Westminster,' and in 1746 he was living in May Fair, not a region for slender purses. Probably he practised in his profession. In 'Count Fathom' he makes his adventurer 'purchase an old chariot, which was new painted for the occasion, and likewise hire a footman. . . . This equipage, though much more expensive than his finances could bear, he found absolutely necessary to give him a chance of employment. . . . A walking physician was considered as an obscure pedlar.' A chariot, Smollett insists, was necessary to 'every raw surgeon'; while Bob Sawyer's expedient of 'being called from church' was already *vieux jeu*, in the way of advertisement. Such things had been 'injudiciously hackneyed.' In this passage of Fathom's adventures, Smollett proclaims his insight into methods of getting practice. A physician must ingratiate himself with apothecaries and ladies' maids, or 'acquire interest enough' to have an infirmary erected 'by the voluntary subscriptions of his friends.' Here Smollett denounces hospitals, which 'encourage the vulgar to be idle and dissolute, by opening an asylum to them and their families, from the diseases of poverty and intemperance.' This is odd morality for one who suffered from 'the base indifference of mankind.' With or without a chariot, it is probable that Tobias had not an insinuating style or 'a good bedside manner'; friends to support a hospital for his renown he had none; but, somehow, he could live in May Fair, and in 1746 could meet Dr. Carlyle and Stewart, son of the Provost of Edinburgh, and other Scots, at the Golden Ball in Cockspur Street. There they were enjoying 'a frugal supper and a little punch,' when the news of Culloden arrived. Carlyle had been a Whig volunteer; he probably was happy enough; but Stewart, whose father was in prison, grew pale, and left the room. Smollett and Carlyle then walked home through secluded streets, and were silent, lest their speech should bewray them for Scots. 'John Bull,' quoth Smollett, 'is as haughty and valiant to-day as he was abject and cowardly on the Black Wednesday when the Highlanders were at Derby.'

'Weep, Caledonia, weep!' he had written in his tragedy. Now he wrote 'Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn.' Scott has quoted, from Graham of Gartmore, the story of Smollett's writing verses, while Gartmore and others were playing cards. He read them what he had written, 'The Tears of Scotland,' and added

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the last verse on the spot, when warned that his opinion might give offence :

Yes, spite of thine insulting foe,  
My sympathising verse shall flow.

The 'Tears' are better than the 'Ode to Blue Eyed Ann,' probably Mrs. Smollett. But the courageous author of 'The Tears of Scotland' had manifestly broken with Patrons. He also broke with Rich, the Manager at Covent Garden, for whom he had written an opera libretto. He had failed, as doctor, and as dramatist; nor, as satirist, had he succeeded. Yet he managed to wear wig and sword, and to be seen in good men's company. Perhaps his wife's little fortune supported him, till, in 1748, he produced 'Roderick Random.' It is certain that we never find Smollett in the deep distresses of Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith.

Novels were now in vogue; 'Pamela' was recent, 'Joseph Andrews' was yet more recent, 'Clarissa Harlowe' had just appeared, and Fielding was publishing 'Tom Jones.' Smollett, too, tried his hand, and, at last, he succeeded. His ideas of the novel are offered in his Preface. The Novel, for him, is a department of satire; 'the most entertaining and universally improving.' To Smollett, 'Roderick Random' seemed an 'improving' work! *Où le didacticisme va t'il se nicher?* 'Romance,' he declares, 'arose in ignorance, vanity, and superstition,' and declined into 'the ludicrous and unnatural.' Then Cervantes 'converted romance to purposes far more useful and entertaining, by making it assume the sock, and point out the follies of ordinary life.' Romance was to revive again some twenty years after its funeral oration was thus delivered. As for Smollett himself, he professedly 'follows the plan' of Le Sage, in 'Gil Blas' (a plan as old as Petronius Arbiter, and the 'Golden Ass' of Apuleius); but he gives more place to 'compassion,' so as not to interfere with 'generous indignation, which ought to animate the reader against the sordid and vicious disposition of the world.' As a contrast to sordid vice we are to admire 'modest merit' in that exemplary orphan, Mr. Random. This gentleman is a North Briton, because only in North Britain can a poor orphan get such an education as Roderick's 'birth and character require,' and for other reasons. Now, as for Roderick, the schoolmaster 'gave himself no concern about the progress I made,' but, 'should endeavour, with God's help, to prevent my future improvement.' It must have been at Glasgow University, then, that Roderick learned 'Greek very well, and was pretty far advanced in the mathematics,' and here he must have used his genius for the *belles lettres*, in the interest of his 'amorous complexion,' by 'lampooning the rivals' of the young ladies who admired him. Such are the happy beginnings, accompanied by

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practical jokes, of this interesting model. Smollett's heroes, one conceives, were intended to be fine, though not faultless young fellows: men, not plaster images; brave, generous, free-living, but, as Roderick finds once, when examining his conscience, pure from serious stains on that important faculty. To us these heroes often appear no better than ruffians: Peregrine Pickle, for example, rather excels the infamy of Ferdinand, Count Fathom, in certain respects; and Ferdinand is professedly 'often the object of our detestation and abhorrence,' and is left in a very bad, though, as 'Humphrey Clinker' shows, in by no means a hopeless way.

Enough has probably been said about the utterly distasteful figure of Smollett's hero. In chapter sixty we find him living on the resources of Strap, then losing all Strap's money at play, and then 'I bilk my taylor.' That is, Roderick orders several suits of new clothes, and sells them for what they will fetch. Meanwhile Strap can live honestly anywhere, while he has his ten fingers. Roderick rescues himself from poverty by engaging in the slave trade, aided by his uncle and his long-lost father. The base world, in Strap, Thompson, the uncle, Mrs. Sagely, and other people, treats him infinitely better than he deserves. His very love (as always in Smollett) is only an animal appetite, vigorously insisted upon by the author. By a natural reaction, Scott, much as he admired Smollett, introduced in place of blackguards his blameless heroes, and even Thackeray could only hint at the defects of youth, in 'Esmond.' Thackeray is accused of making his good people stupid, or too simple, or eccentric, and otherwise contemptible. Smollett went further. Strap, a model of benevolence, is ludicrous and a coward; even Bowling has the stage eccentricities of the sailor. Mankind was certain, in the long run, to demand heroes more amiable and worthy of respect. Our inclinations, as Scott says, are with 'the open-hearted, good-humoured, and noble-minded Tom Jones, whose libertinism (one particular omitted) is perhaps rendered but too amiable by his good qualities.' As to knowledge of life there were conditions of higher society, of English rural society, and of clerical society, which Fielding, by birth and education, knew much better than Smollett. But Smollett had the advantage of his early years in Scotland, then as little known as Japan; with the 'nautical multitude,' from captain to loblolly boy, he was intimately familiar; with the West Indies he was acquainted; and he later resided in Paris, and travelled in Flanders; so that he had more experience, certainly, if not more invention, than Fielding. In 'Roderick Random' he used Scottish 'local colour' very little, but his life had furnished him with a surprising wealth of 'strange experiences.' Inns were, we must believe, the favourite home of adventurers, and Smollett could ring endless changes on mistakes about bedrooms. None of them is so inno-

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cently diverting as the affair of Mr. Pickwick and the lady in yellow curl papers; but the absence of that innocence which brightens Mr. Pickwick's distresses was welcome to admirers of what Lady Mary Wortley Montagu calls 'gay reading.'

The variety of character in 'Roderick Random' is vast. In Morgan we have an excellent, fiery Welshman, of the stage type; the different minor miscreants are all vividly designed; the eccentric lady author may have had a real original; Miss Snapper has much vivacity as a wit; the French adventures in the army are, in their rude, barbaric way, a forecast of Barry Lyndon's; and, generally, both Scott and Thackeray owe a good deal to Smollett in the way of suggestions. Smollett's extraordinary way of dilating on noisome smells and noisome sights, that intense affection for the physically nauseous, which he shared with Swift and Zola, is rather less marked in 'Roderick' than in 'Humphrey Clinker' and 'The Adventures of an Atom.' The scenes in the Marshalsea must have been familiar to Dickens. The terrible history of Miss Williams is Hogarth's 'Harlot's Progress' done into unsparing prose. Smollett guides us at a brisk pace through the shady and brutal side of the eighteenth century: his vivacity is as unflagging as that of his disagreeable rattle of a hero. The passion usually understood as love is, to be sure, one of which he seems to have no conception: he regards a woman much as a greedy person might regard a sirloin of beef, or, at best, a plate of ortolans. At her marriage a bride is 'dished up,' that is all.

Thus this 'gay writing' no longer makes us gay. In reading 'Peregrine Pickle' and 'Humphrey Clinker,' a man may find himself laughing aloud, but hardly in reading 'Roderick Random.' The fun is of the cruel primitive sort, arising merely from the contemplation of somebody's painful discomfiture. Bowlin and Rattlin may be regarded with affectionate respect; but Roderick has only physical courage and vivacity to recommend him. Whether Smollett, in Flaubert's deliberate way, purposely abstained from moralising on the many scenes of physical distress which he painted, or whether he merely regarded them without emotion, has been debated. It seems more probable that he thought they carried their own moral. It is the most sympathetic touch in Roderick's character that he writes thus of his miserable crew of slaves: 'Our ship being freed from the disagreeable lading of negroes, to whom, indeed, I had been a miserable slave since our leaving the coast of Guinea, I began to enjoy myself.' Smollett was a physician, and had the pitifulness of his profession; though we see how lightly he makes Random touch on his own unwonted benevolence. We might regard his offensively ungrateful Roderick as a purely dramatic exhibition of a young man, if his other heroes were not as bad, or worse; if their few redeeming qualities were not stuck on in patches;

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and if he had omitted his remark about Roderick's 'modest merit.' On the other hand, the good side of Matthew Bramble seems to be drawn from Smollett's own character, and, if that be the case, he can have had little sympathy with his own humorous Barry Lyndons. Scott and Thackeray leaned to the favourable view: Smollett, his nervous system apart, was manly and kindly. As regards plot, 'Roderick Random' is a mere string of picturesque adventures. It is at the opposite pole from 'Tom Jones' in the matter of construction. There is no reason why it should ever stop, except the convenience of printers and binders. Perhaps we lay too much stress on the somewhat mechanical art of plot-building. Fielding was then setting the first and best English example of a craft in which the very greatest authors have been weak, or of which they were careless. Smollett was always rather more incapable, or rather more indifferent, in plot-weaving, than greater men.

In our day of royalties, and gossip about the gains of authors, it would be interesting to know what manner and size of a cheque Smollett received from his publisher, the celebrated Mr. Osborne. We do not know, but Smollett published his next novel 'on commission,' 'printed for the Author'; so probably he was not well satisfied with the pecuniary results of 'Roderick Random.' Thereby, says Dr. Moore, he 'acquired much more reputation than money.' So he now published 'The Regicide' 'by subscription, that method of publication being then more reputable than it has been thought since' (1797).

For the sake of pleasure, or of new experiences, or of economy, Smollett went to Paris in 1750, where he met Dr. Moore, later his biographer; the poetical Dr. Akenside, and an affected painter. He introduced the poet and painter into 'Peregrine Pickle'; and makes slight use of a group of exiled Jacobites, including Mr. Hunter, of Burnside. In 1750 there were Jacobites enough in the French capital, all wondering very much where Prince Charles might be, and quite unconscious that he was their neighbour in a convent in the Rue St. Dominique. Though Moore does not say so (he is provokingly economical of detail), we may presume that Smollett went wandering in Flanders, as does Peregrine Pickle. It is curious that he should introduce a Capucin, a Jew, and a black-eyed damsel, all in the Ghent diligence, when we know that Prince Charles did live in Ghent, with the black-eyed Miss Walkinshaw, did go about disguised as a Capucin, and was tracked by a Jewish spy, while the other spy, Young Glengarry, styled himself 'Pickle.' But all these events occurred about a year after the novel was published in 1751.

Before that date Smollett had got an M.D. degree from Aberdeen University, and after returning from France he practised for a year or two at Bath. But he could not expect to be successful

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among fashionable invalids, and, in 'Humphrey Clinker,' he makes Matthew Bramble give such an account of the Bath waters as M. Zola might envy. He was still trying to gain ground in his profession, when, in March 1751, Mr. D. Wilson published the first edition of 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'for the Author,' unnamed. I have never seen this first edition, which was 'very curious and disgusting.' Smollett, in his preface to the second edition, talks of 'the art and industry that were used to stifle him in the birth, by certain booksellers and others.' He now 'reformed the manners, and corrected the expressions,' removed or modified some passages of personal satire, and held himself exempt from 'the numerous shafts of envy, rancour, and revenge, that have lately, both in private and public, been levelled at his reputation.' Who were these base and pitiless dastards? Probably every one who did not write favourably about the book. Perhaps Smollett suspected Fielding, whom he attacks in several parts of his works, treating him as a kind of Jonathan Wild, a thief-taker and an associate with thieves. Why Smollett thus misconducted himself is a problem, unless he was either 'meanly jealous,' or had taken offence at some remarks in Fielding's newspaper. Smollett certainly began the war, in the first edition of 'Peregrine Pickle.' He made a kind of palinode to the 'trading justice' later, as other people of his kind have done. A point in 'Peregrine Pickle' easily assailed was the long episode about a lady of quality, the beautiful Lady Vane, whose memoirs Smollett introduced into his tale. Horace Walpole found that she had omitted the only feature in her career of which she had just reason to be proud: the number of her lovers. Nobody doubted that Smollett was paid for casting his mantle over Lady Vane; moreover, he might expect a success of scandal. *The roman à clef* is always popular with scandal-mongers, but its authors can hardly hope to escape rebuke.

It was not till 1752 that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in Italy, received 'Peregrine,' with other fashionable romances, 'Pompey the Little,' 'The Parish Girl,' 'Eleanora's Adventures,' 'The Life of Mrs. Theresa Constantia Phipps,' 'The Adventures of Mr. Lovell,' and so on. Most of them contained portraits of real people, and, no doubt, most of them were therefore successful. But where are they now? Lady Mary thought Lady Vane's part of 'Peregrine' 'more instructive to young women than any sermon I know.' She regarded Fielding as with Congreve, the only 'original' of her age; but Fielding had to write for bread, and that is 'the most contemptible way of getting bread.' She did not, at this time, even know Smollett's name, but she admired him, and, later, calls him 'my dear Smollett.' This lady thought that Fielding did not know what sorry fellows his Tom Jones and Captain Booth were. Not near so sorry as Peregrine Pickle were



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they, for this gentleman is a far more atrocious ruffian than Roderick Random. None the less, 'Peregrine' is Smollett's greatest work. Nothing is so rich in variety of character, scene, and adventure. We are carried along by the swift and copious volume of the current, carried into very queer places, and into the oddest miscellaneous company, but we cannot escape from Smollett's vigorous grasp. Sir Walter thought that 'Roderick' excelled its successor in 'ease and simplicity,' and that Smollett's sailors, in 'Pickle,' 'border on caricature.' No doubt they do; the eccentricities of Hawser Trunnion, Esq., are exaggerated, and Pipes is less subdued than Rattlin, though always delightful. Trunnion absolutely makes one laugh out aloud, whether he is criticising the sister of Mr. Gamaliel Pickle in that gentleman's presence at a pot house, or riding to the altar with his squadron of sailors, tacking in an unfavourable gale, or being run away with into a pack of hounds, and clearing a hollow road over a waggoner, who views him with 'unspeakable terror and amazement.' Mr. Winkle as an equestrian is not more entirely acceptable to the mind than Trunnion. He is quite inimitable; he is a child of humour and of the highest spirits, like Mr. Weller the elder. Till Scott created Mauser Headrigg, no Caledonian had ever produced anything, except 'Tam o' Shanter,' that could be a pendant to Trunnion. His pathos is possibly just a trifle overdone, though that is not my own opinion. Dear Trunnion! he makes one overlook the gambols of his detestable *protégé*, the hero. That scoundrel is not an impossible caricature of an obstinate, vain, cruel libertine. Peregrine was precisely the man to fall in love with Emilia *pour le bon motif*, and then attempt to ruin her, though she was the sister of his friend, by devices worthy of Lovelace at his last and lowest stage.

Emilia, in her scene with Peregrine in the *bouge* to which he has carried her, rises much above Smollett's heroines, and we could like her, if she had never forgiven behaviour which was beneath pardon. Peregrine's education at Winchester bears out Lord Elcho's description of that academy, in his unpublished Memoirs. It was apt to develop Peregrines: and Lord Elcho himself might have furnished Smollett with suitable adventures. There can be no doubt that Cadwallader Crabtree suggested Sir Malachi Malagrowther to Scott, and that Hatchway and Pipes, taking up their abode with Peregrine in the Fleet, gave a hint to Dickens for Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick in the same prison. That 'Peregrine' 'does far excel Joseph Andrews and Amelia,' as Scott declares, few modern readers will admit. The world could do much better without 'Peregrine' than without 'Joseph': while Amelia herself alone is a study greatly preferable to the whole works of Smollett: such, at least, is the opinion of a declared worshipper of that peerless lady. Yet 'Peregrine' is a kind of Odyssey of the eighteenth century; an epic of humour and of adventure.

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In February 1753 Smollett 'obliged the town' with his 'Adventures of Ferdinand, Count Fathom,' a cosmopolitan swindler and adventurer. The book is Smollett's 'Barry Lyndon'; but as his hero does not tell his own story, being perpetually held up as a 'dreadful example,' there is none of Thackeray's irony, none of his subtlety. 'Here is a really bad man, a foreigner too,' Smollett seems to say, 'do not be misled, oh maiden, by the wiles of such a Count! Impetuous youth, play not with him at billiards, basset, or gleek; fathers, on such a rogue shut your doors; collectors, handle not his nefarious antiques. Let all avoid the path, and shun the example of Ferdinand, Count Fathom!' Such is Smollett's sermon, but, after all, Ferdinand is hardly worse than Roderick or Peregrine. The son of a terrible old suttler and camp follower, a robber and slayer of wounded men, Ferdinand had to live by his wits, and he was hardly less scrupulous, after all, than Peregrine and Roderick. The daubs of casual generosity were not laid on, and that is all the difference. As Sophia Western was mistaken for Miss Jenny Cameron, so Ferdinand was arrested as Prince Charles, who, in fact, caused much inconvenience to harmless travellers. People were often arrested as 'The Pretender's son,' abroad as well as in England. The life and death of Ferdinand's mother, shot by a wounded hussar in her moment of victory, make perhaps the most original and interesting part of this hero's adventures. The rest is much akin to Smollett's earlier novels, but the history of Rinaldo and Monimia has a passage not quite alien to the vein of Mrs. Radcliffe. His new novel was merely a fainter echo of his old novels, a panorama of scoundrelism, with the melodramatic fortunes of the virtuous Monimia for a foil. If read to-day, it is read as a sketch of manners, or want of manners. The scene in which the bumpkin squire rooks the accomplished Fathom at hazard, in Paris, is prettily conceived, and Smollett's indignation at the British system of pews in church is edifying. But when Monimia appears to her lover as he weeps at her tomb, and proves to be no phantom but a 'warm and substantial Monimia,' capable of being 'dished up,' like any other Smollettian heroine, the reader is sensibly annoyed. Tobias as *un romantique* is absolutely too absurd!

Smollett's next novel, 'Sir Launcelot Greaves,' was not published till 1761, after it had appeared in numbers in *The British Magazine*. This was a sixpenny serial published by Newbury. The years between 1753 and 1760 had been occupied by Smollett in quarrelling, getting imprisoned for libel, editing the *Critical Review*, writing his 'History of England,' translating (or adapting old translations of) 'Don Quixote,' and driving a team of literary hacks, whose labours he superintended, and to whom he gave a weekly dinner. These exploits are described by Dr. Carlyle, and by Smollett himself, in 'Humphrey Clinker.'

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'Sir Launcelot Greaves' is, according to Chambers, 'a sorry specimen of the genius of the author,' and Mr. Oliphant Smeaton calls it 'decidedly the least popular' of his novels, while Scott astonishes us by preferring it to 'Jonathan Wild.' Certainly it is inferior to 'Roderick Random' and to 'Peregrine Pickle,' but it cannot be so utterly unreal as 'The Adventures of an Atom.' I, for one, venture to prefer 'Sir Launcelot' to 'Ferdinand, Count Fathom.' Smollett was really trying an experiment in the fantastic. Just as Mr. Anstey Guthrie transfers the mediæval myth of Venus and the Ring, or the Arabian tale of the bottled up geni (or djinn) into modern life, so Smollett transferred Don Quixote. His hero, a young baronet of wealth, and of a benevolent and generous temper, is crossed in love. Though not mad, he is eccentric, and commences knight errant. Scott, and others, object to his armour, and say that, in ordinary clothes, and with his well-filled purse, he would have been more successful in righting wrongs. Certainly, but then the comic fantasy of the armed knight arriving at the ale house, and jangling about the rose-hung lanes among the astonished folk of town and country, would have been lost. Smollett is certainly less unsuccessful in wild fantasy than in the ridiculous romantic scenes where the substantial phantom of Monimia disports itself. The imitation of the knight by the nautical Captain Crowe (an excellent Smollettian mariner) is entertaining, and Sir Launcelot's crusty Sancho is a pleasant variety in squires. The various forms of oppression which the knight resists are of historical interest, as also is the contested election between a rustic Tory, and a smooth Ministerialist, 'sincerely attached to the Protestant Succession, in detestation of a popish, an abjured, and an outlawed Pretender.' The heroine, Aurelia Darnel, is more of a lady, and less of a luxury, than perhaps any other of Smollett's women. But how Smollett makes love! 'Tea was called. The lovers were seated; he looked and languished; she flushed and faltered; all was doubt and delirium, fondness and flutter.'

'All was gas and gaiters,' said the insane lover of Mrs. Nickelby, with equal delicacy and point.

Scott says that Smollett, when on a visit to Scotland, used to write his chapter of 'copy' in the half-hour before the post went out. Scott was very capable of having the same thing happen to himself. 'Sir Launcelot' is hurriedly, but vigorously written; the fantasy was not understood as Smollett intended it to be, and the book is blotted, as usual, with loathsome medical details. But people in Madame du Deffand's circle used openly to discuss the same topics, to the confusion of Horace Walpole. As the hero of this book is a generous gentleman, as the heart of it is kind and manly, and the humour provocative of an honest laugh, it is by no means to be despised, while the manners, if caricatured, are based on fact.

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Smollett went on compiling, and supporting himself by his compilations, and those of his vassals. In 1762 he unluckily edited a paper called the *Brion*, in the interests of Lord Bute. The *Brion* was silenced by Wilkes' *North Brion*; Smollett lost his last patron; he fell ill; his daughter died; he travelled angrily in France and Italy. His 'Travels' show the choleric nature of the man, and he was especially blamed for not admiring the Venus de Medicis. Modern taste, enlightened by works, then unknown, of a better period of Greek art, has come round to Smollett's opinion. But, in his own day, he was regarded as a vandal and a heretic. In 1764 he visited Scotland, and was warmly welcomed by his kinsman, the laird of Bonhill. In 1769 he published 'The Adventures of an Atom,' a stupid, foul, and scurrilous political satire, in which Lord Bute, having been his patron, was 'lashed' in Smollett's usual style. In 1768 Smollett left England for ever. He desired a consulship, but no consulship was found for him, which is not surprising. He died at Monte Novo, near Leghorn, in September (others say October) 1771. He had finished 'Humphrey Clinker,' which appeared a day or two before his death.

Thackeray thought 'Humphrey Clinker' the most laughable book that ever was written. Certainly nobody is to be envied who does not laugh over the epistles of Winifred Jenkins. The book is too well known for analysis. The family of Matthew Bramble, Esq., are on their travels, with his nephew and niece, young Melford and Lydia Melford, with Miss Jenkins, and the squire's bitter, greedy, and amorous old maid of a sister, Tabitha Bramble. This lady's persistent amours and mean avarice scarcely strike modern readers as amusing. Smollett gave aspects of his own character in choleric, kind, benevolent Matthew Bramble, and in the patriotic and paradoxical Lieutenant Lismahago. Bramble, a gouty invalid, is as full of medical abominations as Smollett himself, as ready to fight, and as generous and open-handed. Probably the author shared Lismahago's contempt of trade, his dislike of the Union, his fiery independence (yet he does marry Tabitha!) and those opinions in which Lismahago heralds some of the social notions of Mr. Ruskin. Melford is an honourable kind of 'walking gentleman'; Lydia, though enamoured, is modest and dignified; Clinker is a worthy son of Bramble, with abundant good humour, and a pleasing vein of Wesleyan Methodism. But the grotesque spelling, rural vanity, and *naïveté* of Winifred Jenkins, with her affection for her kitten, make her the most delightful of this wandering company. After beholding the humours and partaking of the waters of Bath, they follow Smollett's own Scottish tour, and each character gives his own picture of the country which Smollett had left at its lowest ebb of industry and comfort, and found so much more prosperous. The book is a mine for the

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historian of manners and customs; the novel reader finds Count Fathom metamorphosed into Mr. Grieve, an exemplary apothecary, 'a sincere convert to virtue,' and 'unaffectedly pious.'

Apparently a wave of good nature came over Smollett: he forgave everybody, his own relations even, and he reclaimed his villain. A patron might have played with him. He mellowed in Scotland: Matthew there became less tart, and more tolerant. An actual English Matthew would have behaved quite otherwise. 'Humphrey Clinker' is an astonishing book, as the work of an exiled, poor, and dying man. None of his works leaves so admirable an impression of Smollett's virtues; none has so few of his less amiable qualities. With the cadet of Bonhill, outworn with living, and with labour, died the burly, brawling, picturesque old English novel of humour and of the road. We have nothing notable in this manner, before the arrival of Mr. Pickwick. An exception will scarcely be made in the interest of Richard Cumberland, who, as Scott says, 'has occasionally . . . become disgusting, when he meant to be humorous.' Already Walpole had begun the new 'Gothic romance,' and the 'Castle of Otranto,' with Miss Burney's novels, (themselves not uninfluenced by Smollett,) was to lead up to Mrs. Radcliffe and Scott, to Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen.

## THE AMERICAN ATHLETE BY THEODORE ANDREA COOK



WE have all been hearing a great deal about the United States lately, and have begun to realise that an English-speaking community is in existence, some way off, it is true, which appears to have made up its mind to enter into competition with the Englishman in everything. Vague ideas as to the possibility of having to face that competition are gradually penetrating the collective mind of the United Kingdom. For many generations the person who rejoices in the name of 'Britisher' has comfortably divided the known Universe into Himself and Foreigners, with a further confidence, which would be even more touching were it not too deep to need expression, that these two classes are respectively placed by Providence in a sphere that may roughly be described as 'All Right,' and in various zones of outer darkness which can only be regarded with a pained suspicion. Our insularity has become even more emphasised of late by a refusal, possibly unconscious hitherto, to admit even a temporary superiority on the part of the foreigner in the two forms of sport which are appropriate to our rough island story, Rowing and Swimming. In every other, this athletic people has had to admit a casual defeat in the last year or so.

But the Sportsman is not alone. When he talks Politics he hears strange tales of the Monroe Doctrine and the Nicaragua Canal, of Cuba and the Philippines; when he goes into the City he is assured that all the steel belongs to Mr. Carnegie, and all the ships to Mr. Pierpoint Morgan, while his daily paper informs him that Mr. Harper is of the opinion that the Literary Market has certainly shifted from London to New York, even if it has not gone somewhat farther west to Chicago. At Newmarket, among congenial spirits, he hears of little else but the 'American Invasion,' and will be fortunate if some particularly stubborn Tory among the trainers does not loudly abuse in his presence 'the foreign devils' and all their wicked ways. A Chess match, it appears, has been ended in a draw between teams on each side of the Atlantic. Ten American and ten British sharpshooters are practising for a trial of skill at clay pigeons in June. Pennsylvania University is on its way to challenge our best crews at Henley. American athletes are running in the Amateur Athletic Championships soon afterwards, and a combined team from Oxford and Cambridge are going over to race the men of Yale and Harvard on the cinderpath in the autumn.

Even now he has not heard all; but a suspicion has become more or less firmly planted in his breast that the American is not as other foreigners are. When this new breed of energetic humanity

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enters the field of commerce it is with the command of wealth so colossal that he is relieved from the necessity of bargaining, and can beat any market which he believes it advantageous to outbid. When he takes up athletics it is with the determination to win, not with the mere delight in play. There appears in him not merely that superfluous attention to detail which no true Briton will ever bemean himself to realise, but also a backbone and a pluck in general outlook and in refusal to be beaten, that was surely intended to be the monopoly of these islands. Apparently it is so no longer. But this is not all. We have grown up, thinks the Britisher aforesaid, with a long tradition of good sportsmanship in our veins. No one can take that from us; and no one can learn those ancestral aptitudes which are as natural to us as the air we breathe. Yet what if this new nation has produced the same results with different means? How explain so gross an anomaly?

To say that the modern American (I use the term throughout as a convenient abbreviation for a citizen of the United States) is what he is because certain colonists sent by England to the Atlantic seaboard revolted and set up an independent community, is to misunderstand the whole history of the nineteenth century. In Boston city houses, or in Virginia country mansions, there is probably as much of the work of Chippendale or Adams or their artistic predecessors, as in any similar area in England. But the men who live among those surroundings to-day, the men who buy up all our early folios of Shakespeare and all our Gainsboroughs, are different from their 'furniture and fittings.' A slow and subtle and inflexible process of change has been going on for a hundred years in their bodies and in their whole outlook upon life. It may be questioned whether so great a change would have occurred if the frontiers of English North America extended from the Pole to Panama; probably it would have been limited to those effects which climate and physical conditions inexorably produce on men of any nation who are persistently subjected to them. As a matter of fact, the modern citizen of the United States is a very much more complicated product. There have been intermarriages, of course; but it is usually from the western side of the Atlantic that the heiress has arrived, and the children therefore remain as an addition only to the English stock. Recent events have, indeed, lent some probability to the suggestion of a well-known Colonial orator, that the alliances between Great Britain and the United States may very fairly be described as Morgantic. But a constant stream of wives as well as husbands has been pouring into America for the last half-century from every other civilised country on the face of the globe, with the result that the blood of the inhabitants as a whole is probably the most catholic mixture in the world. As the progenitors of the parent stock, our own remote forefathers would

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no doubt be proud could they observe to-day the pre-eminence which has been retained in that great country by the original elements in its population. Yet, if we neglect externals for the moment, the modern American is far more French than he is English; French, that is, in the best sense; German too, also in the best sense; the sensitiveness of an artistic nation, and the industry of a plodding people, have been absorbed together into a racial predominance of intellect and fibre that was inherited from the seventeenth-century settlers. One result is the incredible success of some American speculators. Another is the American athlete.

This young man has been instructed by his father that his mission in life is to make money after he has come of age, and to make himself at all ages. He has no false pride about his competitors. Each of them is a man as he is, and each of them has to be beaten. He has no traditions to go upon, for he is probably, like Napoleon's relative, his own ancestor. But he means to make up for that by taking far more pains than any one who relies on ancient history for his success. The world lies before him as an open book, and he reads it while he runs. A new idea is not to be condemned merely because a nation not his own has been responsible for its inception. It will not be abandoned till it has had a fair trial. It will not be laughed at until he has beaten it himself. The one test of everything is, not its origin, not the pleasure or profit of its progress, but its result. He fights, and runs, and rows, to win. To use a metaphor that must not be too literally strained, he follows the hounds to kill the fox, not to have a good day across country in the winter. So he is in at the death when his companions have come a cropper over a sunk fence; and he does not forget to carry home the brush. This attitude is so natural to him that he has rarely cared to analyse it. Now and then, one of his compatriots points it out to him after a more or less prolonged visit to these leisurely shores. Mr. Henry James, for instance, who left New York when an infant of a few months old, and has never seen any reason to regret the decision, sometimes gives a gentle reminder to his hurrying countrymen. Mr. Casper Whitney—to take an example more in sympathy with my subject—observes English sport with a keen and understanding eye, and goes home to tell his compatriots all about it. But they do not change. 'America gets a little more so every year,' writes Mr. Poultney Bigelow; and he is right. Americans come over here to row against us, and they await the arrival of our athletes on their own arenas, with an outlook completely different from that of their opponents, and with an entirely different method of preparation. The opportunities for international athletic contests are increasing every year. Within the next few months, as I have said, there are several important Anglo-American fixtures. So it may be well that our English athletes



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should consider, before it is too late, the kind of men and the kind of competitions they will have to face. Our Football season ended in a flourish of trumpets: so I will begin with that as my first illustration of the difference between the American and the English athlete.

For many years the American had no time to amuse himself at all. When he first thought of it he looked across the Atlantic to see how our youths occupied their leisure moments, and he quickly made his choice. He was certainly not going to sit round in a solemn ring for three days while two elevens played cricket: so that particular form of English sport did not spread far outside of Philadelphia. Elsewhere base-ball was cheerfully substituted;—of which more later. Rowing and athletic sports had their points. But Football he took to at once. As a matter of fact, he organised it as soon as we did; from practically the same beginnings he developed an absolutely different game, and the difference between his football and our own to-day will give the measure of his separation from those old ideals which once were common to both countries.

It was not until 1841 that Tom Hughes drew up the first written code of rules at Rugby. Eight years afterwards Oxford and Cambridge took up the game, but did not play their first match till 1873. It was in the very next year that Yale was beating Princeton, Columbia, and Rutgers after an almost exactly similar period of preliminary experiments; so that it is fair to say that English and American players started level. For the purpose of this argument I can neglect the Association game, because it is characteristically English, and has never appealed to America at all, though its development here at the present day exhibits symptoms on which I shall have to comment in another connection. When we get the result of over a hundred thousand people watching twenty-two players, it is useless to discuss the scene from the point of view of the development of national athletics. Our Rugby game, however, has remained to a large extent amateur. Americans would describe it as 'amateurish.' They cannot understand the carelessness of those two fifteens; they are amazed at the few rules which govern them, and the loyalty with which these are obeyed.

As soon as the best English clubs began to codify their rules, the practice of allowing players to run ahead of the ball, protecting the man who had it, and ready to take it on from him, was forbidden. But 'off-side' play has been the essence of the American game from its beginning. Our next 'reform,' to which sturdy Old Rugbeians all objected, was in the direction of stopping 'hacking over' and rough play, particularly that form of rough play which interfered with players who were nowhere near the ball. This, again, is an essential factor 'on the gridiron' in any match between Yale and

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Harvard. Then we reduced our ponderous sides from twenty (and even more) to fifteen. Americans did the same and went much further; they reduced the teams to eleven, which we had done in the Association game, but they continued the rest of the changes on the lines of the Rugby model. As soon as our sides became more manageable we invented and developed the three-quarter back. Half-backs learnt to feed them. Long and low passes were introduced. The forwards discovered the possibilities of 'screwing round' a scrimmage, and of dribbling the ball right down the field at their feet in a combined rush. You might imagine this was a good deal. Sit beside me for a moment in Manhattan Field and watch a University game in New York, and you will begin to realise how little it really is.

'The Englishman's idea,' says Mr. Whitney, in the book to which I have referred, 'appears to be an afternoon's sport first, and winning and records afterwards'; and, as a matter of fact, that theory would cover all the facts of English athletic development; but it is by no means the idea of the young American. When he first received the code of English rules he subjected it to a merciless investigation, considering its sentences not as suggestions to be observed, but as legislation to be evaded. To say that he promptly drove a coach and four through every page would be a very faint description of his proceedings. I shall be obliged to be technical for a few lines to prove my point, for generalities are useless even to the layman, and the footballer will naturally insist on detail. The 'off-side' rule is the mainstay of our game. As soon as Americans began to 'study' it, they found it perfectly simple to make rings all round it without chance of any discovery by the most lynx-eyed referee. This led to their first alteration in the rules. An illegality that is persistently practised can only be dealt with by being promptly legalised; and this is true on fields other than that of football, for no statute-book in the world can enforce its regulations if they are against the bulk of popular opinion. So the 'off-side' rule was abolished by the institution of what is called the 'snapback.' This gentleman has duties which are unknown over here. Our 'scrummage' is a very haphazard affair. The ball is put in, and it comes out again at random—how it can. This will never do, thought the American. So he ordered the 'snapback' (also called the 'centre-rusher') to hold the ball firmly on the ground between his legs. Then, in order to avoid any chance of error as to what was going to happen next, this player was instructed to shout out a code of secret signals, generally numbers, so that his own men might thoroughly understand what they were each to do. '3, 79, 45, 26, 18' would mean one kind of evolution; a different row of figures would imply another, and so forth. This idea alone very soon limited football to those centres of learning where there

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was a sufficient combination of intellect with muscle to ensure these complicated orders being understood. Men stayed awake for nights at Yale mastering their 'signals,' for a mistake might mean defeat irretrievable and unspeakable; and defeat in the presence of all his friends and relations is a thing no American young man can anticipate with equanimity. So the ball is 'snapped' back as soon as the signals have been given, and by that one movement nearly the whole of the eleven are instantly 'off-side.' The 'rush-line,' who have all been standing in a row on each side of the central player, are, however, by no means disconcerted by their position. They instantly dash at some part of the opposing line (indicated by the signal), and proceed to 'make a hole in it,' through which the ball may eventually be carried by the runner, who will make his appearance from behind them, and will progress as far into the enemy's country as they can clear a path for him by a very elaborate system of 'interference.'

This was a good beginning; but it is nothing to what followed. Continued and careful scrutiny of the luckless code revealed the astonishing fact that all rules had been omitted against pinning your opponents' arms firmly to their sides, while your own friends did as they pleased with the ball in other portions of the field. So this was promptly forbidden; but no good resulted, for there was no rule against forming an impassable barrier of bodies (fancy a code which never mentioned 'bodies'!), so that it was perfectly simple to avoid defeat by never allowing the enemy to get near the ball at all. This was checked by insisting on one side moving the ball forward a certain distance in a certain time under the penalty of losing it. However, it was a very easy task for the strategist to discover some inevitable law of progress if progress was necessary; and a little further study of the luckless statutes revealed the pleasing fact that there was nothing in them to prevent the 'flying wedge,' a perfectly magnificent manœuvre by which a mass of men, starting from different points at different times, gradually converged and hurled the man with the ball through any defences with an irresistible momentum. As there are few more plucky mortals living than your American footballer, this resulted in such an alarming increase of fatalities that the 'wedge' was limited to three. Even then the contest between the 'football-lawyer' and the code was not over. The rules have swelled to Brobdingnagian proportions, and it is not over yet. But I shall follow it no further; and I need only add that every other detail in the possibilities of the game has been severely dealt with.

It would weaken a side to have too many injuries: so the men wear a perfect armoury of defensive appliances. Canvas jackets, knee and elbow guards, thigh and ankle pads, nose and mouth guards, ear-bandages, leg-guards,—all these have been added to the

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shorts and jersey of the English player; and as it would reduce the excitement if an eleven were to play short, if it lost one of its men in spite of all these precautions, a line of blanketed substitutes stand ready round the field, instantly to take the place of any fallen hero. The doctor with his bundle of cotton wool and his bucket of antiseptics is as much in evidence as he used to be in the old days of duelling. The very applause is regulated and not left to chance enthusiasm at all. The short, sharp 'Rah! Rah! Rah!' of Yale is answered by 'Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Penn-sylvan-i-ah!' Or screams of 'Cornell! I Yell! Yell! Yell! Cornell!' are fiercely drowned in 'Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Tiger! Sis! Boom! Ah! O Princeton!'—the whole under the guidance of a stalwart conductor, who waves his cane to guide the supporters of his team. It may be most important for that team to get a cheer at a critical moment: so why leave it to chance? But 'All together, all the same thing, and all as loud as possible;' and there is not much risk of the most disheartened player failing to recognise his friends' enthusiasm.

I have spoken of the extraordinary systematisation which this insistence on result has produced. I cannot entirely omit a more unpleasant consideration. The object of the player being to get a goal by any means that are not absolutely forbidden, he is just as ready to score off an opponent by deliberately deceiving him as by out-playing him at his own game by mere merit. The consequence is that tricks and dodges abound, and the 'fake-runner,' or the 'fake-kick,' is an essential and recognised part of the American game. Whether, as a whole, it is better or worse than our own, I must leave my readers to decide from the facts I have now laid before them. Our Rugby game will never take a similar complexion while the Rugby Union insists on amateurism, for the game could not be so changed until the players had suffered a similar transformation in their whole point of view, which is impossible while we remain on this side of the Atlantic. But, oddly enough, almost exactly the same results have been produced by professionalism in our own Association game. Here you find the same hard commercial atmosphere that envelops their big football matches, the same speculative eye for big gate-receipts, the same vast expenses for a team's training. We have even gone further. For an Eleven that is run by a limited-liability company, and is dependent for its existence upon the number of goals it can score against all comers, has reduced what was once a game to a mere organisation for making money by amusing the public. If these methods are persisted in, we shall certainly see American developments of play introduced as well; for pecuniary greed in English professional football will produce exactly the same effects in time as an undue insistence on results alone has produced in the United

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States. For all I know, we attained the 'fake-kick' in last season's play.

But for the real glorification of the fake you must watch an American game of baseball. In this the various deceptions are so highly organised that, with the exception of school and college teams, the game is monopolised by the professionals who compose the many teams competing in the National League. The costume worn by the 'nine' is hardly more seductive than that affected by the long-haired football player; for no one can look handsome in a long-sleeved semmet which protrudes from beneath a short-sleeved jersey, and in knickerbockers which are chiefly calculated to withstand the wear and tear and dusty friction to which they are subjected by the art of 'running for base,' and sliding the last few yards on your face in a recumbent posture. The game lasts about an hour and a half, and it is 'full of hot sand and ginger' all the time. The ground is usually devoid of turf and often nothing better than hard-trodden mud. The crowd applauds with an amount of slangy zest and uproarious humour which I have never heard equalled except occasionally in Yorkshire or the Midlands. The umpire has just as perilous a post as our referee at a professional football match. The visiting teams are received with just as scant a courtesy, and the difficulties of their novel surroundings are gleefully seized upon and emphasised. The skill of the opposing sides is by no means limited to pitching the ball or running. One of the batting team, who is otherwise unoccupied, has the regular duty assigned to him of 'rattling' the fielding side by yells and shouts at the most delicate crises, or by pretending himself to be a runner. The catcher's signals to his pitcher (hinting the exact kind of ball that should be sent down) are intercepted by the opposing coach, who shouts to the batter the right way to receive the delivery; and the most complicated mechanical appliances are employed in this connection. At first sight there seems no need for all this. The skill of a first-class pitcher is something that must be seen to be believed. It is no exaggeration that the best can so manipulate a ball as to make it fly straight out of their hand for some distance, then curve round a tree, and afterwards resume its original direction. This may explain the nervousness of some English county cricket captains as to the possibilities of unfair bowling; but they would have only genuine admiration for the accuracy and strength with which a long-field at baseball will return the ball to base from a tremendous distance. 'Glorified rounders' it may be; but glorified out of all knowledge by persistent and relentless study of its possibilities.

International contests at baseball are, however, highly improbable at any period. But American athletes will be seen at the Huddersfield championship, and we are sending over a team to race them in the autumn: so I will turn to what they have done in this

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direction. My earliest illustration will perhaps be to recall to your memory that magnificent afternoon at Queen's Club when Yale and Harvard did so brilliantly against Oxford and Cambridge. In that list of splendid contests one burst of speed stands out pre-eminent. It was seen when the American, who was well behind Thomas twenty yards from home, in the hundred, suddenly leaped forward and hurled himself ahead like a shot out of a cannon. Thomas himself was covering over ten yards a second at the time, and the length of his stride would be an interesting detail to discover. Consider what pace the American must have developed to have gone so much faster that he gained three yards out of the last twenty. He gained them because he had been carefully taught how to finish, just as he had gone through a laborious training to learn how to start. The Englishman had probably not paid much particular attention to either matter, and it was from across the Atlantic that he first heard of the perfection of that 'handspring' off the line which Americans were the first to invent in order to get swiftly into their full speed. I have no doubt that if you had asked the winner of that particular race how many times he had drawn a breath from start to finish he would have been able to tell you, because there is a right number and a wrong number, and he certainly left nothing so important to mere chance.

It was Myers, too, who taught us that the half-mile was a sprint and not a waiting race. It would never have been accomplished under two minutes if he had not discovered that the man who ran the first four hundred yards as hard as Providence permitted was physically capable of keeping the lead he had obtained if he only had the pluck to use his training. It was the same thing in the hurdles, at the meeting to which I have referred. Far from being an 'obstacle,' each piece of timber appeared only to have the effect of automatically lengthening the American's stride. In the high jump a similar difference was observable. The American had not a superfluous ounce on his body to lift over the bar. The Englishman was a beautiful natural jumper; but he had not half the art of screwing himself over a height, and he had left far too much flesh to be screwed over. In the hammer and the weight the contrast was even greater. Americans abandoned our antiquated methods about the time when Rip Van Winkle saw the dwarfs at bowls upon the Katskills. It is only when such a giant as Hales of Cambridge arises in the land that we approach their average performances, for they have thought out the whole problem of applied mechanics that is involved, and they put every bone and muscle to its best use. But in long-distance races we can still beat them. Their climate is more favourable to those sudden bursts of energy and speed which are necessarily short-lived. When it becomes a contest of one man's physical stamina against another's, and not of skill, either in the

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manipulation of any exterior mechanical appliances, or in the adaptation of natural forces to a momentary effort, we can hold our own. When brains as well as brawn come in we have to confess defeat.

The reason is fairly obvious. We have often been laughed at for 'taking our pleasures sadly'; but it is a most ignorant criticism, if sadness be a result of care and thought. Whether we run, or play football, or row, we are very much more like the happy young waterman of the ballad who 'rowed along, thinking of nothing at all.'

After barely a month's practice out of the twelve our healthy athletes imagine they can run and jump as well as is necessary. The careworn young American only appears on the cinder-track after many months of thought and work, both out of doors and in his gymnasium, where a running-track has been laid down for him in the gallery to enable him to get the right kind of exercise in bad weather. He has taken himself and his particular performance with a seriousness that one can scarcely realise in any walk of life. I have seen a losing football team hurl themselves on to the ground in a passion of regret and misery. I have seen beaten oarsmen retire to the farthest recesses of their boathouse to hide the poignant sting of failure. Imagine that in England! Perhaps we might be more successful if that were our temperament; but I think success would be too dearly bought. We have not all of us made a business out of our sport as yet: we still preserve a little of what Mr. Caspar Whitney (with a grim suggestiveness of contrast) calls 'the recreative feature.'

My last illustration in this sketch of international sport will be that of boat-racing, which most of my readers will be watching (with a much more languid interest than our American visitors) at Henley this July. So you will be able to put the truth of what I say to an immediate test. I have lived for some time in the United States, and I have observed the various forms of American athletics on both sides of the Atlantic for a much longer period. But I watched nothing with so much interest as the rowing, and I have had few more interesting experiences than that of taking out the various members of a Harvard crew in a tub pair, and showing them, to the best of my limited ability, the way in which an English University oarsman is taught to row in the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race. Their polite inquisitiveness and anxious courtesy could only have been exceeded by the ambassador of a great power intent on discovering the clauses of a secret treaty. They were terribly in earnest; and I felt that, far from dismissing the subject directly they landed, as my light-hearted comrades of the Isis would have done, they would worry it out all night rather than miss the bearing of a single point they thought of value. The mental attitude was

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wholly different, and when you know the different circumstances it is easily intelligible.

As in football and in other things, Americans have hitherto been content with very few actual competitions in rowing. The overwhelming importance of one or two encounters has been as much as they can stand. Conditions of climate have further limited their practice upon open water; for an American winter is no joke, and the greatest enthusiast cannot propel a light boat with any profit through six inches of solid ice. The consequence is that in their determination to learn racing they have somewhat neglected the art of watermanship, and the internal constitution of their Universities has emphasised the difficulty. To take Harvard as a typical example: It is divided up, not into the colleges we know at Oxford or Cambridge (both Yale and Harvard are collectively spoken of as a 'college' in the United States), but into a number of superior boarding houses called 'halls.' If I am right in my estimate of the English character, these geographical divisions would be promptly accepted over here as so many competitive units. Not so with the American student. He sticks to the division by University seniority all through his Harvard days. First-year and second-year men, who rejoice in different nicknames, must never imperil the dignity of third-year men by competition. The 'class of 1901' would not dream of racing an eight which contained members of the 'class of 1903.' It is as if the President of the Cambridge eight were debarred from putting a first-rate Eton freshman into the crew that was to race Oxford at Putney. But it has much worse results than that. Before Mr. R. C. Lehmann's famous visit to Boston, a Harvard oar could scarcely imagine the possibility of more than the single race against Yale, towards which the whole of his energies and thoughts for many months had been directed. Just consider for a moment the entirely different preliminaries of any of the English University oars who will be meeting Pennsylvania at Henley, Pennsylvania, who are in hard training for the Grand as I write these lines at the beginning of May, and who have thought of nothing else for some six months. We will take the case of an Oxford freshman, who came up from Eton or Radley with a first-class reputation. He probably rowed in the University fours in the October term, and had an oar in the trial eights as well. He may have missed a seat in his college torpid owing to superior engagements; but it is quite likely that he raced in that before going into training with the University crew. As soon as he went up in the summer term he was in his college boat, and after that he has a string of sculls and pairs and other races, in all of which he is delighted to compete. Before the end of the summer term, but not long before, the captain of the boat-club suggests that some one may have noticed the fact of an American entry for



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Henley mentioned in the papers. 'Why not go in ourselves? We have made our six bumps on the river; we shall easily get together again; and Leander has a strong enough crew without asking for any of our men. Let's enter.' So they enter, with the calmness of a crew that paddles down to the start for the Torpids! If they eventually win there is great jollification over the cup. If they lose they have done their best, and there is no ill-feeling against any other crew that has been fast enough to beat them.

The totally different frame of mind in the American oarsman is due entirely to the little competition he has had, and the consequent importance of each race; it is not due to the fact that rowing itself is a novelty to him. As a matter of history, the Detroit Boat Club was started only ten years later than our first University race was rowed. Yale took up the sport soon afterwards, and by 1856 she was racing regularly with Harvard, four years *before* the contest at Putney had become an annual fixture. Sliding seats were invented in 1857 by a member of a Nassau boat club, and Yale was using them three years before our Universities attempted the new invention, which was first exemplified in its full perfection by Hanlan. 'Fas est et ab hoste doceri.' There was never a better example of education in defeat. For Englishmen learnt the lesson of bodyswing and legdrive on a sliding seat, and Americans apparently forgot all about it. This was not because they did not watch, but only because they were too anxious. They are beginning now to realise that all English crews have some ideal of a common standard of first-rate style, and the nearer a boat gets to that ideal the better chance it has of winning. Mr. Muttelbury had no peculiar secret which was the patent of the crew he favoured with his attention. Mr. Harcourt Gold divulged, for the benefit of Oxford, no artifices which had been hidden in the recesses of his private notebook. But in America, though both Yale and Harvard have profited by Mr. Lehmann's visit and advice, a crew from any other college would no more have dreamt of revealing the peculiarities of its special 'stroke' than would an American football team think of practising its 'signals' before a single alien eye. Coaches like Bob Cook of Yale, or Ellis Ward of Pennsylvania, or Courtney of Cornell, have each elaborated the exact method by which they believe a boat to be best propelled. They drill this into their crews with grim energy for months, and they begin by teaching their correct set of motions in the tank of the gymnasium floor. Think of it! These unhappy young heroes train for months in the gymnasium which an English wetbob has probably never entered since his early years at school. They pull at weights and levers; they work at horizontal bars; they develop every muscle to a degree of mechanical fitness we can only admire without any hope of imitating. 'Rowing machines' are

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carefully constructed, in which the water is made to flow past the stationary boat at a certain pace; or gelatinous substances are squeezed by the oars through orifices of a certain size, so that every galley-slave may learn the exact motions, supervised by the coach, who walks upon the gang-plank by their side. When they are put into a boat on open water the same motions in the same sequence at the same pace are rigidly continued. They pick up their watermanship as they can.

Let me take a concrete result of such training as this which many of my readers will remember—the Yale crew at Henley in 1896. They were probably, for all-round strength and vigour, eight of the best-developed men who ever sat in a boat. Their bodily condition presented many interesting divergences from that of their competitors. On the one side you saw the long, calm, loose-built rowing man of our metropolitan clubs and universities, whose arms were probably his weakest part. On the other was the nervous, 'brainy,' thick-set American, with the muscles of his upper and forearm as well developed as the rest of him. For half a mile, as it turned out, the 'Yale stroke' was astonishing. They ripped out the finish with their arms, leaving the bodies almost perpendicular, and their swing forward was almost as short, for their swivel-rowlocks and long slides brought them right up to their work with hardly any swing. They had evidently never been so hard pressed for half a mile as Leander pressed them. At the three-quarters of a mile their coach must have begun to realise that the anatomy of the human arm was somewhat faulty. The Yale men were rowing just as pluckily; but their arms had gone. No bone and muscle ever bred can stand the strain they put upon their muscles in the last quarter of that Henley course. Leander swung out, forward and back, as tired as Yale were, but swinging every ounce of weight against their blades, and shoving every inch of slide back with their legs. This is no place for a lengthy disquisition on the art of rowing: so I need only add that the Yale stroke proved useless when the men were not 'keyed up' to concert pitch.

What Mr. Ellis Ward of Pennsylvania may be teaching his men I do not know. Nobody does outside his own crew. But he is as confident of success as they are, and they have a fine record. Rowing machines will be screwed to the deck of their steamer, so that they may not lose the benefit of Mr. Ward's continued advice during the voyage. They are probably the fastest crew now in the United States, and they have chosen their own time for coming over to compete for one single race. We have to meet them with what material we happen to have ready. Leander or New College, or a Trinity eight, or Thames, or London, will be drawn against them. In the first three cases probably the crew

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that races will not have rowed in the same boat together for three weeks. They will have to take their chance of whatever wind the luck of the station may give them. They may have (though I hope not) one or two members in each crew who are rowing in other events. They may not have the best men possible, owing to a fear of spoiling other combinations, their object being to support English rowing as a whole and not to secure the victory in one race by one crew. The result will be interesting.

However different their experiences may have been, the undergraduates of the University of Pennsylvania have a longer history than we sometimes realise. The first sketch of the institution they will represent in July at Henley occurs in Benjamin Franklin's 'Proposal Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania,' and in the ideals of that 'College of Mirania' which Dr. William Smith (the first Provost) evolved from his enthusiastic dreams. This Dr. Smith was given a degree by the Universities of Oxford and Aberdeen. His appeal against local injustice was upheld by the Privy Council of these realms, and his request for subscriptions towards the new foundation over-seas was supported by archbishops, bishops, peers, and clergymen all over the United Kingdom. Franklin's fledgling suffered under the rigour of Pennsylvania's new assembly after the mother-country, which had sent out William Penn, was definitely cut off from his descendants. But by 1791 the University was re-organised, forty-two years after its inception. To-day sixty acres are too little for its buildings. Its Provost, Mr. C. C. Harrison, LL.D., wields a non-sectarian rule over 2576 students, with one instructor to every ten. Their athletes are not so numerous as those of Oxford or Cambridge; but they far outnumber those in any of the clubs they will meet at Henley, and they are very much more in earnest.

Philadelphia, the dwelling-place of the Pennsylvania crew, has been called (by other citizens of the United States) a 'sleepy' town. Well, it may be sleepy to have organised the first World's Fair in America, to have been the home of the first National Congress and the first Supreme Court in the United States, to have laid the keel of the first American man-of-war and unfurled the first American flag, to have printed the first daily newspaper and the first magazine, and to have established the first circulating library and the first corporate bank on the continent; but, if these be the marks of slumber, what must be the energy of the critics who deride them? You will find that Philadelphia's crew at Henley will wake us all up, however 'sleepy' their feverish compatriots may think them, and they will meet our English oarsmen on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

I must conclude with the shortest indication of the spirit in which the American athlete regards his sport as an occupation.

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Nothing surprised Mr. Caspar Whitney more than to see the Cambridge crew following their rivals in a spin over the course, and actually within earshot of all the rival coach was saying. What he, or any other American, would have felt had they realised that Cambridge men have coached Oxford crews and Dark Blue oars have taught good rowing on the Cam, I can scarcely conceive. The name of W. A. L. Fletcher may go down to history after the mention in Despatches won by his heroism at Hamelfontaine; it is assured of grateful memory in the world of Sport ever since he took the Cambridge crew in hand for two years, and by careful, persistent tuition gave them that improvement in form which broke the long series of successes won by his own University. Such a thing has never happened in the United States, and it will scarcely be possible in this generation. Secrecy in practice, special strokes, and special plays, are among the worst features of American athletics. They result in the fact that very few undergraduates ever see their College crew at all during its weary months of practice. It is bad enough for eight men to be in training together amid the most cheerful surroundings. When they train in the close atmosphere of a guarded enclosure, with nothing to take their minds off themselves and their one race, it results in the over-nervousness we noticed when Cornell left Leander at the start at Henley, and in the over-insistence on legalities which we heard when Cornell refused to row the race. They were quite sufficiently punished by being beaten by a College crew instead; but the state of nerves which led to that was clearly a mistake. Again, if English athletes are blessed in their immunity from secrets and from special 'strokes,' if they actually dine together on the evening of their contests, and even (*horribile dictu!*) meet each other on very friendly terms while they are preparing for them, they are also to be congratulated on their freedom from those unintelligible 'politics' of sport which complicate American newspapers so much for English readers. Undergraduates at Oxford or Cambridge have long ago discovered that a man of their own standing makes the best president of their University Club for the management of their own affairs, and that the best captain of their college crews is to be found in the finest oarsman in the boat itself. While the question of finance looms so large in American athletics, it will no doubt be as necessary for dons and professional trainers to manage the sport of the undergraduates, and write long letters about it, as it is necessary to Sheffield United or Tottenham Hotspur to have a limited-liability company with all its officials behind them.

The lust for records and the commercial spirit are to my mind the two great faults of the American athlete. They have made their appearance in England, and I can only hope we shall be

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warned in time before we let them go too far. An excellent object-lesson could be obtained by several exhibition-games of baseball at the Oval. But I have not written this paper with the mere object of revealing what I take to be the weaknesses of our Transatlantic friends. My remarks will have failed altogether in their object if they are not taken in the spirit of the first few sentences with which I began. It is useless, in fact, to go on in the bland conviction that we are still the best athletes in the world. The ways by which the American has reached his possibilities of superiority may not, perhaps, commend themselves to all of us. But we have to face them. To lose the Grand Challenge at Henley would be a distinct blow to English rowing. Our opponents will leave no single stone unturned to win it. Let us realise that, and even do what we have so seldom done before—think over the elements of the problem.

We have actually invented (thanks to Dr. Warre) an entirely new pattern for the hull of a racing boat, which is also shorter at each end than the usual model of the last twenty years. That is a most encouraging sign. Let us do some more thinking before it is too late. Henley was started for the encouragement of English oarsmanship; yet I should be sorry to think that the editor of the *Astorian* was widely supported in his astonishing opinion that 'the great mistake was in admitting foreign competition at all, which ought never to have been done' (May 11, 1901). That is a very narrow-minded view. If our best crews are not good enough to win the Grand against all comers they deserve to see a foreigner take away the Challenge Cup. But there is no reason why we should not realise what is involved by the presence of a first-class foreign entry. Ghent sent a crew last year which almost beat Leander. Are we to refuse their entry this July because we are afraid they may succeed? Pennsylvania are coming with a crew that will be good enough for our best, composed of men who will row in one event alone. Is it too much to ask the captains of our champion crews at least to see that their own men only row in that same one event, and do not lessen their strength by taking part in other contests, as is our happy custom in years of more domestic strife? We cannot put on a representative crew of English oarsmen; but we can at least try to see that each club is represented by its best men, and that no second-class crew spoils a first-class combination by claiming one fine oarsman who would be more serviceable in a better boat. All this only needs a little patriotic tact and management. And what the captains can do the Stewards can imitate on their own lines by special precautions for the avoidance of accidents on the course, which always produce an unfortunate impression. Spectators must help as well, for no amount of official care can get an idiot off the course in time if he cannot manage his

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own craft properly. Even the coxswains can take their share by an almost exaggerated punctiliousness in steering their correct course. None of these things will either damage Henley or imperil English rowing. A little more brains, but no more nervousness; a little more energy, but no more commerce; and the result will do no harm to the best exponents of English sportsmanship, whose highest interests we have all so much at heart.

## MARIE: AN EPISODE BY MARY STUART BOYD



RUDEN, A.R.A., sat alone in the studio of the great red-brick house he had built for himself at Kensington. The Italian model who had run hot-foot from town with the news of his election as an Associate of the Royal Academy had, according to the traditions of the art world, been rewarded with a sovereign, and was now being refreshed downstairs.

Cruden felt malcontent, dissatisfied. He was annoyed at himself for lacking that feeling of personal elation which one naturally expects to accompany public recognition. To resume his interrupted work was an impossibility. His mood had changed; the placid landscape at which he had been working would bore him; and it was idle to begin another, for soon the curiously-wrought iron handle of his door-bell would be warm with the hands of friends eager to rejoice in his success.

Rising from his seat, he began restlessly turning over old studies in search of a sketch of some detail required for the picture on the easel.

It was not in any of the portfolios containing his more recent work; and he was relinquishing the quest when, behind a heap of sketches, he espied a battered old portfolio. It had been his first, a clumsy thing contrived by himself in his student days from cardboard, brown paper, and scarlet cotton cloth. Time-worn and dilapidated though it was, the portfolio owned that power of awakening vivid memories possessed by inanimate objects; and Cruden's thoughts flashed back to that halcyon time when, his course at the Academy Schools completed, he had achieved a studio of his own and prepared to devote his life to landscape-painting.

His first studio! Looking round the lofty room, bedight with tapestry and curios, at the roof with its great domed light, Cruden thought, with a smile that was half cynical, half tender, of his first studio, one of a dozen alike with their four bare walls, bleak northern skylights, and tiny roof sleeping-chambers reached by a shaky little stair. As he opened the portfolio within whose dusty covers his old life seemed hidden away, a savour of the tobacco incense burnt in years past at the shrine of art arose, and he vaguely wondered what had become of his old briar pipe, the companion of many happy days. He smoked only cigars now, and those were of a special brand.

Idly turning over the sketches, he came upon a water-colour study of a girl's head, and the wistful brown eyes seemed to look at him reproachfully from across the mist of years.

There was magic in the glance: the dividing years faded; his affluent circumstances vanished.

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One long-forgotten November day had returned, and Cruden stood in the shabby studio at Primrose Hill. Outside, the air hung heavy with smoke-charged fog; within, the leaping flames in the stove lent a warm glow to the air. He heard again the unaccustomed sound of childish footsteps as they pattered along the stone-paved corridor, and, listening, noted that they paused a moment, irresolute, before the spurious stone dragon that guarded Rivington's portal; then, still with perfunctory interest, heard them advance and stop at his own door.

A gentle tap followed, and, opening the door, he found himself confronted by the serious, inquiring eyes of a child. In one hand she held a fragmentary umbrella; with the other she tendered a note. It was the stereotyped begging-letter, the wonted wail of the mendacious mendicant, scrawled with the elaborate flourishes, lavish capitals, scratchy pen, and aqueous ink peculiar to epistles of like nature. Apart from that intolerance wherewith, in common with honest, hard-working manhood, Cruden regarded the great horse-leech fraternity, he had little money to spare. Yet the innocent aspect of the suppliant and her indefinable suggestion of having been fashioned to occupy a less sordid sphere, made him reluctant to dismiss her curtly: so, taking her into the warmth of the studio, he questioned her.

As she stood in the halo of the stove, the fire-light tinged with gold her soft brown hair, and lent alluring shadows to her hazel eyes. Her dress had reached a degree of meanness that the pitiful attempt at gentility betrayed by her dilapidated kid gloves served only to accentuate. But, whatever her worldly position denied her, an outward air of refinement was undeniably her birthright.

Cruden remembered how simply she answered his questions, proving neither forward nor *gauche*, but telling her story in a tuneful voice with a hint of a foreign cadence.

Her name was Marie Morier. She was really twelve, though she looked so small. Her father was French; he was a billiard-marker, but out of work. There were seven children; she was the eldest. They lived on what people gave them, and on the money she took home. She went out begging every day, taking the 'bus to new districts when she had exhausted those near her home. To-day she had chanced upon the Vandyke Studios, and thought to try her luck there.

Looking back, Cruden remembered how he puzzled over a way of helping her, and how pleased he had been when the happy thought suggested itself of recommending her to pose to Boynton, who only that morning had prowled in, lamenting the lack of a good child-model.

A happy thought. He wondered now if it really had been a



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happy thought that caused him by a word to change the whole current of Marie's life.

He remembered how gratified Boynton had been when, running down the chilly corridor, he had burst into his room with the words, 'I've secured the very girl you were howling for,' and brought him up to be presented to Marie, who was seated in the rickety second-hand rocking-chair, luxuriously warming her worn boots at the fire, while she made friends with the dignified old cat, Sir Frederick.

At a glance, Boynton's practised eye had descried the possibilities of the picturesque in Marie's slender figure and graceful movements. He promptly engaged her to sit for him on the morrow and many future days, giving her a coin in earnest of his sincerity.

It touched Cruden, even after this lapse of time, to recollect how the child palpitated with delight as she gathered the purport of Boynton's proposal. When he had gone came a burst of enraptured exclamation, 'No more begging; no more trudging about cold, muddy streets! Just to sit all day in lovely studios, dressed in pretty, clean clothes!' (Marie emphasised the 'clean.') 'I'll never beg again. The others can if they like; I won't.'

'But I thought you didn't dislike beg—going about?' Cruden had insinuated, amused by this burst of confidence.

'O! anything's better than *home*,' Marie had retorted significantly.

He could picture Marie's return next morning, eager to begin her new work. She was accompanied by a draggled woman whose blunted features still bore a disconcerting resemblance to those of her daughter. But the quiet independence of Marie was evidently not inherited. Mrs. Morier had the whine of the suppliant to an exasperating degree. She was grateful to the kind gentleman for giving Marie work; but all her pore little ones were starving. Could the kind gentleman not assist her pore husband also? He was so unfortunate.

Marie had listened with suppressed irritation to this recital, and she did not conceal her relief when, with parting instructions to be a good girl, and to be 'ave as the kind gentleman bid her, Mrs. Morier shuffled off down the passage.

He remembered how quickly Marie had won a place for herself among the toilers in Vandyke Studios. She proved a capital model, and posed with ease for all manner of pictures, from ambitious canvases fondly designed to storm the line at the Academy to the merest pot-boilers which, before their pigments were dry, the limners thereof sought to convert into dinners and teas. Her dainty charm made her popular with painters of the 'Kiss Mammy' school, and for a space Marie's presentments, as shown in the coloured supplements to Christmas numbers, flew far and wide over the civilised globe.

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She figured in Boynton's 'Bicycle made for Two' (Marie in a blue tippet seated on a cycle fondling a fat pug), a favourite presentation plate; also in his 'Now you're Grandmamma!' (Marie in a pink frock and sash, tying a frilled nightcap on a St. Bernard), a highly-successful chromo given away with the 'Family Friend.' Readsen portrayed her draped in a lace mantilla, with a rose behind her ear and a fan in her hand, as 'A Maid of Sunny Spain.' Readsen was dead now. Though he had only managed to keep his head above water while alive, his work had reaped a little posthumous fame. In Cruden's cynical mood he smiled to recollect that that very picture of Marie was hung in the Tate Gallery.

With naked feet and a tartan shawl, she was Ogilvie's ideal of a 'Highland Lassie.' Even Rivington had contrived to introduce her into several of his Anglo-Japanese *pochades*. Ogilvie was principal of a flourishing provincial school of art now; Rivington had married a rich woman, and abjured art.

He was glad to think that it had been a happy enough time for Marie, especially after a few attempts had convinced the coterie of artists regarding the futility of attempting to aid the parent Moriers. The mother was a lazy drab, and the father a drunken loafer. Young Sutton, a good-natured fellow whose speciality lay in the evolution of striking posters, managed, through his theatrical connection, to get the man an easy post at the Siddons Theatre, which appointment he retained for one day. How Marie came to be one of that household was a mystery. It was small wonder that, though born and bred among that beggar brood, her soul revolted against them, and that her only happy moments were those passed away from the den she called 'home.'

Cruden had been her first friend, and round him Marie's starveling affections centred. Being a landscape painter, he was rarely in need of her professional services; but when the early dusk of the winter afternoons had closed down over the city, and the painting-light had faded, Marie, her sitting over for the day, used to trip joyfully along the chilly corridors to his studio, where she would make and share his tea and toast; or, curled up in the rocking-chair, would nurse the complacent Sir Frederick. In these confidential moments she was wont to drop all reserve, and rail in her childish impotence at her parents' shiftlessness, improvidence, and greed.

Two or three years slipped by, and Marie shot up suddenly in height. She had reached an awkward stage, when she was too tall to sit as a child, too undeveloped to pose as a woman.

It was in summer, when painters are scattered far afield, when white umbrellas dot the land, and the demand for models falls to zero, that Lady Purkis—a dame of well-nigh limitless charities, wife of Sir Joseph Purkis, the well-known art patron—was discovered

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by the elder Moriers, who promptly proceeded, as somebody said, to hang themselves like a white elephant round her neck. Marie's budding beauty excited her interest, and, shocked to discover that her only means of support was the uncertain and not strictly reputable one of posing as an artists' model, the worthy lady did not rest until she saw her installed in a respectable situation as 'nursery-help' in the house of a country clergyman.

Possibly Marie had endured a surfeit of babes in her overpopulated home. A brief experience of servitude sufficed her: and one morning Cruden found her curled up fast asleep on the mat at his door, her cheek confidently resting against the lintel.

Her advent was speedily followed by a letter from the irate spouse of the clergyman, which stated crisply that Marie would contaminate a nation, and that she had committed the unpardonable sin of smoking in her room. This appalling assertion naturally brought a temporary cessation of Lady Purkis's efforts in her behalf; though Marie confessed to Cruden that it was only when desperately home-sick for her old life she had smoked a cigarette in the secrecy of her little attic chamber in the hope of gleaning a reminiscent whiff of the tobacco-tintured atmosphere of the Studios. Her heinous crime had the beneficial effect of inducing Lady Purkis to let her go her own way; and, the autumn being far advanced, the painting fraternity drifted back to town and Marie resumed her accustomed work.

Then the winter flew past, as busy winters do, and an April day came when Cruden occupied himself with the pleasant labour of preparing his traps for a long sketching tour in Normandy. Surrounded by a medley of folding easels, camp-stools, and drawing materials, he was wrinkling his brows over the problem of confining their collective bulk within portable dimensions, and of restricting the collective weight within reasonable limits, when to him entered Lady Purkis. He remembered how the purple plumes of her gorgeous bonnet nodded over her kindly, rubicund face while she told her mission.

'It's about those dreadful Moriers, Mr. Cruden. I must confess they've exhausted my patience, and I'm sure they've tired you and everybody else out too. Now, of course, Sir Joseph and I realise that it's no use trying to do anything for the parents; but we should like to give the children a fresh start. Well, some months ago, finding that they had respectable relations living in the Colonies, I wrote to them, and last week I had a reply—quite a nice one—from the friends, saying they are willing to do all they can, and that there is plenty of work for the taking. Sir Joseph is going to help, and I have pledged myself to provide free passages for the family. When I think of what they have cost me during the last two years"—she paused a moment to take breath—

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'it will certainly come cheaper in the end,' she said, with a half rueful laugh.

'I'll gladly help if I can,' Cruden had said,—'though I don't quite think we use our Colonies well in shipping them over all our lame dogs——'

But Lady Purkis was in no humour for discussing political economy. 'It is about Marie that I need your special help. She is nearly seventeen now, and is much too pretty and impressionable for the risks attending a model's career. I am particularly anxious that she should go, and yet she is the only one of the family who seems against going. Wholesome work in a new country will be the salvation of the family. Yet Marie was in a terrible state when she first heard of the plan this afternoon. Made quite a scene, and declared she wouldn't go. So, knowing that she counts you her best friend, I drove right up to ask you to use your influence with her.'

When Cruden had pledged himself to use his influence to drive Marie into exile—Sir Joseph had been his first patron, and it was Sir Joseph's money that had made his projected tour a possibility—and had escorted the charitable dame to her carriage, he returned to find the studio in the possession of Marie.

She was blazing with indignation at fate, her parents, the well-intentioned Lady Purkis, everything. After the lapse of years, Cruden could see her quivering form, hear her impassioned accents.

'I saw that woman's carriage at the gate, and I hid in the passage till she had gone. I knew she had come here to talk about me, and to set you against me.'

'Lady Purkis means nothing but kindness, Marie. You know how good she has been to your people, and you know it is best that you should go with them——'

'I won't go. I hate them. They'll keep dragging me down all my life. Nobody can force me to go with them. I won't go,' she urged furiously.

'But you must go, Marie. Don't be a silly girl. Don't you see that you can't possibly live in London alone?' urged Cruden judiciously.

Marie's defiant mood had fled. 'Couldn't you let me stay here and be a sort of servant to you? I won't eat much, and I can help to tidy up, and I can go out as a model,' she pleaded, her soft brown eyes brimming with tears.

For a moment Cruden, who prided himself upon his stability of intention, was irresolute. An undreamt-of temptation allured him. The interest in Marie awakened by their first meeting had never flagged. As the days passed, he had gradually grown fond of the dependent, clinging creature whose heaven lay within the bare-walled studio of a struggling artist. How strong his regard was

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he had not realised until Lady Purkis put forth her scheme of emigration. Poor little Marie! the studio would indeed be empty without her.

Suppose—suppose he were to marry her? For a moment only did the thought seem feasible. Then ambition rudely brushed Cupid aside. He could not afford a wife, though Marie would not be an expensive one. Apart from that, it would be social suicide to wed a girl of Marie's antecedents. He was determined to reach the top of the tree: how could he, with a disreputable load like the Moriers on his shoulders? He thrust the question of marriage roughly away.

But was marriage necessary? He was leaving town next day; he might take Marie with him. In the meantime no one would be the wiser—time would arrange the sequel.

She was kneeling very close to him, her wistful eyes fixed on his face, eager to interpret every change of expression. 'I would be your servant all my life,' she whispered. 'Only let me stay with you. Don't send me away.'

For a vital moment the fate of Marie trembled in the balance; but expediency was in one scale, and expediency, which ever proves a stronger deterrent to crime than conscience, outweighed love.

'You are talking what you know to be nonsense, Marie.' Man-like, Cruden strove by the harshness of his voice to conceal the softness of his feelings. 'You can't stay here. You know that's impossible. Besides, I'm going to France to-morrow, and I shall not be back for months. Lady Purkis has been most generous. It's ungrateful to her to behave like this. And when you get to Australia it will be all right. Your uncles there seem decent people, and will look after you.'

Marie's nebulous, scarce-formulated hopes had been dashed ruthlessly aside. Rising to her feet, she stood for a moment looking at him in silence. Then, dashing away her tears, she exclaimed desperately, in rapid, disjointed sentences: 'You won't help me—and you are the only one in the whole world I could ask—the only person I could come to in my trouble. I'll help myself, then.'

Snatching up her threadbare cloak, she rushed from the room, and Cruden could hear her feet stumble as she hurried along the dark corridor.

All manner of disquieting feelings possessed him. He knew he had acted with discretion, wisdom, and morality. Yet the glow of self-satisfaction that ought to follow a vanquished temptation was absent. Instead, that vague sense of mortification which oftentimes accompanies the performance of a wholly praiseworthy action fretted his soul. He hoped Marie would return and make friends with him again. Once before, when she had left him in a little

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fury, she had crept back at dusk to confess that she was sorry, and to crave forgiveness.

His packing completed, he sat late smoking, and retired to rest having exhausted all his arguments without either convincing himself that he was right or regaining his peace of mind.

With the morrow came the excitement of travel, followed by the Lethe of engrossing work amid fresh scenery, and Marie and her woes faded from his memory. Or if a fleeting thought of her crossed his mind, it was as of one already on the way to a life in a new country.

It was a glorious season for outdoor painting, and Cruden lingered in Normandy till the lash of the October rains drove him back to the bare studio at Primrose Hill. There disturbing news awaited him. Marie had vanished on the day preceding that fixed for the embarkation of the Morier tribe, who sailed for the Antipodes without her.

In the eyes of the world Cruden had acted aright: his conscience ought to have applauded his action regarding Marie. Yet if these frequent twinges did not proceed from an unquiet conscience, whence came they? Cruden felt that there had been great possibilities in Marie. The Fates had been against her; she had never had a chance. But what could he have done?

The months went past. Winter and spring slipped by, and late one June gloaming Cruden sat before his easel smoking and dreaming. Something suggested Marie, and half-unconsciously his thoughts busied themselves with her. Where she was it seemed useless to conjecture. She had vanished out of his life; yet the studio was the same. Sir Frederick, a trifle greyer now, dozed on his cushion. A new picture was on the easel; but some of the old ones leant against the walls, as though shamefully hiding their unsuccessful faces. By the fireplace hung the portrait study of Marie. It was one he had done to tide her over a dull time; and though figure-painting was not his strong point, Marie had always professed to like it better than any of the many portraits of her painted by other artists.

'If Marie came back now she would find nothing changed,' he thought: then—'but would she return unchanged?'

Even as he mused, a light tread sounded in the corridor; it advanced nearer, then hesitated a moment outside his closed door. Sir Frederick stretched himself and purred a welcome. Cruden drew moodily at a burnt-out pipe. He remembered how he had first listened to the patter of Marie's feet. The owner of the footsteps had evidently mistaken the number, for after a pause they slowly retreated; and through his dreaming Cruden heard their light echo fade away into the distance. Sir Frederick mewed disappointedly, curled up on his cushion, and dozed again.

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Like a flash the thought leaped to Cruden: Could those faltering steps have been hers—that soft footfall about which there was something so oddly familiar? He rushed out along the narrow corridor, and through the iron gates.

Between the long double line of twinkling street lamps the road stretched void and bare, a gaunt, grey finger pointing towards the feverish, palpitating heart of London.

The bell clanged. A sound of gay voices smote the air. With a start, Cruden awoke from his reverie. Drawing a deep breath that was half a sigh, he replaced in the dilapidated old portfolio the faded sketch of the wistful childish face whose owner had pleaded in vain.

# OUTDOOR LONDON

BY H. W. FOWLER



WE alone may call ourselves true Cockneys, who come not as reluctant sojourners for the business hours or the season's months, but worship our penates and take pride in our citizenship. We love to fortify ourselves by appeal to the devotion of Lamb and Johnson, Addison and Pepys. As we wonder how long 'sweet lavender' will yet outlive the rhythmic cries of which it is almost sole survivor, or resent a new avenue, broad and straight because some ancient inn or dilapidated market is no more, it is the Elian complaint of the decay of beggars that tunes our mood. We have still a Johnsonian exultation in the thought that there is more learning and science within a circumference of ten miles from where we sit than in all the rest of the kingdom. Our faces shorten to spectatorial dimensions as we take the hastier notes that modern hurry will allow of a more varied scene. We walk the park gravel with outward propriety of demeanour; but in spirit we there watch 'Theoph. outrun my wife and another poor woman that laid a pot of ale with me she would outrun her.'

There is no need, to be sure, of *laudes Londinii* in these days; 'the rest of the kingdom' has found out its attractions only too well; in speaking to outsiders, a leaf should rather be taken from Johnson's book. Boswell records that he, 'though at all times sensible it was a heaven upon earth,' exhorted others not to suppose that happiness was not to be found as well in other places as in London. But we warn off the outsider; our words are not meant for him; and our conscience is clear enough; even if he should read, there is nothing here that could appeal to him—only to those who may like to find collected what is familiar in detail already, and who can say of the civic sounds and sights, as Mopsus of Menalcas' song:

The south-wind's pipe, high-sounding as he comes,  
Delights me not so much, nor waves that break  
In music on the shore, nor torrent's voice  
That sweeps melodious down the rocky glen.

We set aside for a time the five million faces which do, no doubt, make the most powerful element in London's fascination, and attend first to that part of her ample charms which is inanimate. In this kind, the most distinctive of London's possessions is her atmosphere. It lacks oxygen, say the analysts disapprovingly; we do not dispute their words; we are not analysts; and we are concerned not with its hygienic properties (though we mutter fondly sometimes 'the healthiest city in the world'), but with its scenic. It is not insipidly, negatively translucent,—that is certain; there is perhaps now and then a day, a rare Sunday it may be, when the air



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puts on a sort of *ingenue* simplicity—what Mr. Howells calls slightly 'the candour of a summer day which has no reserves'; but after such childish freaks it soon remembers, from the æsthetic point of view, that mystery is the soul of art; and from the utilitarian, that a limpid Alpine clarity, leaving you in doubt whether you are five or thirty miles from what you look at, is a delusive boon. At the same time it seems to have renounced certain excesses of zeal in the other direction; in neither of the last two winters do we recall a fog which could bewilder a true Cockney, or reduce him to suing with golden offers for cabby's doubtful aid. Sudden darknesses there have been, but such as lamps could cope with; you might begin shaving with morning light enough, and have to break off to light your candles; but the gas-lamp still burning across the street would be visible, and its flame well defined. The sun is humble servant to this sturdy London atmosphere; the native-born would hardly, without help from the school-board, reach the induction that sunrise and sunset were daily events; but yet he may connect them with certain amethystine morning hues and evening smoky purples which, if less brilliant than the salmon and green and carnation of country displays, are at least *sui generis*, and must be seen by the solar connoisseur before he can boast that his collection is complete. In broad day, too, outside of those temporary aberrations already hinted at, when London forgets her age and identity, sunshine has a delicacy far removed from the unwinking garishness which unsophisticated rustics are said actually to prefer. If your window faces east or north it shows you a weird phantasmal gleam upon the houses across the square; this is the heaven-sent messenger, telling you that Phœbus is now to be seen in his admired *rôle* of the good man struggling against adversity; into your kindly Cockney heart 'consideration like an angel comes,' and bids you go forth, nor let such well-meant efforts pass unapplauded. You find street and park flooded with a golden-brown haze, mercifully softening harsh or mean outlines, and closing you in with a moving circle of some half-mile radius; that is sunshine, and as such it is hailed in foot-passengers' delighted comments on the lovely day. In this tender medium you may have the pleasure of outflanking shadows, as it were, or taking them on the wing; in front of you may be a black coat or dark wall-space, unilluminated itself but serving as background for some shadow chequer-work thrown by railings on the intervening haze, reminding you, *si parva licet componere magnis*, of Brocken spectres, and reversing the night effect of search-lights. Suburban railway lines and overhead wires seem to promise little beauty; the eye has seen them often enough to have exhausted their possibilities; but post yourself at the right level to catch the flashes of burnished copper colour that run like messages of good omen along the wind-swung wires, or stand in a

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station below the bridge, and see the rails pale towards the sun, ferruginous (shall we say?) in front, and Cambridge blue where they reflect the sky. There is after all, it seems, some soul of goodness in things evil.

It is after dark, however, that London's true spectacular triumphs are spread out. No such place for nocturnes, and that whether the air retains its Boeotian thickness, or, as often happens at night, purges itself into transparency. If the glow of a great fire is to be as lurid and impressive as it should, a colour-vehicle of some density is to be wished—a wish that calls the less for penitence since mist means windlessness, the fireman's best ally. The more peaceful every-night displays of varied lights do better when the air is thin enough to give sight an ample range. Then is the eye's cheap feast. There must be many a quiet Cockney who does not count his evening complete if he has not passed on a 'bus-top—neither cab nor the human height gives the elevation needed—from Knightsbridge eastward. On his right, across the Green Park, the quiet line of distant lamps gleaming among trees, backed and surmounted by lighted house-fronts yet more distant; and in front that glorious dip and rise which presents him with Piccadilly in bird's-eye view, its central line of electric globes flanked with subsidiary incandescent gas, less silvery of hue, and the floor all thick inlaid with patines of bright gold, which the evening imagination need not connect with a cab-stand; those moving sparks, at any rate, yellow or red or green, which seem to glide unattached over the ground, along, across, in curves, must be will-o'-the-wisps; the whole, indeed, is magic, the more if the queen of magic, as may chance, is riding in the sky above. Or he may choose rather for his nightly haunt a stiller scene, where bridge and embankment contribute now a sweeping curve, now a straight line, now a solitary mass, of light, to be here faithfully repeated in a still mirror, there broken and multiplied on ripples or distorted in a swirling eddy. All this he may survey in peace; for the population as a whole is incurious about the beauties of its river at night.

So much of London's light and air. Of her stone and bricks and mortar, her pavements and her mud, we propose to say nothing. In these respects, even in the last of them, she is rather a congeries of cities than a city, and we humbly confess our inability to generalise. Her parks, though many pretty things might be said of elm-tree-tops emergent from Serpentine morning mist, of Park Lane flower-beds, of Kensington birds, of Battersea tropic gardens and lake-islets, we consider to be exotic areas, welcome in London, but not part of her, pieces of country dotted down in town, as the map of Scotland shows *enclaves* of Nairn or Cromarty in unexpected places.

But we must give a word to what we hold to be the two charac-

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teristic vegetable species before we hurry on to the human interest. The two are the Virginia creeper and the plane tree. The best public arrangement of the Virginia we know is in a square we have passed somewhere Bromptonwards, in which each house has for advance guard a deep one-storied projection. All the front of the continuous terrace formed by these outworks is draped with the creeper, which first climbs it upwards, and then falls back in a pendent curtain of streamers, or 'downward flame,' to adopt the Tennysonian figure. In a more private station it does well, too, if the dwellers round that interior rectangle made up of ugly little oblongs called back gardens can constitute themselves a true amphictyony to legislate for the common good. If they make high their boundaries, and then clothe the dorsal ridge and the ribs alike with what will give verdure for four months and crimson glory for as many weeks, not only is the rigidity of demarcation softened, but also each federal state of the union is encouraged by sight of the general success to emulation in its own sphere. And then the planes, those arboreal Cockneys, shining gleaming examples to their poor human fellows! We men and women keep up a vain struggle, aided by all civilisation's resources for cleanliness, against soot and fog and dust and mud; we pay our laundress sums that would startle country cousins; we haunt the bathroom; we ply soap and nail-brush and pumice and glycerine with desperate unavailing zeal. But the plane trees outdo us all, part with their very skin rather than be dirty, and stand the winter through in white ghostly lines like so many sheeted penitents rather than the patterns of delicate virtue that they are. When spring has re-established itself, and *clarus Eurus* gives us now and then a clean air and a clean sky, their young leaves enhance the general purity. Later, these spread out more amply a compassionate veil over the now blackening trunks, besides, perhaps, screening all the unlovely opposite side of the square except the red chimney-pots, which peep through with an air quite rustic. To the end their upper surface maintains at least a brave fight against pollution, while underneath the pale bloom is clean as ever; and at last there is left only a solitary one here and there, dangling, spinning in the wind like an anemometer, showing alternate white and green.

And now for humanity. What a welter of untold stories, in every fifty yards of crowded street, full of potentialities for emotion, diversion, instruction! We know not whether the Cockney is more modest than the rest of mankind; he surely should be; he must realise his own insignificance as often as he reflects that every face with individuality enough to arrest his attention for a moment in that stream of intent passengers is likely to have a tale attached to it more interesting than his own; speculation is fascinating, perhaps

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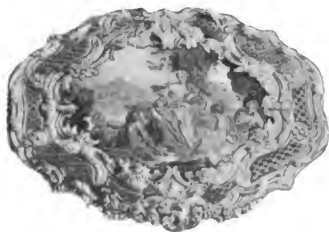
futile, perhaps inspiring. Most of us abstain from it after a time, assume ourselves the abstracted look that used, in others, to stir our curiosity, cease to question irresponsible eyes, make our street interludes a mere continuation of our indoor business, and review or rehearse, as we walk, the recent or the coming interview. We might do better to construct imaginary histories, paint fancy characters, cultivate momentary loves and hatreds, guess vocations, classify eyes and ears and mouths and noses, practise the strangely difficult art of face description. Here, now, is a valet; how identified? Well, mainly by a certain pursed-lip secrecy, secret as the grave, or—for graves yield their secrets—as that of another valet; the mutton-chop whisker, special dark neutral tint of hair, grey trousers, neat black morning coat, black bow tie, surmounted by the 'bowler' hat—all these go to confirm our guess; but the resolute conscious secrecy is the thing. 'The world,' he seems to say, 'takes dominus for a hero; I know better; but wild horses should not drag the revelation from me.' The rest of our self-educative suggestions we have not space to illustrate. But the London peripatetic or window-gazer, even if he abjures system and contents himself with isolated sensations and diversions, can never lack them, and may have more profit as well as enjoyment from observation than from introspection, from minding others' business than his own. Why stalk in haughty indifference past one of those minor crowds which spring out of the ground at the smallest street incident? Wait a minute, and something is sure to be said or done that will give you food for thought along the rest of your way. It is a pleasant surprise, to all but the most superior minds, to recognise now and then among the daily thousands a face seen before; not to feel the surprise is a proof that you are not yet a Cockney at all; to be surprised at the surprise shows that you are but a raw one. A bicyclist in a tight place gives you a momentary qualm; woman's intrepidity, gliding with the coolness of long practice beneath horses' noses, evokes admiring appreciation; Strand gutter pennyworths raise a smile; a street Arab, tender in years, old in narcotics, gets a frown for his 'Give us a cigarette, guv'nor'; a hurrying fire-engine exhilarates; a news-bill tries credulity; a light-clad train of hare-and-hound lunatics along the Mall flashes by too quickly to catch your belated derisive curl of the lip. You tremble for the road-breaker's wrist, as he steadies the iron wedge on which descend the rhythmic sledges of his three possibly sober mates. You feel for the presumptive pickpocket haled off by a not too gentle constable, and hooted by a too ungentle attendant crowd. You sit in pride on your 'bus in some great open space, which a block in the narrow thoroughfare ahead has converted to a sea of surging vehicles, and you rejoice that you at least can enjoy the pause. You take a turn or two, late on Saturday night, in that

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reach of some great road which taps a network of slums, and so serves as rendezvous at the poor man's marketing day and hour. The coster's naphtha-flare, the butcher's perforated gas-pipe, the draper's and the publican's electricity, light the scene worthily. Purveyors of flesh and eggs and vegetables hold their rival auctions, or pierce the ear in trained falsetto with 'Buy, buy, buy!' and a patter which none but the initiated can translate from sound to sense; only you may mark how the price of perishables falls with the advancing hour, and all things come to her who waits. Then as you pass from all that din into a deserted side-street, or, if it is within reach, on to the moonlit embankment, at its emptiest to-night, you render thanks to the city Genius for the contrasts of London.



Snuffbox, with Enamel Portrait of Louis XIV. by Jean Petitot.



Louis XV. Snuffbox with Pastoral Scene in Enamels.

SNUFFBOXES FROM THE WALLACE COLLECTION



## SNUFF-BOXES

BY CYRIL DAVENPORT, F.S.A.



CIVILISED man has not departed much from the procedure followed by his savage prototypes in the manners in which he uses tobacco. When America was first reached by Europeans this remarkable plant was already of ancient use in the three manners of smoking, snuffing, and chewing.

The dried leaves were smoked in the form of cigars, rolled in palm or maize leaves, and also from pipes ornamentally carved, or the more elementary form of a Y-shaped hollow stick, by which the smoke was inhaled through the nostrils.

Snuff was made by the old Brazilian Indians in trays of jacaranda, or rose-wood, in which they triturated dried tobacco leaves into powder. Specimens of these curious mills, some of them delightfully carved, still exist, as well as the hollow bone tubes through which the snuff-maker drew up his snuff warm from the friction and scented from the sweet wood of the mill. Savages appear always to have 'snuffed' through hollow pipes, not in the western manner; and their modern representatives follow the same cleanly fashion. As for chewing, it is recorded by Catlin that the North American Indians followed this habit as a preventive against hunger.

Oviedo y Valdéz says that the natives of Hispaniola inhaled the smoke of burning tobacco through a tube, which they called 'Tobaco' or 'Tobago.' When Columbus saw the island, now called Tobago, he thought it looked like one of these tubes, and christened it accordingly. Columbus sent some of his crew ashore, in 1492, to explore Cuba, and they found the natives smoking very large cigars and puffing the smoke thereof from their nostrils. It appears, however, that the smoking and snuffing of tobacco in these distant regions were both very seriously considered. Both manners of absorbing the drug were used medicinally, and also there was some amount of religious mystery surrounding the plant itself. In Virginia it was considered to be a direct gift from the divine Spirit, who was himself addicted to its use, and granted the knowledge of it to his special people as a signal act of favour. In this way to some extent smoking, especially in assembly, became a sacred and important ceremony. The remains of this sacred estimation can be traced to the present day, when we find the calumet gravely smoked on important and ceremonial occasions in the councils of such as may still be left of the North American Indians.

Many years after Columbus had found the smoking of tobacco practised in Cuba, the herb was brought over to Portugal by a Lisbon merchant, and there attracted the attention of Jean Nicot, Ambassador of France. He was much interested in the plant, then considered only as a valuable medicine, and sent some of it to the



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Grand Prior at Paris, where it soon became known as 'Herbe du Grand Prieur.' Nicot afterwards sent some plants to Catherine de' Medici, when it went under the names of 'Herba Panacea' or 'Herba Santa;' but when it became known that the queen herself liked the drug it began to be called 'Herbe de la Reine' or 'Herbe Médicée.' I cannot find for certain whether Queen Catherine smoked or snuffed: so we can only suppose she tried a little of each. In after years we find the favourite mixture of our Prince Regent called 'Prince's Mixture.' These are the only two royal godparents to snuffs of whom I find any record.

In primitive days snuff was easily and quickly made, and used as soon as made; but gradually the process became more and more elaborate, until at last there appear so many other ingredients in the more expensive kinds that indeed the tobacco itself must often have been difficult to detect.

Coming to European processes, the seventeenth-century snuff-taker used to hold a bundle or 'carotte' of dried tobacco leaves in his left hand and file off as much as he wanted with a snuff rasp, which was occasionally steeped in wine or liqueur so as to scent the 'Râpé' dust. Hence the name 'Rappée.' The rasps were in time made ornamentally; they had a flat rasp front, with a semi-cylindrical hollow behind it, into which the snuff dropped as made, and at one end, or both ends, a small pocket for the powder, from which it was usually shaken out into a little hollow which was made in the back of the left hand by raising the bent thumb. From this little hollow the snuff was given to the nose. A figure of a snuff-rasp can be seen in A. Du Sommerard's 'Arts du Moyen Age' (Album-Série III., pl. 29). A crowned rasp was the usual sign of a snuff-maker in England until about 1745, when a full-size figure of a Highlander taking a pinch was substituted, as there was not only a great interest taken then in Scottish matters, but also their particular liking for snuff was noticed. The rasps were variously made of wood, ivory, bronze, steel, or brass, and the small pockets at the ends for the receiving of the ground powder are, indeed, the humble prototypes of the exquisite Louis XV. snuff-boxes. They were, however, as yet without lids.

The making of snuff presently becomes an important industry, and receipts for its manufacture occur in many works; several methods of making it are described in Edmund Gardiner's 'Triall of Tobacco,' published in London in 1610; and many more will be found in an anonymous tract entitled 'Le bon usage du Tabac en Poudre' (the nearest circumlocution the French have ever been able to get to 'snuff'), published in Paris in 1700. A long list of works on the subject can be found in W. Bragge's 'Bibliotheca Nicotiana.'

Among the many strange ingredients recommended in these

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receipts are included mustard, spirits-of-wine, cubebs, ginger, cummin, bergamot, musk, civet, essence of millefleurs, cedar and orange flowers; and in Queen Charlotte's favourite mixture, 'Violet Strasburgh,' bitter almonds, ambergris, and green tea are combined. The queen, however, generally used a plain Spanish snuff. In John White's 'Arts Treasury, London, 1688,' is a receipt which advises the admixture of cloves and rose leaves; but none of these processes is really so elaborate as the modern way of making first-class snuff. The chosen leaves are moistened with salt and water, and laid up in heaps for several months to ferment. Then they are ground to a fine powder. The powder is again salted and allowed to ferment again, and so on, until after about two years the snuff is considered perfect.

There have always been many kinds of snuff, with different names, each possessing some real or fancied virtue in excess of the others; there were 'cephalic' snuffs for headaches, and 'ophthalmic' snuffs for bad eyes, and so on—until at last the 'Imperial snuff' was guaranteed to cure all disorders.

A full account of all the more important kinds of snuff will be found in Fairholt's 'Tobacco,' published in London in 1876. In this most excellent treatise a full chapter is devoted to the consideration of snuffs, and there are many illustrations throughout the book.

In 1702 Sir George Rooke defeated a French-Spanish fleet near Vigo, and among the loot was a large quantity of rich Spanish snuff. On the return of our fleet to England this was sold and converted into prize money; but there was so much of it, and it was so good, that it quickly became a very favourite brand, and, as well as its imitations, was known as 'Vigo.'

The most powerful snuff is said to have been accidentally produced. A fire having happened in a Dublin warehouse, a large quantity of tobacco was charred and bought at a salvage price by a dealer, Lundy Foot, who ground it into snuff, and put it up for sale at a very cheap rate for small customers. A messenger from the castle came for some snuff one evening, tried this new line, found it delicious, and, on his return, recommended it strongly; and it soon became famous under the name of its introducer, but also in a short time was further honoured by the name of 'Irish Blackguard,' and its manufacture, regularly carried out, eventually made Foot's fortune. Foot was so grateful to his first clients, the poor men, that ever afterwards he kept a box of it at his door for those who were too needy to pay for a pinch.

The Scots have probably been the most consistent snuff-takers of any nation, and from the first introduction of the 'sneeshing' into their country they have remained constant to it until the present time. Not only this, but also they have invented a national

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form of snuff-box, the mull, of ram's or cow's horn. Originally they roasted the tobacco leaves before a fire and then pounded them up in a hollow piece of horn, which they called a mill, or mull, and the snuff was kept in this same box, which had a tightly-fitting lid. Presently more ornamental 'mulls' were devised, only to keep the made snuff in; these were of wood or horn, and were usually supplied with a small spoon for taking the snuff out and a hare's foot for brushing the upper lip clean. Magnificent mulls, richly mounted with precious metal and set with Scotch stones, are perhaps to be found in their greatest magnificence among the mess plate of our Scottish regiments.

Although tobacco was cultivated in Portugal before 1560, it does not seem to have reached England until some years later, and even then by a longer way round. It is likely enough that several of our great explorers brought both this and the potato plant here about the same time—each one naturally considering he was the first. It is quite possible that between 1565 and 1586 Sir Ralph Lane, Governor of Virginia, Sir Francis Drake, and Sir John Hawkins all brought both plants. Gerard says that in 1596 tobacco and potato plants were growing in Lord Burghley's garden in the Strand. But however and whenever tobacco arrived in England, it was not much noticed until it attracted the attention of Sir Walter Raleigh, the first Englishman of rank to practice smoking; and his example rapidly made it a fashionable practice. When once the delights of the burning weed became known, the taste for it spread very rapidly, much more so than it has ever done in any other country.

In Hone's 'Table Talk' is the story of a tobacconist named Farr, who put up his sign with the words, 'The best tobacco by Farr,' whereupon an opposite rival wrote up over his shop 'Far better tobacco than the best tobacco by Farr.' One of the most curious tobacconists' signs shows the portraits of a Scotsman, a Dutchman, and a sailor, with the words, 'We three are engaged in one cause,' and then beneath each of the figures respectively, 'I snuffs,' 'I smokes,' 'I chaws.'

Fortunes were made in snuffs by others besides Lundy Foot. One notable instance was that of an Edinburgh tobacconist named Gillespie, who set up a carriage, whereupon the wag Henry Erskine proposed as a motto on the panels:

Who would have thought it  
That noses had bought it?

The poetry of the eighteenth century abounds with references to tobacco in some form or other; but generally they are not in favour of smoking or snuffing on the part of the fair sex. In one case, in some amusing verses by James Arbuckle, called 'Snuff,

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a Poem,' published in Edinburgh in 1719, an opposite view is taken :

With snuff the beauteous Celia shades her face,  
And adds a foil to every obvious grace.  
Her lips o'erspread with dusky Vigo speak  
The brighter colours on her lovely cheek.  
Nay, underneath the tawny shade they wear  
The lips themselves more beauteous appear.

I fear we can only conclude that his poetic fervour must have blunted the author's appreciation of true beauty, as certainly a young lady with snuffy lips would have to use the hare's foot pretty freely before most of us could properly recognise her charms. The poem goes on to praise snuff and snuff-boxes to the contemptuous comparison of smoking.

In another poem of the same date, called 'Pandora's Box, a Satyr against snuff,' we find, however, an eulogy of the snuff-box :

Which wrought into a box, with all the show  
Of art the greatest artist can bestow;  
Charming in shape, with polished rays of light,  
A joint so fine it shuns the sharpest sight,  
Must still be graced with all the radiant gems,  
And precious stones.

The writer of this must have been acquainted with the French snuff-boxes, as the description would not fit with those of English make.

He says, a little farther on :

Within the lid the painter plays his part,  
And with his pencil proves his matchless art.

Many of the old snuff-boxes have paintings inside them. Sometimes they were contrived secretly, so that none but the owners knew how to discover them.

The list of great men who have been habitual snuff-takers would include almost every prominent person of the eighteenth century in France and England. Frederick the Great had pockets specially made large for snuff, and he appears to have sometimes filled them with it without a snuff-box. But he did sometimes use snuff-boxes : it is recorded that he once caught a page stealing a pinch, upon which he gave the boy the box, saying that it was not large enough for both of them. George II. is said to have had the same dislike to any one touching his snuff-box, and at a masquerade he threw one away because he saw some one take a pinch out of it. Napoleon the First was a great snuff-taker ; and among us Pope and Swift, Congreve, Addison, and Gibbon were all noted for their liking for the modish dust. Talleyrand considered that snuff-taking was necessary to all politicians, the various pauses giving them time to

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collect their thoughts. Snuff-boxes formed beautiful and convenient presents, and at the coronation of George IV. a sum of £8205 15s. 5d. was the amount of the bill for such of them as were given to foreign dignitaries.

Even to-day a snuff-box is a quite orthodox Royal gift. On May 17 last the Duke of Cornwall, at Melbourne, presented Mr. Barton with a gold snuff-box bearing the Prince of Wales's feathers in diamonds on the lid.

From the appearance of many of the finest specimens of snuff-boxes it is indeed difficult to believe that they have ever been actually used: it seems as if in many cases they had been expensively made for the sole purpose of presentation to some great person or other. The possession of a fine box was indeed a necessary passport to fashion, and people of rank owned them frequently for show purposes, often keeping a commoner box for actual use. They were changed according to the season, and very fashionable people even used a fresh one every day. M. Paul Muntz says that the Prince de Conti left nearly 800 beautiful snuff-boxes at his death.

The use of tobacco has not been always approved by those having authority. James I. hated smoking, and wrote against it his 'Counterblast to Tobacco' in 1672; but, not content with words, he also taxed it 'six shillings and ten pence' per pound. Snuff-takers were, moreover, liable in those days to have their noses cut off. In 1624 Pope Urban VIII. issued an anathema against any one who should take tobacco in any form while in church, and shortly afterwards Pope Innocent XII. excommunicated all those who should take snuff or tobacco in St. Peter's at Rome. In spite of the prejudices of these two good men, several of their successors in the Papal Chair have been snuff-takers.

Louis XIV. himself is said to have disliked tobacco, although in the form of snuff it was much taken at his court. Miss Pardoe says that one evening the Princesses of France were making too much noise, and that their brother, the Dauphin, went to see what it was all about, and found that his sisters had borrowed pipes from the Swiss guards and were happily enjoying a good smoke. Ladies of fashion at the French court, both in this and the two succeeding reigns, always carried snuff-boxes.

Wellington tried to suppress the use of tobacco in the English army; the only result of which was that his portrait was largely made use of as an ornamental treatment of the bowls of pipes.

Although in England we have no special form of snuff-box, we have what may almost be called a national style in the interesting and beautiful boxes of pressed tortoiseshell and horn, the finest of which are signed 'John Obrisset,' and are frequently dated between 1705 and 1727. These boxes, which are made from skilfully cut dies, range from the seventeenth century to the beginning of the nine-

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teenth, and most of them are made by unknown artists. They usually bear portraits of contemporary celebrities, and now and then show subject groups, and sometimes heraldic ornamentation. One of the most interesting of Obrisset's dies, though by no means the most beautiful, shows the coat-of-arms which Queen Elizabeth granted to Sir Francis Drake in 1581—'Diamond, a fesse wavy between the two pole stars Arctick and Antarctick, Pearle.' The tinctures of this coat are indicated by capital letters, as well as being shown in the usual way. The crest shows Drake's ship being drawn round the globe by a rope, held by a hand issuing from a cloud. On the sail of the ship is the date 1577, and at the bottom the signature 'John Obrisset fecit 1712.' These boxes are fairly numerous, and are often considered as having belonged to Drake himself in spite of the fact that he lived some hundred and fifty years before they were thought of!

The possibility of softening tortoiseshell sufficiently to allow of its being moulded is supposed to have first been found out by an Italian jeweller, Laurenti, of Naples, in the sixteenth century, and the process was in time extensively used, both for small boxes and, as far as joining pieces together went, very probably by Boule.

At Battersea, during the second half of the eighteenth century, many snuff-boxes were made of copper, covered all over, inside and out, with white enamel, on which designs were painted or printed, or printed and painted. Several of these are fairly good; but, as a rule, the art to be found upon them is very inferior. These boxes cannot be considered original, being, in fact, cheap and inferior work of a kind similar to the exquisite productions of the time of Louis XIV. and XV. For the rest, English boxes are only quaint in form—shoes, snakes, books, boats, musical instruments, caricature heads, &c.—and of common materials.

At Meissen many small Dresden china snuff-boxes were made particularly for ladies. These are often extremely pretty, and are so designed as to rest upon their lids, the box part being moulded and painted in various animal forms. China is not approved by connoisseurs for keeping snuff in.

It is, however, only in France that we find a sufficiently large and important production of snuff-boxes to make it possible and advantageous to attempt some kind of classification. The period at which these boxes were made reaches from the end of the seventeenth century until the end of the eighteenth century. After the Revolution the snuff habit remained in force for a long time; but the highest art of the boxes had died out, and the subsequent productions, although often very fine, were only imitations of the former work.

The earlier boxes, those of the Louis XIV. period, are, as a rule, large, bombés, and to great extent suggestive of the fat bonbon-

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nières which were contemporaneous with them, with rounded tops, and incline to a rounded outline.

The boxes made during the reign of Louis XV. are generally smaller, in accordance with the corresponsive increase in delicacy which occurred, as compared with the previous reign, in the size of rooms as well as of furniture. The lids of the boxes are more flattened, and the outlines tend towards the long pointed oval rather than being circular, or are irregularly curved. The rounded ovals and rectangular boxes with truncated corners are usually of the period of Louis XVI. At all times during this period most exquisite work of enameller, painter, and goldsmith can be found on some of the snuff-boxes. The finest are always set in gold of exquisite workmanship: so in all cases that must go without saying: and, although there might easily be made a more detailed division, I think for my purpose the following is sufficiently exact:

(1) Those which bear vitreous enamels either on the gold of the box itself or separately made and attached in a little frame.

(2) Those in which a painting in water colours on ivory or skin, or a miniature in oils, forms the main decorative centre-piece.

(3) Those which are entirely goldsmiths' or silversmiths' work, variegated in colour, chased, repoussé, or engraved. Some are set with diamonds and precious stones, especially on the thumb pieces.

(4) Those which are variously worked in glass, porcelain, stone, agate, lapis-lazuli, jasper, amethyst, quartz, chalcedony, bloodstone, or any other semi-precious or beautiful substance of a mineral origin. Many of these are charmingly held together by little 'cages' of gold openwork.

(5) Tortoiseshell, 'Vernis-Martin,' papier-maché, lacquer, ivory, mother-of-pearl, wood, horn, or any of the thousand and one materials of varying value and beauty, many of which, although as yet not noticed by collectors, will doubtless in time become valued, sought out, and classified in their turn.

As things now are, many of these beautiful objects have already been absorbed in public museums. The museum of the Louvre was not very long ago enriched by the bequest of M. and Madame Phillipe Lenoir, with a magnificent collection, comprising perfect specimens of all the greater styles. In London the collection bequeathed by Mr. George Mitchell to the South Kensington Museum is the most important among us; but the collection lately bequeathed to the nation by Lady Wallace, and now preserved in two table cases at Hertford House, contains examples of the best styles.

At the Victoria and Albert Museum among the Jones treasures are a few very choice specimens, some of them enshrining most beautiful and wonderful enamels by Petitot, Le Sueur, and others; while at the British Museum are only a few of historical interest,

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among them a gold box which belonged to Edward Gibbon, and one bearing on the lid a fine miniature of Napoleon I., surrounded by brilliants, a present from the Emperor to the Hon. Mrs. Damer.

Among private collections of snuff-boxes in England, that belonging to the Duke of Cambridge at Gloucester House is historically quite one of the most interesting. All the important pieces have at one time or other belonged to some great personage, and many of them bear the portraits or insignia of some of the members of the Royal family.

The collection is, however, notable not only because of its strong personal interest: it contains good examples of most of the later eighteenth- and nineteenth-century styles, a few fine enamels and miniatures, several beautiful boxes most delicately worked in coloured golds, specimens of tortoiseshell piqué d'or, several made of lapis-lazuli, and others ornamented with paintings on lacquer and mother-of-pearl, and delicate mosaics.

The first of my divisions, that of vitreous enamels, is indeed the most interesting, and probably the most valuable, as among the examples of this kind exist specimens with the most delicate and lasting of all forms of portraiture, cut gems only excepted. The finest of these portraits are painted by Jean Petitot, a Genevan jeweller, who lived during the greater part of the seventeenth century. His fame was made abroad early in his career, with special reference to his wonderful working of portraits in enamel. These portraits are all very small, and painted on plates of gold covered with white glass, on which the coloured enamels are laid much in the same manner as oil paints would be, with the material difference that their colours only show properly after they are fused at a red heat, when they become vitrified and practically imperishable except by wilful destruction. Petitot came to England to the court of Charles I., of whom, and of whose family, he made several exquisite enamel portraits. Among the enamels of the Jones collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum is one of the Princess Henrietta Anna, Duchesse d'Orleans, Charles's daughter, and another represents his grand-daughter, Marie Louise d'Orleans, both set in snuff-box lids.

The royal chemist, Théodore Turquet de Mayerne, is said to have largely assisted the French artist in the chemistry of his beautiful art, and certainly no enameller before or since has been able to produce such harmonious colours. In 1649, Petitot went to France, there also becoming attached to the Court, and he made many charming portraits of Louis XIV. and the members of his family; some of these are set in the lids of snuff-boxes. He then became a citizen of Paris; and had rooms in the Louvre assigned to him, and a royal pension. On the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in



## SNUFF-BOXES

1685, Petitot, who was a Calvinist, tried in vain to get permission to go and live at Geneva : he got himself shut up for a while in For l'Évêque. Soon, however, he signed his adhesion to the popular faith, and was allowed to return to Geneva, where he continued painting enamels until his death in 1691.

Many other French artists painted enamels for snuff-boxes ; but no one of them nearly reached the level of Petitot. Several boxes are ornamented with set designs—'Guilloché' or engine turned on the gold and overlaid with transparent enamel, the effect being that of shot silk. The process was invented by Guillot, a French goldsmith, about 1750, I believe.

The miniatures on ivory, which form the chief motive in the second of my divisions, show badly as compared with the enamels : they have faded terribly. Those which are painted on chicken skin, fine examples of which, by Blarenberghe, are in the Wallace collection, keep their colour much better : it sinks in to a great extent, and those few which are painted in oils have lasted best of all this kind.

The goldsmith's work is often very charming, the technical skill shown in the hinges and fitting of the lids of the boxes being often little short of marvellous. Some boxes are repoussé—that is, delicately hammered in relief, with finishing lines chased lightly with the hammer on the upper surface, or perhaps engraved. Others are inlaid with designs worked out in gold of various colours, produced by means of different alloys, an excess of copper producing a reddish tinge and an excess of silver a pale yellow or green, other alloys producing other colours. These designs are usually finished by hand work, chasing, or engraving.

The stone snuff-boxes, lapis-lazuli, agate, and the rest are made usually from fine mineralogical specimens, often most delicately 'caged' and set in gold ; they vary considerably in shape. Perhaps the most exquisitely-worked specimens of this class are to be found among the Chinese snuff-bottles of stone and glass, which are marvellously cut in relief of different colours. There is a very fine collection of these at the Victoria and Albert Museum, lent by Mr. George Salting. Most of the European examples are of Italian or German workmanship.

Of the miscellaneous kinds the most attractive and the most important are those made of tortoiseshell and what is called 'Vernis-Martin.'

About the middle of the eighteenth century there was a great wave of appreciation of Chinese lacquer and Chinese designs, and this influence shows strongly in snuff-boxes. Particularly it affected work in tortoiseshell and gold, which, in a way, may be considered (what, doubtless, it originally was) an imitation of Chinese gold lacquer on a black ground. The French artist, André Charles Boule, during

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the seventeenth century, first introduced the use of tortoiseshell in furniture, and from Laurenti, of Naples, he learnt the art of softening it by heat and joining pieces together. This knowledge was presently applied to making boxes of this beautiful material, and the design was produced upon it by means of a multitude of microscopic nails. So fine are these points that it is often difficult to believe that they really exist; but a magnifying glass soon shows it. There is a particularly fine example in the Wallace Collection. This minute work is called 'piqué d'or'; when the points are bigger and shaped—stars, circles, crosses—it is called 'clouté d'or'; and when used in larger pieces still, 'posé d'or.' In this last case the surface of the gold is sometimes engraved. The flat gold pieces adhere by means of heat.

The 'Vernis-Martin' boxes, and their innumerable imitations, are made of papier-maché, and all of them are the outcome of the oriental craze already mentioned, when pieces of lacquer from China and Japan were very costly. The first European who tried to make lacquer for himself appears to have been Huygens, a Dutchman, who experimented with varying success. He was followed by the French Martins, a member of which family, 'Simon Etienne,' obtained a decree from the council granting him the exclusive right, for twenty years, to 'manufacture works in the style of Japan and China.' The work of the Martins was highly prized at the French court, and much of it is at Versailles. Pictures painted in this manner always have a gold ground, and the varnish is usually cracked in places with a network of fine golden lines. Much of it can be seen on snuff-boxes; but much, also, is only imitation. Now and then it is used for ornamental diapering in borders and edges of snuff-boxes which have miniatures in their lids.

These various styles, of course, all mix up considerably in many cases; but it is always possible to pick out which of the many beauties is really the important one. Whenever any object, enamel, miniature, or jewel is set in the centre of the lid of a snuff-box, I should say that gives the key to its classification; and, finally, I think it is safe to affirm that these beautiful objects have very rapidly increased in value during the last fifteen or twenty years, and that to-day a considerable interest already attaches even to those lesser works, the existence of which can only be hinted at in a paper like the present.

## FROM LONDON TO UXBRIDGE BY THE REV. W. J. LOFTIE



JOURNEY into Middlesex does not at first sight seem a very daring enterprise. Yet it implies an exploration of some parts of one of our least-known counties. Most of us have been to Windsor and Bath and Salisbury. We have seen the Lakes and North Wales. We have admired Oxford and Cambridge. Canterbury is familiar, and York ; so is Stratford-on-Avon, where, by the way, there is very little of Shakespeare left except the pleasant Warwickshire hills. But if we enjoy the memory of the remote places we have visited, if we admire the green grass and the shady woods and the soft undulating parks of England, where can we find them in greater perfection than in Middlesex, under our very noses, close at hand ? Yet they are less known to the sightseer than a rock-cut temple in Nubia or a frozen valley in Spitzbergen.

Middlesex is not alone in the possession of such sequestered nooks. They abound in our island. I have been surprised by finding them where I least expected them. I went once to Abingdon, chiefly because I could hear very little about anything there except the lock ; and was well rewarded. Of another place—a dead city—as dead as any on the Zuyder Zee, I will say no more, except that it is to be spoken of with bated breath : it is lovely even in decay.

Uxbridge is not dead ; nor, among Middlesex towns, is it particularly lovely. But it is remote, and quiet, and historically interesting. It seems to the imagination, at least, quite out of the way. The first time I threaded the long street I felt as if I had reached the farther end of something indefinable ; a fear came over me that if I passed those gabled houses, those long bridges, that placid stream, the trees and gardens round that old fishing-inn the Swan and Bottle, I should emerge on the noisy, busy world again and have to brace myself up for action. I do not know what lies beyond the mill. Probably that is the road to Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire. At present Middlesex is enough. It is rarely explored. We go to Hampton Court, the only palace in the county. We have heard of Enfield and its rifles ; of Chiswick and its torpedo-boats ; of Syon and Isleworth and Staines, and other places situated on the banks of the Thames ; but when I resolved to make a land journey to Uxbridge I did not know a dozen people who had ever been there. I think I may assert that there are very few places in the county which I did not visit in the course of researches extending over several years. Two things were borne in upon me. One was that, in spite of Lysons in the eighteenth century and Thorne in the nineteenth, very little of a trustworthy character has been written about Middlesex, as a whole, though certain isolated districts have received more than their due share of attention. Another point

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which impressed me was that, unless I made considerably more haste than had been my habit, Middlesex itself would disappear. The remorseless and unrelenting tide of brick and mortar pours over everything, and within a measurable period will have devoured not only these green valleys, but all their memories and associations as well.

From a purely historical point of view Middlesex has peculiarities which distinguish it from all other English counties. Cheshire, Durham, Lancashire, and Cornwall have or have had diversities of administrations. There have been jurisdictions such as that of Durham, with its earl-bishop, a sovereign prince; or Cornwall, with its royal duke and its stannaries. But Middlesex, which a thousand years ago must have been a very sparsely-inhabited forest, full of wild cattle, was early claimed by the citizens of London as a happy hunting-ground, a place where they might cut wood and catch beasts and fly falcons—all privileges reserved very jealously by English as well as Norman kings. After the Conquest, in spite of the liberal wording of William's charter to the citizens, these old rights continued in doubt, if not openly in dispute, and Middlesex was included in the Domesday Survey, up to the very walls of London. The succession of Henry I. gave the citizens their opportunity. Their rights as to hunting were acknowledged by the King; but with them he coupled the fiscal administration. They might have Middlesex, like an estate; but they must account at the King's exchequer for the farm. So it came to pass that until 1888 it was under the city—deprived of its liberty and of the ordinary attributes of an English shire, one of the Sheriffs of London undertaking on alternate days to fulfil the duties which in every ordinary county were discharged by the High Sheriff. Even now, after thirteen years of liberty, the emancipated shire has no county town: its council assembles in the chief city of an adjoining county, and the same insignificance which made the proud burghers of Norman London claim rights as over a subject territory seems to hang about it still.

The very name 'Middle Saxons' leads us reasonably to conclude that the inhabitants of the wooded district which lay between Wessex and Essex were only of relative account. Some modern students of local names assume that 'West Minster,' to designate a religious foundation, implies that another foundation was already situated to the eastward; as was indeed the case, if St. Paul's is older than the Royal Abbey.

The Saxon tribe, which settled between the Lea and the Colne, does not seem to have brought a name from the Continent with it. The Kentish folk, the Angles, the people of many of the kingdoms of the so-called Heptarchy, had their own tribal names, and boasted of their own kings, faint reminiscences probably of their political

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condition on the Rhine or the Elbe. But except that they were different, that they were neither East Saxons nor West Saxons, we know nothing about the political organisation of the Middle Saxons ; and though the kings of Essex appear to have reigned in couples, and though, too, they usually had jurisdiction beyond their own boundaries, and among the Middlesex moors and woods, we have the names of no monarchs in our little Mesopotamy more substantial than the legendary kings of Brentford, beloved of Thackeray.

The aldermen of London liked to hunt over the Northwood and Totteridge, and barely recognised the Bishops' rights beyond the Highgate or the Southgate. But Henry I., as we have seen, when he acknowledged their claim imposed upon them duties, which in England always accompany privileges ; and the citizens, if they would hunt, must also carry on the government of the district and must account to the King's exchequer for a fixed revenue.

But all that came to an end in 1888. London was deprived of its hunting rights ; the Lord Mayor was no longer High Sheriff ; and Middlesex itself suffered even more than the paramount city. For of all the rich districts outside the walls, only Hampton Court was left to it : the wealthy quarters round the Abbey, the Queen's palaces and parks, the gardens and sunny slopes of Marylebone and Hampstead—all were lopped off, and the districts of Middlesex which remained, with their new-fangled officials, their council and their boards, seem to have retired to their borders, no longer able to count on their former masters, the Corporation, to supply their wants and attend to their welfare. The slave is free, through no exertions of his own ; and so far he does not seem to enjoy the position of proud poverty which he can henceforth boast. The Act of Parliament which gave him his liberty deprived him of the cities and towns in which he might have trusted. With its quarter of a million inhabitants, Edmonton is really suburban. So is Hendon. Brentford, Staines, and Uxbridge are all at the extremities of the county, and the new London boroughs have forgotten their origin. The history of Middlesex, ethnologically and legally, is full of interesting points ; but on a fine summer day it is the scenery rather than the history that should engage our attention. If we contemplate penetrating to the confines of the great Middlesex forest, of the hunting-grounds in which FitzStephen gave us such a sympathetic description when he painted in the landscape for his famous portrait of St. Thomas of London, we may take almost any of the roads that lead northward. Along some of these the belt of suburbs is wide and dense. Along others we reach the fields and woods very soon. But whether we seek Middlesex with minds duly prepared to look for scenery or historical association, or only for fresh air and a clear sky, we shall not have to go far.

Hampstead Heath is well known ; Highgate and Hornsey and

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Muswell Hill are nearly as well known. But a very little farther we have Barnet and Hadley, and the still vivid memories of the Wars of the Roses. The place where Warwick fell—

My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,  
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands  
Is nothing left me but my body's length—

is still a woodland and full of green glades and shady paths. This northern district, as far east as Trent Park and Ridgeway and Forty Hill, looks down through sunny slopes on Enfield. In the church here we may see the heraldic brass of Lady Tiptoft, whose husband, father, grandfather, uncles, and, in fact, every male relation, fought for York or for Lancaster. Here, too, the votaries of the late 'Queen Anne' may walk through a street of red brick and wrought iron, of clipped hedges and rose gardens, of bracketed cornices and pillared porches.

But if Barnet and Enfield are too familiar, we may pursue a more serious inquiry in tracing the course of that mysterious road—the Watling Street. The early history of London, the few facts we know about the great Middlesex forest and its denizens, are branches of any investigation as to the ancient way from Dover to Chester. The straight line it follows from Westminster to Elstree, the Roman remains to be found in its neighbourhood, the Anglo-Saxon name, the same which our forefathers gave to the Milky Way, are connected with the legends of woods full of brigands, and the clearances of the bishops and abbots who came up to attend Parliament from Hatfield or St. Albans. Starting from the Marble Arch, a hundred old associations attend us along the dingy street until we reach Mapesbury—with its memories of Walter Map and echoes of his famous drinking song—

*Meum est propositum in taberna mori.*

On the other side are the heights of Kilburn and Frognaal and the outskirts of Hampstead. We emerge at Cricklewood, on the valley of the Brent, and cross the boundary of Middlesex. The sheen of the reservoir is before us, and green fields not yet all covered with houses. Kingsbury, with its church in a fort, speaks of the remote time when some monarch of the Middle Saxons, unknown, unsung, made here a post whence he could watch the northern highway. The name, the King's bury, or fortified mansion, tells us of the first coming of the Saxons before the descendants of Woden had placed a Christian church beside every palace. Beyond, along the Watling Street, was Edgware, where they could control and toll the market; and beyond it again the hill whence their forefathers had expelled the degenerate Romans of Sulloniacæ. This was the frontier, the edge of Middlesex, on the heath crossed by the paved

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street where we can recognise Stanmore—'the boundary stone,' according to Lysons. Great and Little Stanmore at the Domesday Survey were parts of the same parish. Of late years the fame of Whitchurch (as it is often called) has outstripped that of Great Stanmore. One side of the street of Edgware is in Whitchurch or Little Stanmore, and there a visitor looks for the chief attractions of the place. Canons, called like Canonbury, in Islington, from the Canons of St. Bartholomew's who owned it before the Reformation, has been sufficiently celebrated since Handel was organist to the Duke of Chandos, early in the eighteenth century. Another association is with Powell, the parish clerk, whose forge in Edgware is said to have inspired the 'Harmonious Blacksmith.' To architects the church, often attributed to Gibbs, is interesting, with its unusual but most 'Protestant' plan, and with the allegorical virtues of which Pope speaks so disparagingly :

Here sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre.

Unfortunately, the church is not by Gibbs ; the organ is not by Father Schmidt, but was built, after Schmidt was fourteen years dead, by Jordan ; the paintings, by Bellucci, were set up when Verrio was dead a dozen years ; the 'Harmonious Blacksmith' is an old German air, and Powell's forge had long disappeared before the shed in Edgware Street was identified as his. On the other hand, we may perhaps set against these legends the grave of Eclipse, the racehorse, in the Park, and the existence of a Gothic fireplace in the Chandos Arms. This relic of the fifteenth century belonged to the Canons, as did the inn itself, which, until the building of the Duke's palace a little farther north, was the manor-house. The manor-house of Edgware seems to have stood to the eastward of Brockley Hill and much nearer the Roman site.

The monuments of the Dukes of Chandos are in a chapel of Whitchurch. The strange bewigged figure, in Roman armour, of 'the Great Duke' has given occasion to so many local legends that it is difficult to separate the true from the false. His marvellous career, his attainment of the highest honours, his wealth and generosity, his magnificent tastes, together with his patronage of George Frederick Handel and many other professors of the arts, made him in some ways a popular hero. A pair of handsome houses in Cavendish Square are still pointed out as having been designed by the Duke for the gate-posts of the eight-mile avenue which was to lead from London to Canons. He was said to have marched to church with a troop of Halberdiers, and to have subsidised a choir worthy of a cathedral. For him Handel composed *Acis and Galatea* as well as the 'Chandos Te Deum.'

One story, though it is manifestly untrue in many particulars, shows the estimation in which he was held. When an Englishman

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has attained popularity, personal courage must be reckoned among his attributes. The Duke (so ran the tale) saw at Marlborough, where he was changing horses, an ostler beating his young and lovely wife, and interfered to protect her. The cruel husband offered to fight him, but when he had received sufficient punishment, handed over the woman as, according to the ideas of those who told the story, the lawful spoil of the victor. The Duke sent her to school for a time and married her to a rich city Knight; and years after, when he and she had both been widowed, made her Duchess of Chandos. It is true that Lydia, Lady Davall, was his third wife, that she was of humble origin, though the Duke's monument describes her as daughter of 'John Vanhattem, Esquire,' and that she survived him; but the principal features of the story are too full of improbabilities to be of any great historical value, except as showing what people said of the Duke.

If we pause to weigh probabilities so near the border of the county, we cannot expect to make much progress in exploration. There are manor houses beyond Canons, and Edgware is only eight miles from High Holborn. Another distinct, equally beautiful and equally interesting, may be found on the western road beyond Ealing. The view from Hanwell, a place (as its name denotes) of some elevation, offers us a variety of attractions. Norwood, the next parish, has cleverly fastened its neighbour's name to the local institution which is within its borders; but from the height we can follow the lower valley of the Brent, full of villages and spires, of parks and woods, from Osterley down to the Thames at Syon: or, if we set out from Isleworth by old-fashioned gardens, neat hedges, ruddy brick walls smothered in roses, to the corner of the picturesque ivy-clad viaduct—imagine a picturesque viaduct!—which takes the railway from the summit level at Hanwell to the sloping uplands of Southall, is full of the best English scenery: tame, perhaps, entirely wanting in mountainous backgrounds, or any of the elements of grandeur; but eminently satisfactory and soothing to the eye. The regular globe-trotter as well as the stay-at-home admirer of prosperity and its evidences recognises its charm. The grassy slopes, always green; the trees dark and feathery in early spring, purple and russet later, emerald in summer, orange and scarlet in autumn, fade into a soft blue distance such as we can enjoy nowhere but in England. As one looks towards Staines, some ten miles to the south-west, innumerable church steeples rise through the foliage and mark places, almost all of them, connected with some great event or some famous name. In this respect Middlesex excels every other English shire. No town is too small, no church too humble, to be able to repay a little attention.

Where the Brent meets the Thames Edmund Ironside fought and vanquished King Canute, eight hundred and eighty-five summers



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ago, and close by, in July 1573, Queen Jane began her short reign at Syon, where a belt of old trees borders the river and faces Kew. At Osterley, in full view from the Hanwell viaduct, Sir Thomas Gresham entertained Queen Elizabeth twenty-four years after Jane's death. These are things worth noting, and there are many more of the same kind which might be chronicled; but some of the minor associations are quite as attractive, if less important. At Breakspear's, in Harefield, the only English pope was born in the twelfth century. At Cranford, Thomas Fuller, author of the 'Worthies,' was buried in 1661. Queen Adelaide died at Great Stanmore in 1849. Hounslow, which, like Osterley, is in Heston parish, is famous for its camp and for its heath, the scene of numberless anecdotes of robbery and even murder, and, not long ago, dotted with gibbets. At Hanworth, the Perkins family, having inherited the 'wealth beyond the dreams of avarice,' of which Dr. Johnson so magniloquently wrote, spent some of it on gathering a library. At Feltham Station the book-collectors and their agents from the Continent and America, together with a large native contingent, assembled on four successive mornings in June 1873, on their way to bid prices previously unheard of for the books which had become famous as the Perkins collection. From Feltham, too, any sightseer who would visit Bedfont may make his way through a wilderness of brickfields, till, reaching the high road, he turns almost immediately into the old village green with its pond and tall elms. The Black Dog seems to have migrated within the last few years—the inn, that is, celebrated by the eighteenth-century poets, where Harvey 'discovered' the sauce which still immortalises his name. But the Peacocks, carved in yew, are still silent witnesses of the taste of Queen Anne's day—gigantic fowl, greater than the church they were intended to decorate—greater than the Moa of New Zealand or the Arabian Roc. St. Mary's is, but for Perivale, not far off, the smallest of Middlesex churches, and has some very ancient features. The porch and the chancel arch belong to the same century as Edmund's victory over the Danes; the paintings, which represent the 'Crucifixion' and the 'Last Judgment,' must have been placed on the walls about the time when Edward I. smote the Scots and hanged Wallace at Smithfield. The Peacocks only date, in their present shape, from 1704. They bear the initials of John Goodwyn, who was vicar from 1691 to 1706, between those of his churchwardens, J. H. and R. T., whose full names, no doubt, are recorded in the register books of the parish. Though the topiary, then, is not two hundred years old, the trees may well be as ancient as the oldest parts of the of the church, or the porch they so effectually conceal. Thomas Hood has told the story of the Peacocks and their pride :

There, gentle stranger, thou may'st only see  
Two sombre peacocks—

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but poets do not regard chronology, and we cannot tell whether Mr. Goodwyn, in 1704, was 'the aged priest,' or whether it may not have been John of Edmonton, vicar in 1325, whose name seems more suitable to be celebrated by Thomas Hood, late of Winchmore Hill, Edmonton.

Not far from Bedfont are Cranford and Stanwell, both places of some historical interest, and both but little visited. Stanwell is peculiarly secluded. Near Staines, near Brentford, near Datchett, it has always been as much out of the way as if it lay in Cornwall or Suffolk. Here the hereditary castellans of Windsor, in sight of their stately charge, flourished as country Knights and Barons, from the days of Walter, the son of Other, a follower of the Conqueror. Their pride was in the open-handed hospitality which made the last of them fill up his house with Christmas cheer, before he relinquished the dwelling of his fathers to the greedy King; lest Henry should find it 'bare Stanwell.' Though Henry VIII. took it from Lord Windsor (because, like Ahab, he coveted its charms), it does not appear that he ever visited it again. His grandnephew, James I., in 1607, committed his little daughter, the Lady Mary, only two years old, to the care of a later owner of Stanwell, Sir Thomas Knyvett. Here at Christmastide the poor little Princess died. Colonel Chester, in his wonderful book on the Westminster Abbey registers, seems for once to have stumbled over this event. The Court at Windsor that winter celebrated the merry season with all the extravagance by which the new King dissipated Elizabeth's savings: and Chester remarks on the entry in the book of his little daughter's death on December 16, and the masques, theatricals, and gambling before the end of the month, when the princess may have still been 'lying a corpse in the palace.' But she died at Stanwell—which mitigates the severity of his remarks, and it is very likely, as he himself points out, that she really died three months before, and that 'December' is a mistake for 'September.' One of the Windsors was buried under an effigy in Stanwell Church; but his monument has disappeared. Knyvett's is there still, with his figure and that of his wife; and one cannot help looking at the stony faces and wondering if they were kind to the poor child. The most tangible relic of the Windsors is now probably preserved at Syon, where Margaret Windsor was prioress under the last Abbess. In 1523, apparently, her brothers at Stanwell carved the date and their initials on an oak seat and sent it to her; and at Syon, after three hundred and twenty years, it still remains.

The fertility of the whole region is often alluded to in ancient records, directly and indirectly. Lord Windsor feared lest Stanwell should belie its character when the king took possession. The first of his family, Walter Fitz Other, had dispossessed Azor, who had been caterer, butler, or steward to Edward the Confessor—some say

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his cook—and had many broad manors in Buckinghamshire as well. From one estate in the neighbourhood the corn for the royal household was supplied. At Osterley in Queen Elizabeth's time we read of fish ponds, swans, and other waterfowl; of oil mills and corn mills and 'a very faire heronrie for the increase and preservation whereof sundrie allurements were devised and set up.' Heston was specially noted for its wheat, which, under the Tudors, was reserved for making 'manchet' for the royal table. At the present day cornfields have given place to market-gardens, and we hear everywhere of turnips, beans, peas, and water cress, while in spring the orchards are covered with bloom. The horse chestnuts in Bushey Park form an annual treat to the children of the London slums, and as we walk through shady lanes roses and fragrant shrubs perfume the summer air.

The rivers and brooks and canals are almost innumerable, and some of them have several names, like those of the streets in Lisbon: one, the official name, another for ordinary use, and a third for strangers. Thus, we are told of a river called Crane, on which Cranford stands. A moment's thought shows that 'the Crane' should be the Cranebourne, or Cranbrook, from the herons frequenting it—judging by similar names in Kent and Berkshire. But the so-called Crane is only a lower reach of the Yeading—here, apparently, we have, as usual in river names, a Celtic or ancient British word—and the two fall into the Thames above Syon. Almost parallel is the Duke of Northumberland's River, which is really a canal, and next to it the Cardinal's Stream, which runs out at Tagg's Eyot through Bushey Park. Farther west, again, are various branches of the Colne, which forms the county boundary, and reaches the Thames under the local name of the Lawyer's Creek. Two or three of these side streams unite at Staines, where they form the most picturesque feature of a not very lovely town. Farther up we have them, or one of them, as the Frey's River, Freyswater, or the River Freys; which is a different thing. The wells are as frequent as the bournes. Stanwell and Staines are both names pointing to the rarity of stone in the district, which makes it a matter of remark. Staines, indeed, has been connected with Stane-church and other names in the City of London, and a treatise would be needed to develop the questions which arise. But Bedfont and a second fount, distinguished as 'west,' must have been praying wells like the Show-well, near Holborn, which gave its name to the modern Shoe Lane, and God's-well, now remembered in Goswell Street. The whole left bank of the Thames from above Staines to below Isleworth, all round by Shepperton and Halliford,—a name which reminds us of Bedford and other 'precarious' places—may be described as the Delta (geographically speaking) of the Colne. There is a Roman flavour about the word 'Colne' as it is spelt. An old school of archæologists

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liked to talk of colonies, and to dwell on the possibilities of Latin and even Greek place-names in England. I hardly dare to venture the suggestion that the Colne, formerly always pronounced Colney, is called from the rabbit holes on the sandy banks; but in one place on the left bank we read of 'the only warren' in the county. If we ascend one or other of its branches, from Staines or Isleworth, we must arrive at last in the higher land from which it takes its origin: passing on the way the crossing at Colnbrook, which is apparently a modern place, not dating, that is, much farther back than the Tudor period. But the name, as some have supposed, may be a corrupted form of Coln-bridge, or Coln-brugg. By tracing the stream and its branches to northward from the Lawyer's Creek on the Thames, we might find ourselves where some half-dozen streams unite. The Colne at Uxbridge receives the waters of the Gade, the Chess, the Ver, and the Misbourne,—to say nothing of the Frey or Freyswater, which maintains a course of its own for some distance. But this would be to make our journey to Uxbridge by river, whereas we intended to make it by land, and had no idea of braving the 'fast rolling tide' or the dangers of the deep in carrying out the enterprise on which we set out. Let us pause, however, for a moment to ask the meaning of the name. It was 'Wexbruge' under King Alfred—at least, so we are told—which might possibly mean 'great bridge.' But for centuries it was almost always 'Woxbridge,' which might contain a reference to its crookedness, and certainly commends itself to any one who observes how great is the curve described by the roadway from the Freyswater, in the High Street to beyond the farther mill on the Buckinghamshire side of the Colne. Against this very plausible derivation we must set such names as Woking and Woxgate or *Uocces geat*, which occur long before the Conquest: in these, evidently, a personal name appears. What little evidence there is tells against 'Oxbridge'; and one ingenious writer some years ago suggested that both here and at Oxford the Celtic *Uisg*, water, as in whiskey, offers the best explanation. I think Professor Skeat and the modern scientific investigators of place-names would hesitate to mix up the Anglo-Saxon and ancient British languages in such a fashion; but guessing at place-names is a sport only to be indulged by philologists, and may be especially aimed at in the maxim, 'Do not prophesy unless you know.'

To Uxbridge by land, then, is a journey full of interest; geographical, topographical—in short, all the names Coleridge is said to have applied to his horse may be used in this connection. Starting once more from Hanwell, crossing the Brent, and passing under the Viaduct already mentioned, in a north-westerly direction, we almost immediately reach Southall. I remember, in several journeys from London towards Bath by train, a quarter of a century and more ago, I used always at this point to look out for a typical

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old English country-house very easily seen from the carriage window. The lawn and old trees, the trim walks, the climbing roses, set off a red-brick house of the best Wren pattern, with the deep cornice and its roof and chimneys, its portico and bay windows, always pleasant to see, especially in sunny summer weather. Latterly, I believe, it was rented for a sanitarium or a private hospital; but the velvet turf and the flowering shrubs were well ordered and neat. One day in 1884 I missed it. A grass field, with some shady hedgerows, was in its place; but the site could be identified by the red-brick garden walls. It had not occurred to me, as I did not know its name, that this was the scene of a dreadful fire a few months before, when Dr. Boyd and his assistant and several of his patients were burnt to death in a few minutes, together with the house and all belonging to it.

There is still an old manor house at Southall, formerly the seat of a family which bore the old name of Awsiter, perhaps a corruption of Auchester, possibly of Agmondeschester,—as Amersham, a little beyond Uxbridge, is altered from Aunsham and that from Agmondesham.

Hayes comes next on our road, an old village with a church which owes its new look to thorough restoration. The monuments are good and interesting, and pleaded silently with the restorer, but in vain. The lich-gate is real—that is to say, it is not a modern imitation, and the yew trees recall but faintly what we have seen at Bedford. Another point of interest at Hayes is the old manor-house—now the vicarage. It is often remarked that the priest's dwelling was in most country parishes at once the oldest and newest of the houses, even as the Bishop of London's manor-house at Fulham is probably the oldest continuously-inhabited house in the diocese, though it presents no features of very remote antiquity. But Hayes vicarage was once a manor-house of the Archbishops, and was surrendered by Cranmer to Henry VIII.

The railway here keeps a southerly course through brickfields and by the muddiest canals, navigated in the dingiest boats, drawn by skeleton horses. These features crowd upon the sight as West Drayton is approached, and the advantages of the higher road are impressed on us by the background of wooded hills visible to the northward all the way. First, behind little Perivale and Greenford in the Brent Valley, Horsenden; beyond it Harrow, with its spires; and then the highlands of Ruislip and Harefield, crowning the irregular slopes of Ickenham and Hillingdon. West Drayton boasts of an old church in which are many brasses and other monuments; but a 'restoration' about seventy years ago diminishes the visitor's interest. The junction station adds the name of Yiewsley to that of Drayton. There has always been a disposition to make a mystery of the simplest local names, such as Kew or Cowley, close by, or Yewsley, as it ought to be spelt. Whether the two places are called

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from Ewes and Cows, or bear names intended, in a pastoral district, to point out that some fields are dangerous and some suitable for grazing cattle, I do not know. The journey from Drayton by a short branch line is not very interesting, and those who can walk or ride by Hayes and Hillingdon will not be sorry. But a walk from the junction is not very long; the churches of Cowley and Hillingdon are ancient, and the orchards are diversified by old houses. At Cowley, in an unmarked grave, was buried William Dodd, D.D., hanged in 1777 for forgery.

At the present day it seems strange to remember that not very long ago, as nations reckon time, the scenes now being enacted in South Africa were rehearsed here. A trooper of the army which, in the summer of 1642, the Parliamentary General, Essex, led against the King's forces, has left, in letters to the worthy citizen who had been his master, full accounts of the march from Acton. It may seem as we read them in a modern volume (*Archæologia*, xxxv. 310) like a chapter from the chronicles of a Boer commando in Natal. On a Tuesday 'several of our soldiers,' he says, 'inhabitinge the out parts of the towne sallied out unto the house of one Penruddock, a Papist, and being busily affronted by him and his dogge, entered his house and pillaged him to the purpose.' Next they got into the church and 'defaced the auntient and sacred glazed pictures and burned the holy rales.' Even a 'restoration,' as we understand it, cannot have been worse. On Thursday they drew near Uxbridge. 'At Hillingdon, one mile from Uxbridge,' he reports, 'the rales beinge gone, we got the surplesse, to make us handkerchers.' It is impossible not to picture such scenes as we pass through these peaceful meadows and perfumed gardens. We may agree with the Roundhead trooper when he remarks that between Acton and Wendover the country was 'the sweetest that ever I saw.' He goes on to tell us that 'accidentally one of Captain Francis his men, forgetting he was charged with a bullet, shot a maide through the head and she immediately died.' Again, 'beinge on fier to be at them wee marched thorow the corne and got the hill of them, whereupon they played upon us with their ordinances, but they came short. Our gunner took their owne bullet, sent it to them againe and killed a horse and a man.' After a peculiarly bloodthirsty day, our trooper always goes to a prayer-meeting and notes that 'worthy Mr. Obadiah Sedgewick gave us a worthy sermon,' or 'Mr. Marshall, that worthy champion of Christ, preached to us.' He expresses a pious hope that these discourses will have satisfied more 'malignant spirits amongst us than a thousand armed men,' and in the next sentence vows that his winter suit shall never be stained 'save in the blood of a Cavaleere.'

We enter Uxbridge from the eastern end, passing, among other beautiful parks, that of Hillingdon Court. Here, as an example of the unexpected, an unconsidered trifle, a white stone lying on the

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lawn, was a few years ago identified as the marble figure of a bull of ancient Greek workmanship, and is now, by Lord Hillingdon's munificence, in the British Museum. The Treaty House at the other (the western) end of Uxbridge has been the subject of many local tales and traditions. According to one of the most plausible, it was here that Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell met to settle the affairs of the nation, and here that the high contracting parties anticipated by several centuries the abortive conferences of Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger. As, so far as authentic history takes us, neither Cromwell nor the King ever set foot in Uxbridge, we may be excused if some ancient panelling, rather handsomely carved, proves to be the most interesting object to be found in the house, which is now an inn.

The half-timbered houses have also disappeared from the street. They lurk, no doubt, in the many courtyards which open out to the back at short intervals all along; but they are mentioned in the reign of Henry VIII. by Leland, and every writer since has repeated his words. Some very charming old brick fronts, of the so-called 'Queen Anne' period, are among the antiquities of the place; and, for the rest, the strange connection or partnership between the church and the Market House is probably the most curious feature of the pleasant and picturesque town.

The High Street is entered at about half-way in its great length from St. Andrew's to the bridges by the road from Windsor, which now has a bridge of its own. Windsor Street divides just as it reaches the main street, and the London topographer cannot help being reminded of the two branches of Marylebone Lane at Oxford Street. There in the fourteenth century there was no market-place as at Uxbridge, and the church, owing to the loneliness of the situation, was removed by the Bishop. Here, on the contrary, the chapel between the arms of Windsor Street had to be enlarged, and in 1447 it was rebuilt. Of this rebuilding no fragments now appear outside. The chapel became a church, but was reckoned a chapel of ease to Hillingdon until 1842, when the living was made a vicarage. Meanwhile, the town had grown; the wide space upon which St. Margaret's looked became yearly more important as the market increased in vogue. The church was not allowed to push its walls farther forward, and at length, in 1788, the Market House was placed between it and the street frontage. The result, odd as it appears, is very picturesque and most obnoxious to the improvers and restorers, who would long ago, had it been possible, have gladly followed the advice often given them to remove the building as hiding the church. To my mind, the Market House is, architecturally speaking, the more interesting. The church shows us only what Sir Gilbert Scott thought it might have looked like at some previous period. That he was incapable of an opinion on this point might easily be proved by the carved altarpiece which he

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placed at the east end: if it was really ancient and not a modern structure, it would prove that the church was furnished first and built more than a hundred years later. Much less incongruous is the only great monument which stands close to the altar. Lady Bennett, who died in 1638, is represented in the costume of the Stuart period, and lies on a high alabaster tomb, decorated with classical columns and many coats of arms. Underneath, we see the grated window of a charnel house, filled with death's heads and bones, one skeleton hand grasping the bars—a touch of horror very characteristic of the age. The peculiarity of the church is that it has no chancel, further building to eastward having been made impossible by the Market House. In plan this picturesque structure resembles two open fans; and the architect followed the example of Wren's device by which in several cases he made a city church cover all the available space, however irregular. A comparison of the ground plans of the two buildings in Uxbridge Street results very much in favour of the classical as distinguished from the Gothic designer. The Market House covers every inch of the open space, yet presents a row of sixteen regular columns to the front; while the church, unable to find room for a chancel, leaves empty two triangular plots of useless ground.

The contrast of the two buildings, the most important by far in the little town, is very interesting, and should be studied by any admirer of architectural effect before some 'restorer' interferes and closes the competition.

There was no burial ground round the church; but in 1576 the Earl of Derby, 'Lord of the Isle of Man,' gave the town a field, called the Lynch, for a cemetery. It lies on the Windsor road, and must have been close to the scene of the burning of Queen Mary's victims a few years before. The attitude of the townsfolk seventy years later, when no church service could be held for the Treaty Commissioners, is the natural outcome of these cruelties. Three martyrs suffered on this occasion, amid circumstances of special barbarity. Even now Uxbridge cannot be described as a place where remarkable tolerance in religious matters prevails.

The visitor, when he has examined the church—which looks like an ironclad ramming a big mail steamer—namely, the Market House—when he has tried to count the fifty-one columns—a feat, the townsfolk say, which has only been performed after many failures—and has examined the double staircase, so like that at Abingdon, with its twisted balusters, will cross the street, and, leaving the town by a steep lane, will ascend to the common. Here on a sunny day the whole fair valley lies before him. From the northern hills to the Thames, with towns and villages, steeples and chimneys, winding brooks and shining lakes, the view unfolds itself like a map, bounded only by Richmond Hill on the south, by the impenetrable curtain of London smoke on the east, and towards the sunset by the Royal Banner floating above the towers and woods of Windsor.



# THE NECESSITY FOR OPTIMISM

## BY H. D. LOWRY

### I



HEY are mistaken who speak of youth as the happiest period in human life. Children, indeed, are almost always happy ; but that is because they are ignorant, and because the elder folk who might enlighten them conspire to keep them in the dark. It is the same in the slums as in the homes of the wealthy. Walk along the Strand on its northern side, and you will see bare-headed children, clad sometimes in rags, with matted hair and dirty faces, and their condition must inevitably excite your pity. Yet there is no room for doubt as to their happiness, unless all the signs by which the emotions are instinctively expressed have in their case suffered a complete change. The organ-grinder exists and makes music simply in order that they may not lack the proper accompaniment to their dancing ; the very policeman has his being only to give their lives that spice of adventure without which life would be hardly worth having. They may be hungry ; they must often be cold ; their homes are in the slums between the Strand and Drury Lane. Drunkenness and violence are with them familiar facts, and often they have learned to blaspheme before they could properly talk. Yet they are happy because they live just as truly in a world of make-believe as the more fortunate children who have the best reason in the world to

Suppose He made the world,  
And put young children in it,  
To pick His flowers, climb trees, and play ;  
And then He saw, next minute,

There must be people, tales to tell  
To children, and to feed them,  
To build them houses and to find  
Warm clothes if they should need them.

Happiness is possible for the children of the slums ; but think how beautiful is the life of the children who are watched and guarded, kept from all knowledge of evil, and tended as the good gardener tends his flowers !

Life turns all its bitters into sweets for them. If they are hungry there is always some one ready to bring them food, and they eat joyously. If they suffer pain there is no one who does not talk the softer, and touch them with the gentlest of caresses. If they are afraid, some big strong person will come and hold them tightly, and they will know surely that they are safe. They are never alone, for they have imaginations which enable them to create for themselves invisible playmates who are infinitely more delightful than the kindest of the real people around them. The small boy

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who came back from a walk carrying three or four stones and gave them to his mother, assuring her they were pheasants he had shot for her 'in a large forest near Ramsgate,' wept bitterly when, after thanking him, she carelessly let him see her throw them away. But surely he was to be envied: to him they were real pheasants and they had fallen to his gun. To such a boy no gift he might desire could be denied by circumstance.

They are watched and guarded. Once there was a child who slept and dreamed a dream. He thought that he was alone at night under the wide sky, and ever so little afraid. But the fear was not great because of a star which shone overhead, and seemed to be shining for him alone. Then a lovely miracle came, for the star left the sky and travelled towards him through the blue of the night, growing brighter and brighter as it came, yet still shining softly. He woke. His mother stood by the bedside shading a candle with her hand. Now there is a man who sometimes escapes to places where the stars still shine, and wanders at night under the wide sky until the star of the child's dream comes into it again. Then for a moment he, too, dreams. The star comes near again; he is a child, half-sleeping; his mother stands by his bedside shading a candle with her hand.

Surely this great conspiracy of the elder folk is a strong testimony to the joyousness of life. It is entered into by mere instinct; it is joined without the speaking of a word by many people whom society rightly regards as its inveterate foes. Every one is eager to make sacrifices in order that little children may be kept from pain or from the knowledge of evil. This could hardly happen in a world that was not beautiful.

Knowledge, however, must needs come, and to those who are thus sheltered it comes for the most part in sudden shocks. The child picks flowers and tires of them, and throws them away, understanding perfectly that they will wither and be swept from the garden-path they now disfigure. It kills flies—for your natural child is bound to be cruel in greater or less degree—and understands that hereafter they will lie still and will not buzz against the window-pane. Pet animals and birds die, and graves are made for them in a corner of the garden. It is quickly known that mutton and beef are, or were yesterday, sheep and ox. Yet the child does understand that there is such a thing as death.

The knowledge comes abruptly. Who does not remember the day when he learned that a pleasant voice would never be heard on earth again, that gentle hands were now stiff and still, that kind eyes were closed in a sleep that would have no ending; that the dear friend of yesterday had become something to be put into a box, and lowered into a pit, and covered up and left lonely under the earth? The child is easily consoled, and heaven is as real a place as the

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enchanted forest that lies on the farther side of the garden-hedge ; but this first realisation of the meaning of death to those who are left alive is an event that marks a period in the passage of the child toward manhood.

Other enlightenments must come. There are grown-up people who apparently 'will not understand': who have not joined the great conspiracy. Often they have the best intentions imaginable, and it is their very efforts to do well that are most effective in bringing about the child's awakening, in teaching it that make-believe is—only make-believe. Children, too, being 'born in sin and shapen in iniquity,' must needs be teachers of evil to themselves. The time comes when they know that, though they may have had the excuse of sickness, they have been deliberately and consciously cruel, and have turned the love of others into a weapon wherewith to wound them. They have been angry. They go on, and perhaps they are tempted to steal, or to tell a lie ; most cruel of all, they realise that some one whom they have trusted has lied to them. That is, perhaps, the last stage of all in the passage of the child from the land of implicit belief to the land where faith—the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen—must be fought for and hardly won before happiness is to be attained in the end.

The child is still a child, and still accepts many of the beautiful stories that may afterwards have to be discarded. It can still sleep without fear after having said the Child's Prayer :

Dear God, help me to love you, because you made all it is good to love. Teach me to be sunlight to those that sit in darkness, music to those that hear no songs, and to bring flowers to those who must live in the desert. Give me love, and light, and let me laugh sometimes because of joy I have given to others. Let me not grieve the Angels, and when the night comes let me sleep quietly, and be unafraid.

But knowledge comes, though wisdom lingers, and the child reaches the period of youth.

## II

There are some verses by a youthful poet which may well enough be quoted here. He had lived in pleasant circumstances all his days, and those who knew him best were the least likely to believe that he had ever for a moment been seriously unhappy. Yet when it came to collecting his verses into a volume—still unpublished—he felt called on to write, by way of introduction, the following lines :

These are the songs I have made  
In the sorrowful days of my youth.  
These are the prayers I have prayed  
To a god that was not of the truth.

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These are the loves I have known :

Pitiful gains I have won.

These are the seed I have sown

In the days that are over and done.

The lines are ingenuous, of course, and might even excite derision ; yet there are excuses for the poet. Only the wise can be happy, and how should youth be wise ?

One writes of a youth who has brains and an imagination : who loves the truth, and is for ever questioning. There are some who pass out of childhood through youth to manhood and old age without asking a question : they accept life as it is, and find it perfectly to their taste. At least, they recognise from the first that they cannot hope to alter it, and that to make the attempt will involve them in great unhappiness. They are fortunate in no small degree ; but the wise man does not envy them, and they need not here be any further spoken of.

The youth, who was once a child, finds that the people who have hitherto sheltered him have given him a set of beliefs most of which now appear to be false. He sees that the world is full of evil, and that the wicked do indeed flourish like the green bay-tree, while the children of the righteous man lack bread. He dreams of a perfect love, and he looks around and is aware that men sometimes win love and trust in order that they may get money ; that beautiful women sometimes sell themselves in order that they may wear costly clothes and be honoured in the land—not for beauty, or kindness, but for the mere sake of the position they have acquired. He is told now and then that some old person whom he has known all his days as honest and industrious has become incapable of further labour, and has had to accept the awful imprisonment of the workhouse. He hears ‘rough music,’ and he knows that the girl whose shame is made the occasion of a village festival was beautiful, and kind, and worthy to be loved. He learns how women whom he knows to be good wives and devoted mothers talk of a woman who has sinned once and repented in sack-cloth and ashes : he sees how they condone the calculating wickedness of the man who caused her to sin. He reads of how little children are sometimes brutally tortured by those who brought them into the world, or sold into hell for the price of a bottle of gin. He sees horses fall in the streets, worn out and dying, and lie there for hours before the elaborate formalities have been gone through that render it possible to give them the relief of death. Everything is utterly, incredibly changed, and his suffering through the daily revelations that are made to him is the more intense according to the degree in which he possesses the qualities that will enable him to win in the end to the goal of happiness.

Perhaps he loses his God and becomes a blatant atheist. He

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cuts a ridiculous figure, for he is inevitably moved to make absurd demonstrations against those who have kept or have won back their faith. Yet he deserves to be pitied and borne with, and left to the teaching of life, for he has lost something not less necessary to him than the air he breathes, and the light of the sun, and it once seemed to belong to him as naturally as these do.

It is complained of the younger writers of our day that when they betake themselves to fiction they produce stories which depress by showing the world as a place full of misery and wickedness. It is alleged that this is truest of those who write and invent most admirably. The complaint is possibly true ; but these writers are not without their excuses. To begin with, your pessimist is, in essence, the king of optimists. Only he who is filled with a sense of the exceeding loveliness of the devotion of husband to wife, the quiet truthfulness of friend to friend, the perfect readiness of the soldier to die for his country, or even for his officer, can be greatly distressed when he hears that a wife has betrayed her husband, that a man has broken faith with the friend who trusted him, that a boy of nineteen lies on a battlefield with a bullet through his heart. He feels an impulse to write, and he puts into his work the very best of his thought. He demands of those who may read him that they shall put to themselves the question which is continually repeating itself within his brain and to which he can find no answer : Why do these things happen ? Why does the beautiful only exist in order that the ugly may come into the world ? He is an inverted optimist.

Again, if one may continue for a space to consider only the youth who writes, it must be remarked that there are subjects which are extremely difficult to treat. A loaf of bread is a substantial object which can be handled, measured, and weighed. The bouquet of a fine wine is a thing so unsubstantial and so evanescent that a cold in the head may render you quite unable to recognise its presence. And, after all, the facts which make life good to live are scarcely more ponderable than the bouquet of a wine.

If a man comes to you with gloomy face and begins to rail at life in general, he usually has a reason to give for the mood which possesses him. He may say when he is questioned simply that he is tired to death of having to exist in a world where it is necessary to breakfast by candlelight and where Nature does not begin to assert her sway until the gas lamps have been lit in streets from which the stars are hardly ever visible. To those who have no nerves, to those who live where the stars are always untrammelled, his grievance might appear a slight one. But you understand, and perhaps you quote Mr. John Davidson, who most assuredly understands :

Ah ! I know  
How ill you are. You shall to-morrow do  
What I now order you ;

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At early dawn through London you must go  
Until you come where long black hedgerows grow,

With pink buds pearled, with here and there a tree,  
And gates and stiles ; and watch good country folk ;  
And scent the spicy smoke  
Of withered weeds that burn where gardens be ;  
And in a ditch perhaps a primrose see.

The young man who has got into the condition when these verses have to be quoted to him is in a very desperate state. He has been used to a land where it was beautiful to be wakened by the dawn, and where the night was so lovely that sleep was scarcely desirable. He has come—he has had at last to come—to a city where one never sees the stars, and where the best that one can ask for is to have work to do, to be infinitely tired at the end, and so at last to sleep—to be dead for a little while. Perhaps he cannot sleep, and as he lies awake he says to himself :

Stars shine softly down in the West,  
And your lost youth comes to find you,  
With word of the girl that you loved the best,  
In the days you have left behind you.

Sleep comes easily, there in the West,  
And the dawn is loth to wake you.  
So you take your fill of the boon of rest,  
Happy as dreams can make you.

He ought not to have nerves—you would probably do well if you advised him to keep an account of the number of cigarettes he smokes each day—but he has a real excuse for being unhappy.

Then, he may come to you and explain that he is out of sorts because his sweetheart has proved false, or because he has learned that she is going to die of consumption. You listen, and you sympathise perfectly. But, if you are one of the people who have to live by writing, you cannot help realising that you could, if you would, 'make copy' out of what he has told you, just as you make it out of yourself, and your own small sorrows.

A tragic event can be compressed into a newspaper paragraph, or if it happens to be heard of in a happy moment by a man who, after years of labour, has taught himself to write, it may become the suggestion of a story perfectly devised and executed. The great good things in life are generally trifles. One recalls, for example, an extremely clever journalist who worshipped his Editor but was undoubtedly indisposed to work. One day he invaded a room in which four men were struggling with a mass of 'flimsy.' He had a story to tell, and they had to listen while he told it. The tale was simply that the Editor—a born Editor—had passed him in the corridor, touched him on the shoulder, and said, 'Hullo, Lazy-

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bones !' The journalist will remember that to the end of his days, and be glad of it.

Then, again, the boy who was troubled about the weather may suddenly become something of a trial because of his radiant happiness. Inquire into its cause and you will assuredly be amazed that a thing so slight can produce so notable a change in his view of life, and is even like to affect your own and those of half a hundred others he may meet during the day. For happiness is the most contagious of things earthly, and there is a deal of truth in Mr. Davidson's picture of the old and broken journalist who lies sleepless in his garret, alone, unloved, starving even, and yet keeps his faith in the goodness of life by thinking that there are many all the world over to whom the night, which is for him so empty, brings perfect happiness.

Stars again ! and the seas once calling  
(Hark, once more !) in the heart of the night.  
Under the stars, like the starlight falling,  
Cometh a new delight.

Night shall give what the day denied us  
(Drink again of the breath of the sea !)  
Sleep for guerdon shall lay beside us  
All we have dreamed might be.

The boy's flamboyant happiness may be due entirely to the fact that he had neuralgia half an hour ago, and now has it no longer. Or it may be the consequence of some little story centring round the bunch of violets he wears in his buttonhole. There are people, let it be added in parenthesis, who may be known to be unhappy if it is perceived that they are not wearing violets when violets can be procured. Or the boy may confide to you, with an air of announcing something far more important than any tale of the death of a king, that he was in a room where people were laughing and talking busily ; that he said good-bye to them and came out alone into the hall and took his overcoat from the peg on which it was hanging, and then felt that he was getting assistance, turned, and found that a girl had quietly followed him out of the room. He may have written a little scrap of verse that pleases him ; he may have been able, without any effort or any sacrifice, or perhaps at the cost of both, to do a good turn to a friend. He may—for one writes of people who can feel everything, who are open to all influences—be exhilarated simply because the day is beautiful. Or perhaps he has received a cheque, the reward of his hands, and been able to discharge a debt which has worried him.

Now, these small things, which sweeten life, do not afford much scope for the writer. One's joys are private : everybody knows of one's sorrows. So the youth continues to write pessimistic stories, even while he is growing towards wisdom. Sometimes he is sur-

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prised that his work does not produce the effect he intended. There was a boy once, for example, who thought that to write well was the best thing in the world, and had arrived at the conclusion that life was infinitely cruel. Now, he wrote in the main for two people : the woman, exquisitely wise, who had taught him all that he knew, and a man, older than himself, constantly tortured by pain, who was his friend. He could not understand when the woman wept at one of his stories, and said it was beautiful. It ended with a savage little sneer at God—for he had lost his faith in God, and he felt that he had been wickedly robbed, since he was one of those people who cannot live without that faith. Yet, she, who believed, and who knew, thought this sentence beautiful, and looked on the story as having a happy ending. As to the man, he grew angry when the critics said that the work of the boy was 'morbid,' and frequently assured him it was nothing of the kind. This rather tried the boy, who thought that his stories were morbid and was rather pleased to think so. One day the man came to his friend's rooms and lay in a big chair and writhed with pain. He was a splendid person, and the world had need of his services ; yet he was often utterly incapacitated by pain, because a servant had been careless while he was a child. The boy watched, and finally broke into a wild tirade against the directors of the universe. The man listened, and when it came to an end he smiled with kindly tolerance, and said, 'My lad, you don't know yet. You will. If I were God and could make myself over again, altering every circumstance of my life, there is nothing I would alter.' The boy did not understand it : nobody could understand. Yet the man said it, and his friend remembered.

By these strange ways the youth proceeds towards manhood. He does not know that he is learning, for knowledge comes to him gradually now, and he is unaware of the change that is happening. But it does happen if he has faced life honestly and at last he is a man and he knows that the world is a good place, and life beautiful.

Let it be said of the unhappy poet quoted above that when after some few years he came across his description of his own little songs he was straightway moved to write a little epilogue.

Songs are sung, and the people hear,  
And the Lord knows what they think of it all.  
But the name of the lady you hold most dear  
You would not breathe though the sky should fall.  
  
It's sad—O, sad !—to have broken your heart,  
To pine, and wish you were spent and old ;  
But, bless you, lad, though you've told a part,  
There's still some secret you've left untold.

He may not have been entirely conscious of the fact ; but he was announcing to the world at large that he had come to the estate of manhood.



## THE NECESSITY FOR OPTIMISM

### III

When the youth has come to this point, he has ceased, or almost ceased to question. If he has not kept or won back his belief in Christianity he is rich in the possession of the religion which life teaches to all honest people. It is to be summed up in a sentence: You must go straight; you must be unselfish. As one looks on the world, it is splendid to see how universally people of all stations are striving, ignorantly and imperfectly it may be, but pertinaciously, to obey this code. There are those who apply it to their conduct only in a limited way. They are liars and thieves to the world at large; but if their lives be more closely investigated it will assuredly be found that in their relations with their children or their friends they obey the mandate implicitly.

The faith of a child in the loving kindness of its mother is a beautiful thing; but it is hardly so beautiful as the faith of a man in his friend. He knows surely that this man will never be so glad as when he is making some sacrifice to help him. He knows that the friend has the same sure and certain knowledge with regard to himself. He grows older, and every day is more and more moved to echo the words of a Cockney poet, 'Goodness of folks is wot coves over me.'

Life is good, and men have every right to be afraid to lose it. Yet we have seen them gladly laying down life—we knew, in some cases, how good it was, what promise it held, for them—for the sake of an idea. There is never a time where life is in danger, when some one does not come forward to prove that death is not to be feared at all. Every day in the year men and women give up their lives, often enough in order to save those of people whose very names they do not know. It cannot be thought that this could happen in a world that was not more beautiful than any that has ever been dreamed of by the poets. There are also those people who lay down their lives in an even truer sense. They are content to

Live and labour and let the good go by  
That their souls long for.

They are to be found in all ranks of society, and, generally, they have no reason to give for acting as they do. It is difficult to find any reason for adopting the course of action which is the inevitable. But these people exist all over the world and—again—how should they be found in a world that was not beautiful?

Death is most terrible to those who are left behind. Never to hear the voice again, never to see the wise smile, and to know that one never will see or hear: it is heart-breaking. One of the small good things happens and one's first instinct is to hasten and tell it to some one friend. Then one realises that the ears of the friend are

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turned deaf, and the thing that has happened almost ceases to be good. Yet one comes gradually to understand that there is no death. The friend who has influenced and helped in life is constantly helping in death. This is another of the facts which cannot be accounted for ; but it is none the less a fact.

There is nothing that a man must do which does not contain some element of pleasure. It is good to eat and drink, and 'a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.' It is infinitely good to work. The artist, who creates beautiful things, is most blest in this way. But there is a goodness in work itself : one is pleased, for example, even though one be writing something that will necessarily be forgotten by to-morrow night, to see the pile of slips growing on the table at one's elbow. Indeed, it is difficult to say how far one may go in this direction : the most mechanical toil can be a source of delight. There was a man once who had no interest in mineralogy—simply because he was ignorant. He volunteered to assist in the cleaning and arranging of a great collection of minerals which had lain utterly neglected for forty years in a deserted country house. Most of the specimens were overgrown with a very unpleasant mildew. All, or well-nigh all, the minerals containing iron were in a state of rust ; and the chief labour which devolved on this man was to clean them with a brush. Then there was a good deal of cutting thick cards with a pair of scissors that hurt the thumb. The only time when he was interested in anything except the actual hard labour was when he had to deal with certain crystals—amethysts, topazes, and so on. He worked thus for ten days, and—here again is a fact that should be unaccountable—he was extremely happy all the while, and at the end, when the task had been accomplished within the time required, he could hardly have been better content with the world if he had completed in the same period the most beautiful poem ever written. Then, after toil, sleep comes at the end of the day, and there is no need to say how good it is to lie down tired and take a rest that has been earned.

And then you may say to every man, with the certainty that he will not deny you, 'There's still some secret you've left untold.' It is probably a secret that would not greatly impress the world if it were to be shouted from the housetops. But it is almost the whole of life for him, and there is always a little song singing itself over and over in his heart.

One looks back and there is an infinity of things it is good to recall. There were spring days in Cornwall, with a grey sky softly shining, and a small wind blowing out of the west, clean-washed by the great sea. Primroses grew in the little wood, and while one gathered them one heard the noise of a stream in the bed of the valley. When one had gathered more than could possibly be carried the touch of them against the face was a delight that can be remem-

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bered but cannot be described. There are fields in Somerset where daffodils grow in the spring as plentifully as daisies in the summer. There were days at Oxford when one lay in the shadow of a hawthorn white with bloom, and listened to the music of water rippling over the lasher, while the cuckoo called in the distance :

Like twilight's footsteps in the grass,  
Whispering, the rain did fall ;  
From far away beyond the fields  
Clear came the cuckoo's call.

And while we lingered where the may  
Dipped to the waters clear,  
Life seemed a tune to fit the song  
Sung by the babbling weir.

One has lain on hot sands in the sunlight and lazily watched the quiet breaking of the waves. Or one has tramped through the heather under a windy sky when the huge bay was filled with breakers, and clots of foam went by through the clear air. Again—to return to Oxford—one has gone to the theatre and seen the first act of a play that was ineffably dull and stupid. Then there has come a happy inspiration : one has dashed back to one's rooms, got into flannels, and gone on the river in a canoe and explored the wonderful night. There have been times when the east wind blew for many days over the land and the spring delayed though the primroses were out. Then came the west wind, and the delight that it brought was worth more than all that had been endured while one waited.

Sometimes it has been possible to render real service to a friend. It has been discovered that the money you get for a little lyric, done in an hour, in order to beguile the tedium of a railway journey, will, for a whole month, keep the awful fear of the workhouse out of the heart of an old woman who has lived honestly all her days and begins to find that she can no longer undertake the work of which she was aforetime capable, and by dint of which she made certain children into useful citizens, teaching them both by precept and example that 'You must go straight ; you must be unselfish.'

One has learned, in fine, what was the full meaning of the prayer of the child : 'Give me love, and light, and let me laugh sometimes because of joy I have given to others.' And when that lesson has been learned there is no longer any doubt as to the beauty and the joyousness of life.

## THE POET OF SOUTH AFRICA

BY SIDNEY LOW



IN spite of Francis Parkman and Marcus Clarke, of Olive Schreiner and the author of 'Robbery under Arms,' of Gordon and Kendal, and 'Bliss Carmen,' it cannot be said that the Colonies of Great Britain made any conspicuous mark in literature during the nineteenth century. Nor, indeed, could this be expected. When a community is in the pioneering and exploring stage, or feverishly engaged in breaking into the treasure-house of its own virgin soil, it has no time for letters and the arts. These humane pursuits call for a settled population, a certain amount of leisured ease, and a wealthy cultured class not wholly occupied in politics, industry, and commerce. These conditions are arising in Australia and Canada, as they arose long ago in the United States, and in both our great Dominions there are all the signs of a nascent intellectual revival. There is an increasing interest in music, art, and learning; and young Australians and Canadians are thronging to the excellent educational institutions of their countries, or studying, with characteristic energy, in Europe and America. We should not have long to wait for some results of this activity. At present the Colonial writers are imitative and adaptive. They are overshadowed by the prestige of the great old literature, of which, like ourselves, they are the inheritors. But in due course they will strike their own note, and move us with the tones and harmonies of a newer world.

Can so much be hoped from South Africa? Who can predict the future of that land of sorrows? Perhaps some great poet, Dutch or English, may be rocked on the ground-swell of the fierce storm, and burst into song or inspired prose. Such things have before now been among the sequels of a devastating war. South Africa has the raw material of poetry ready to hand. The infinite spaces of the veldt and *karroo*, the rugged mountain sierras which cross the table-lands, the green valleys and sun-baked plains, form an effective background for that human drama, sometimes farcical, too often deeply tragic, which must be in constant progress wherever there is the clash of alien races and divergent ideals. Slow Boer farmer, pushing Britisher, keen Jew financier, the native, in his primitive savagery, or crudely veneered with a surface civilisation, Dutchman, Huguenot, Anglo-Saxon, Kaffir, Hottentot, and Malay—all these are stumbling against one another on the brown African earth. All have many memories, bitter and inspiring: old scores to pay, undying wrongs to avenge or live down, hopes broken or brought to fruition, failures and successes, the glory of fierce conflict and heroic endeavour. Here the centuries lie side by side. The Kaffir is the Pict or

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Silurian whom the Romans found in Britain 1800 years ago; the Boer is the Covenanter of the later Stuart days; and in Capetown and Kimberley and Johannesburg and the mining camps of Rhodesia, you will find all that is newest, everything most redolent of 'modernity,' from London or Hamburg or New York.

A land where the love of freedom burns with the slow consuming Batavian fire, above the slavery of a subject caste, unprivileged and abused; where the swish of the *sjambok* and the crack of the rifle are seldom absent from thought or ear; where men live on horseback, and where the jingle of bridles and the tramp of a foray are heard as often as in the great days on the Scottish borders—here surely is matter for a romancer or a ballad-maker, for a Scott, a Stevenson, a Fenimore Cooper, or a Kipling. Or shall we have to wait till this wild old world has passed away before men of letters awake to the picturesqueness of it all?

One excellent writer at least had an eye for it three quarters of a century ago. The poet of South Africa is Thomas Pringle. His opportunities were few compared with those which have been open to later settlers, and he knew only a small tract of the Cape Colony, nothing of the wide fields beyond the Orange, of the Transvaal upland, or the green hills and Alpine peaks of Basutoland. But what he did see Pringle put into verse, which, though not exactly immortal, has found its modest place in English literature. No less a critic than Coleridge 'did not hesitate to declare' that Pringle's 'Afar in the Desert' was to be reckoned 'among the two or three most perfect lyric poems in our language.' This is high praise, and somewhat beyond the merits of the subject. Pringle, though all the philosophers who ever mused on Highgate Hill should assert the contrary, is not a lyricist to scale the heights with Shelley, or Byron, or the Elizabethans.

He himself had a much juster appreciation of his own poetic achievement. Writing shortly before his death to a friend whom he wished to make his literary executor, he said:

Well—my egotism and vanity are fully before you, without a shred of drapery. Why should I not be frank and candid—at least to *you*? You will not misapprehend me so far as to imagine I am such a goose as to think myself an Aonian swan. No, dear John, no one knows better than I do the real value of my poetical vein. But though I have (as yet at least) written but a few pages that deserve to live in the literature of my country, yet I may without presumption, perhaps, rank myself among those 'minors' who have indited, whether from genius or good luck, a few things which their countrymen 'would not willingly let die.' If I am not presumptuous, therefore, in hoping that my poetic trifles may survive for a little while with those of Bruce and Logan, and Beattie and Graham and Leyden, I may be excused for the vanity of anticipating that a brief memoir, such as that of Leyden or of Graham, may be required from some friendly pen, to accompany my 'remains.'

Let the reader judge for himself from a specimen of 'Afar in

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the Desert,' which is perhaps not so well known to the present generation as it was to our fathers, though it still figures in most reputable Anthologies of English verse :

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :  
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,  
And, sick of the Present, I cling to the Past ;  
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,  
From the fond recollections of former years ;  
And shadows of things that have long since fled  
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead :  
Bright visions of glory—that vanished too soon ;  
Day-dreams—that departed ere manhood's noon,  
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft ;  
Companions of early days—lost or left ;  
And my Native Land—whose magical name  
Thrills to the heart like electric flame ;  
The home of my childhood ; the haunts of my prime ;  
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time  
When the feelings were young and the world was new,  
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view ;  
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone !  
And I—a lone exile remembered of none—  
My high aims abandoned,—my good acts undone,—  
Aweary of all that is under the sun,—  
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,  
I fly to the Desert afar from man !

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :  
Away—away from the dwellings of men,  
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen ;  
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,  
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartbeest graze,  
And the kùdù and eland unhunted recline  
By the skirts of grey forests o'erhung with wild vine ;  
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,  
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,  
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will  
In the fen where the wild-ass is drinking his fill.

It is perhaps a little unkind to quote these verses after Coleridge's exaggerated encomium. But if they have no great poetic merit, they have, at least, plenty of local colour. The poem as a whole renders into literary English the South African impression, and this is a feat so rarely performed that it is worth noticing. For my own part, I never repeat the lines of 'Afar in the Desert' without a kind of emotion. When I was a boy at school there was put into my hands a geographical text-book (I am sorry I have forgotten the name of it), the author of which had very sensibly printed this piece of Pringle's, in order to give his young students some notion of the scenery and zoology of the Cape regions. I read it and learnt it with delight ; and for many years

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afterwards I could think only of South Africa as a land where you rode in the desert, with elephants browsing about you, and a bush-boy alone by your side.

In several other poems Pringle gives excellent transcripts of South African life and landscape, such as they must have appeared to a settler in the twenties of the last century, when Boers and English alike were still islanded in the midst of a sea of black and brown humanity. There is his 'Song of the Wild Bushman':

Let the proud White Man boast his flocks,  
And fields of foodful grain ;  
My home is 'mid the mountain rocks,  
The Desert my domain.  
I plant no herbs nor pleasant fruits,  
I toil not for my cheer ;  
The Desert yields me juicy roots,  
And herds of bounding deer.

The countless springboks are my flock,  
Spread o'er the unbounded plain ;  
The buffalo bendeth to my yoke,  
The wild-horse to my rein ;  
My yoke is the quivering assegai,  
My rein the tough bow-string ;  
My bridle curb is a slender barb—  
Yet it quells the forest-king.

The crested adder honoureth me,  
And yields at my command  
His poison-bag, like the honey-bee,  
When I seize him on the sand.  
Yea, even the wasting locust-swarm,  
Which mighty nations dread,  
To me nor terror brings nor harm—  
For I make of them my bread.

Thus I am lord of the Desert Land,  
And I will not leave my bounds,  
To crouch beneath the Christian's hand,  
And kennel with his hounds :  
To be a hound, and watch the flocks,  
For the cruel White Man's gain—  
No ! the brown Serpent of the Rocks  
His den doth yet retain ;  
And none who there his sting provokes,  
Shall find its poison vain !

Or we may take the excellent and spirited 'Lion Hunt,' which has a pleasant antiquarian interest when we remember that the scene of it is one of the prosperous glens in the country north of Port Elizabeth and Grahamstown, where, I imagine, the appearance of a lion would now excite a good deal more surprise than that of a troop of hostile Boer horsemen :

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Mount—mount for the hunting—with musket and spear !  
 Call our friends to the field—for the Lion is near !  
 Call Arend and Ekhard and Groepe to the spoor,  
 Call Muller and Coetzer and Lucas Van Vuur.

Side up Eildon-Cleugh, and blow loudly the bugle :  
 Call Slinger and Allie and Dikkop and Dugal ;  
 And George with the elephant gun on his shoulder—  
 In a perilous pinch none is better or bolder.

In the gorge of the glen lie the bones of my steed,  
 And the hoofs of a heifer of fatherland's breed :  
 But mount, my brave boys ! if our rifles prove true,  
 We'll soon make the spoiler his ravages rue.

Ho ! the Hottentot lads have discovered the track—  
 To his den in the desert we'll follow him back ;  
 But tighten your girths, and look well to your flints,  
 For heavy and fresh are the villain's foot-prints.

Through the rough rocky kloof into grey Huntly-Glen,  
 Past the wild-olive clump where the wolf has his den,  
 By the black-eagle's rock at the foot of the fell,  
 We have tracked him at length to the buffalo's well.

Now mark yonder brake where the blood-hounds are howling ;  
 And hark that hoarse sound—like the deep thunder growling ;  
 'Tis his lair—'tis his voice !—from your saddles alight ;  
 He's at bay in the brushwood preparing for fight.

In a more reflective and poetical mood Pringle writes his beautiful sonnet on 'The Nameless Stream' :

I found a Nameless Stream among the hills,  
 And traced its course through many a changeful scene ;  
 Now gliding free through grassy uplands green,  
 And stately forests, fed by limpid rills ;  
 Now dashing through dark grottos, where distils  
 The poison dew ; then issuing all serene  
 'Mong flowery meads, where snow-white lilies screen  
 The wild swan's whiter breast. At length it fills  
 Its deepening channels ; flowing calmly on  
 To join the Ocean on his billowy beach.  
 —But that bright bourne its current ne'er shall reach :  
 It meets the thirsty Desert—and is gone  
 To waste oblivion ! Let its story teach  
 The fate of one—who sinks, like it, unknown.

Unknown, no doubt, Thomas Pringle may be called in the twentieth century ; but in his time he filled some small space in the world, and was esteemed, not undeservedly, outside literary circles. He had a career which, though not exactly successful from a material point of view, since it was a continual struggle with ill-health, ill-luck, and poverty, is not without interest, especially at the present time, when there is some talk of repeating the experiment in colonisation on which Pringle spent some of his time,



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much of his energy, and more of his money than he could afford to lose. He was one of those estimable, active, and somewhat impracticable individuals, rather overburdened with scruples and ideas, but instinct with righteousness and alive with busy intelligence, whom the Scottish Lowlands used to produce. His ancestors, like those of many another good man, were Border farmers, and he himself was born at Blaiklaw, almost within hearing of the ripple of the Tweed, in 1789. When a few months old he met with an accident which left him a cripple for life, and gave him a taste for books. He was taught as well as village boys could be taught in old Scotland, went to the grammar school at Kelso in his fourteenth year, and three years later to the University of Edinburgh. He was a studious youth, and we are told that 'although he did not make a brilliant figure his appearance was altogether respectable when examined by the Professor.' This information is derived from a Memoir of Pringle, written by his friend Leitch Ritchie, and prefixed to the complete edition of his poetical works published by Moxon in 1838. Mr. Ritchie has an artless fashion of writing, which is delightful in these sophisticated days. He is always anxious to show that his hero was a most proper, and indeed quite a 'genteel,' person. 'His habits,' he says, 'were exceedingly correct, as his thoughts and feelings were most pure; while, amid the trials of an academic life, his devotional bias lost little of its power.' But in spite of his piety and his lameness there was a good spice of the truculent Border temper about Pringle. The most characteristic anecdote preserved in connection with his university career relates to the production of Joanna Baillie's once famous 'Family Legend,' on the Edinburgh stage. A report arose that the Edinburgh reviewers and all the 'new' critics of the day had collected a *claque* to damn the play on the first night. Pringle was always on the side of the angels; but he did not disdain carnal weapons. He organised a body of forty or fifty young men, 'armed with clubs,' who, as soon as the doors were opened, rushed into the house and took possession of the centre of the pit. Every murmur of disapprobation was drowned by a simultaneous shout from this formidable corps; and amidst their cheering and clapping could be heard the sound of their leader's heavy crutches banging strenuously on the floor.

Mr. Ritchie is much concerned at the calumnious report, set on foot by the contemptuous *Quarterly Review*, that Pringle had the impudence to adopt 'literature as a profession' on leaving the university. Many people do that nowadays. But in 1838 it was deemed a rash and hardly reputable proceeding. The suggestion provokes Mr. Ritchie to some dignified moralising. Having refuted the aspersion on his friend's correctness, he continues:

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I am more disposed to defend him from the charge of having chosen literature for a profession, as I conceive that such an imprudence would have been inconsistent with the usual correctness of his judgment. Pringle was never the victim of a truant and wandering disposition. His sufferings afterwards were for the sake of principle, and were submitted to from deliberate reflection, and not as the consequence of want of forethought. I have a very good right to express my opinion on this subject; and I can say, that the choice of literature as a profession, although in a few cases it may be the result of inevitable circumstances, arises nearly always either from disinclination to steady labour or from sheer want of sense. If from the former of these two causes, the same idle habits are manifested even in literature itself; if from the latter, the same deficiency of judgment may be clearly traced throughout the entire history of the individual. A man is not idle because he is a literary man, but he is a literary man because he is idly inclined. He is not imprudent in the common occurrences of life because he is an author; but he is an author because he is without prudence to direct his actions. As for the gentleman-like independence with which the literary profession is invested by the imagination of lazy, thoughtless lads, this is a dream that authors very soon learn to smile at—if so bitter an affection of the muscles can be called a smile. An author is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a mere huckster, and haggles with the purchasers of his small wares like a shopkeeper. He degrades literature by his meanness in selling his very mind for money, and endeavours to persuade himself that it is literature which degrades him. If there be those who retain some respect for themselves and their calling, they are the most unhappy of the tribe. Their reputation may be widely spread, their name may be associated wherever it is heard with ideas of moral beauty, or intellectual power; but they are worse remunerated than the very scavengers of the press. They stalk through society with a lofty brow and unblanching cheek, admired or envied by the unthinking; and in a few years sink and pass away—one dares not inquire whither.

As a fact, it was not long before Mr. Pringle did adopt the degrading profession of writing as his sole source of livelihood. He got a small post in the Scottish Public Record Office, and began publishing poetry and essays in the magazines. He became acquainted with Scott, Lockhart, Hogg, and other literary people, and in 1817 threw up his clerkship, started the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, which afterwards became *Blackwood's*, and also undertook the 'drudgery,' as Mr. Ritchie calls it, of editing the *Edinburgh Star* newspaper. He was a busy man at this time, and was supposed to be getting forward in the world.

I am in a very strange and curious state [he writes, at this epoch], but I cannot explain it except in generalities. I am supposed to be prosperous and getting forward in the world, and yet I am one of the poorest men I know. I have no regularity of hours and am often out all night, and yet I am perfectly sober and given to no dissipation. I am well known to half the people in Edinburgh, and might spend all my time in pleasant company if I chose, and yet have not a friend in it—at least a *male* friend. I am the editor of two magazines, which are direct rivals. I am supposed to be a bachelor, and to live in an attic four storeys high, with a cat on my mantelpiece, and yet I have a house with a street door, and though not a wife in it one ready to take there as soon as I am able.

The last sentence meant that Pringle was engaged to be married to the daughter of an East Lothian farmer, 'of great respectability' (Ritchie), who made him an excellent wife. The marriage was immediately followed by one of Pringle's somewhat numerous

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quarrels. In this case he got into a dispute with the owners of his magazine, gave up the editorship of the *Star*, which had not been a successful venture, published a volume of poems which brought him more praise than solid reward, and as the upshot of all found himself back again at twenty-nine with his former post, and a very slender income, in the Register Office.

This was not a situation to suit a man of Pringle's energy. His father and brother, who had remained on the land, were also in straitened circumstances; and the whole family decided to emigrate to the Cape, which just then was supposed to offer a tempting field to agricultural settlers. At the present time, when the question of planting South Africa with farming colonists from Great Britain is again before us, the experiment in which Pringle took part is full of interest. The Government, it may be remembered, had wisely adopted a plan which bore some good fruit, and which might, if more wisely directed, and carried out on a larger scale, have saved us from innumerable troubles. The project of settling the Eastern Province of Cape Colony, with whole families drawn from the rural districts of England and Scotland, was persevered in long enough to give an admirable country population of farmers and herdsmen, thoroughly British in sentiment. These are the people whose grandsons have been filling the irregular regiments in the South African War, and have proved themselves not inferior to the Boers with the rifle and in the saddle. The Government wisely refused to make grants to individual emigrants; the essence of the scheme was that the settlers should go by families, and that each group should comprise at least ten adult males. Pringle's band numbered twenty-four all told—twelve men, six women, and six children.

The party set sail in February, 1820, arrived at Algoa Bay in June, and set out for the valley of the Baavians, a tributary of the great Fish River, where they were to find their location, on lands 'forfeited by certain Dutch boors, who had risen in insurrection against the British Government.' The Scottish names, which mingle with the Dutch in this district—Eildon-Cleugh, Glen-Lynden, and the like—bear witness to the origin of the settlers. They reached their destination on June 29, 1820; and on July 2, the first Sunday after their arrival, they abstained from all secular employment, performing divine service in the forenoon and afternoon, and agreeing to maintain in this manner the public worship of God in their infant settlement. It was, says Pringle in his interesting 'Narrative of a Residence in South Africa,'—

An affecting sight to look round on our little band of Scottish emigrants, thus congregated for the first time to worship God in the wild glen allotted for their future home and the heritage of their offspring. There sat old —, with his silvery locks, the patriarch of the party, with his Bible on his knee—a picture of

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the high-principled grave Scottish husbandman; his respectable family seated round him. There was the widow —, with her meek, kind, and quiet look (the look of one who had seen better days, but who, in adversity, had found pious resignation), with her four stalwart sons, and her young maiden daughter placed beside her on the grass. There, too, were other delicate females—one of them very nearly related to myself—of whom I need not particularly speak. There was —, the younger brother of a Scottish laird, rich in blood but poor in fortune, who, with an estimable pride, had preferred a farm in South Africa to dependence on aristocratic connections at home. Looking round on these and other groups collected around me, on this day of solemn assemblage, such reflections as the following irresistibly crowded on my mind: 'Have I led forth from their native homes, to this remote corner of the globe, all these my friends and relatives for good or for evil?—to perish miserably in the wilderness, or to become the honoured founders of a prosperous settlement, destined to extend the benefits of civilisation and the blessed light of the Gospel through this dark nook of benighted Africa? The issue of our enterprise is known only to Him who ordereth all things well: "Man proposes, but God disposes."' But though the result of our scheme is in the womb of futurity, and although it seems probable that greater perils and privations await us than we had once calculated upon, there yet appears no reason to repent of the course we have taken, or to augur unfavourably of the ultimate issue. Thus far Providence has prospered and protected us. We left our native land from wanton restlessness or mere love of change, or without very sufficient and reasonable motives. Let us, therefore, go on calmly and courageously, duly invoking the blessing of God on all our proceedings; and thus, be the result what it may, we shall feel ourselves in the path of active duty.' With these, and similar reflections, we encouraged ourselves, and proceeded to the religious services of the day.

The settlers, however, had to contend with many difficulties, and the project, though judicious in its conception, was very imperfectly carried out, and on a quite inadequate scale. Just enough was done to mock us with the tantalising reflection that it only needed a little more steady effort, good sense, and judgment, to have turned a large part of South Africa into what, except in Natal, it has never yet really been—a genuine British colony.

The scheme [says Pringle] of settling a British population on the eastern frontier of the Colony was a wise and statesman-like measure, as its results, after fourteen years' experience, had most decidedly proved. But the details of the plan were in some points not very judiciously devised, nor well suited to the nature of the soil and climate. A large proportion of the emigrants were, moreover, but little prepared by previous habits, physical or moral, for the occupation of a new country; and the seeds of disunion had been profusely sown, even on the passage out, in most of the ill-assorted parties in which large numbers had been associated, and which were in many cases composed of the most heterogeneous materials. These circumstances alone could scarcely have failed to produce a great deal of dissatisfaction and disappointment. But when to these were added the almost total destruction for five or six successive years of their wheat crops by blight; the calamitous visitation of a terrible deluge of rain in October 1823, which swept away nearly half their huts and gardens; and, more galling than all, the cruel neglect and insolent tyranny of the Colonial Government and its local functionaries, ever since the departure of Sir Rufane Donkin, in 1821, it is not surprising that a large proportion of the settlers—those especially who had sunk all their resources in the enterprise—should have been driven almost to despair, or that their appeals to the Home Government were loud and importunate.

We need not pursue the story of the Glen-Lynden settlement,

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which is set forth at length in Pringle's 'Narrative,' a book that cannot be too widely read at the present time. The emigrants themselves eventually contrived to make their way, and hold their own, in spite of resentful Boers and warlike natives, and the pig-headed officialism of Downing Street and Government House. Pringle himself was in hot water with the authorities from beginning to end. He was a man with a passion for liberty, an enthusiasm for humanity, and, it must be added, a thorough-going belief in the value of his own ideas. Even in South Africa he kept his eye on European politics, and contributed to the local press some fiery stanzas on the league of Continental autocrats, known as the Holy Alliance:

Alas, for Spain ! that fiercely fought,  
Nor vainly, 'gainst a nobler foe ;  
Now by the Bourbon sold and bought,  
And shamed and sunk without a blow.

Alas, for Spain ! a fitting fate  
Awaits her with her recreant chief ;  
Foul superstition, fraud and hate,  
And mockery amidst her grief.

And thou, betrayed and trampled Pole,  
And Saxon of the Elbe and Rhine,  
I see the iron pierce your soul—  
The tears commingling with your wine.

I hear deep curses whispered low—  
See fingers grasp the warrior's brand,  
To snap the bondman's chain—but no !  
Ye have the heart without the hand !

But now my glance to England turns,  
A beacon-light 'midst ocean set,  
Impregnable—which brightly burns  
To tell where Freedom lingers yet.

And to that Guardian Isle the eye  
Of fettered Europe fondly bends,  
Waiting for Freedom's battle-cry  
To wake the earth's remotest ends.

And hark—it sounds !—I hear it now—  
And Britain rouses at the peal,  
And binds the helmet on her brow,  
And grasps once more the glittering steel.

Her mighty voice is on the breeze,  
Her martial step is on the plain,  
Her flag's afloat upon the seas,  
To bid the fallen rise again !

Up rise the nations at her call,  
As once they started with a bound  
To hurl to earth the tyrant Gaul,  
Who fiercely trod them to the ground.

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But not, as then, their necks to bow  
Ignobly to the traitor's yoke :  
The moral Samson wakens now—  
The tyrant's talisman is broke !

Yes ! Congresses and Courts must yield  
To Nations bursting from their chain ;  
While, under Britain's guardian shield,  
Law, Freedom, Truth, begin their reign.

Pringle was an ardent disciple of Wilberforce and Clarkson, and the other emancipationists, and when he came to South Africa his soul revolted at the atrocities to which the unfortunate natives had been subjected. He was one of the first to insist that the natives should be regarded as human beings, and to protest angrily against the shocking brutality with which Kaffirs, Hottentots, and particularly Bushmen, had been treated by the whites. It is worth observation that Pringle draws very little distinction, in this matter, between the English and the Dutch. The Boers used the black and brown men as beasts of burden, or hunted them down like wild animals ; but the English were not much better. Pringle reproduces a conversation with one of the old Dutch settlers, a field-cornet, from what was then the northern frontier of the colony :

'I still often shudder' [said the old gentleman] 'when I think of one of the first scenes of the time which I was obliged to witness in my youth, when I commenced my burgher service. It was a commando under Carl Krotz. We had surprised and destroyed a considerable kraal of Bosjesmen. When the firing ceased five women were still found living. The lives of these, after a long discussion, it was resolved to spare, because one farmer wanted a servant for this purpose, and another for that. The unfortunate wretches were ordered to march in front of the commando ; but it was soon found that they impeded our progress, not being able to proceed fast enough. They were, therefore, ordered to be shot. The scene which ensued often haunts me up to the present hour. The helpless victims, perceiving what was intended, sprung to us, and clung so firmly to some of the party, that it was for some time impossible to shoot them without hazarding the lives of those they held fast. Four of them were at length despatched ; but the fifth could by no means be torn from one of our comrades, whom she had grasped in her agony ; and his entreaties to be allowed to take the woman home were at last complied with. She went with her preserver, served him long and faithfully, and, I believe, died in the family. May God forgive the land !'

This was said with much feeling, and a chill of horror held us both silent for some minutes. I then said, 'Dr. Philip never published anything half so bad as this !' 'But what is the use of ripping up old sores ?' was the rejoinder. 'This happened when I was a boy, and I am now old and grey. There are, perhaps, not ten men in the whole colony who would not now shrink with horror from such a proceeding. Where were religion or law in those days ? Moreover, there was at least some pretext for that slaughter. Those Bosjesmen had committed several murders and depredations on our frontier. We were living in a state of bitter feud and constant warfare with the natives, and both parties were intent on mutual extermination. But what had your Ficani done when *they* were destroyed by wholesale slaughter by your British commanders ? While the *Boer* is threatened with the prison and the gallows if he but fire a shot in defence of all he possesses in the world, of his life, his family, his property, a regular army is sent by the government, hundreds of miles into unknown parts, on purpose to destroy a whole

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tribe of people, one whom we never so much as heard of before, who never did us the slightest injury—who, against our arms, were utterly defenceless; and this act committed within the last few years, too, when one hears of nothing but humanity, religion, and new laws for protecting slaves and native tribes! Here we had massacre in all its horrors—shooting of men in cold blood, the murder or mutilation of helpless females and children, and other atrocities too horrible to describe. But all this, I hear, your English missionaries defend or wink at, because it was done by Englishmen in authority, and does not tell against us unfortunate Boors. There is no use,' he continued, 'in trying to avoid the small-pox. Come into the Colony it will. Rust, locusts, droughts, we have had already, and ten thousand plagues more may we expect, as punishment for the blood which lies upon this land!'

Many of Pringle's verses are as eloquent as those of Longfellow, in defence of the rights of the coloured races. Such, for instance, is his 'Caffer Commando':

Hark! heard ye the signals of triumph afar?  
'Tis our Caffer Commando returning from war:  
The voice of their laughter comes loud on the wind,  
Nor heed they the curses that follow behind.  
For who cares for him, the poor Kosa, that wails  
Where the smoke rises dim from yon desolate vales—  
That wails for his little ones killed in the fray,  
And his herds by the Colonist carried away?  
Or who cares for him that once pastured this spot,  
Where his tribe is extinct and their story forgot?  
As many another, ere twenty years pass,  
Will only be known by their bones in the grass!  
And the sons of the Keisi, the Kei, the Gareep,  
With the Gunja and Ghona in silence shall sleep;  
For England hath spoke in her tyrannous mood,  
And the edict is writing in African blood!

Full of such sentiments, and bitterly indignant, from the outset, alike at the oppression of the natives by the colonists, and of the blundering incompetency which the colonists themselves had to endure from the nominees of Downing Street, Pringle speedily found himself in his customary situation of being 'ag'in the Government.' A Colonial Government, in the period before representative institutions, was not usually administered by men of the highest wisdom and character:

The English gentleman [says Pringle's biographer bitterly] selected to fill an office of such awful responsibility, happens usually—although of course there are exceptions—to be just the most incompetent person who could be discovered by a diligent search among the whole mass of the nation. The idea of a man being chosen, with reference to the united qualities he may possess of head and heart, to govern a *minor colony*, would send a universal cachinnation through any civilised cabinet in Europe. The choice falls upon somebody, or the son of somebody, who is a relation, or dependent, or supporter, of the minister for the time being; and as for his principles, if he have any at all, they are his own affair.

The governor, when Pringle arrived in the Colony, was Lord Charles Somerset, a man very little disposed to sympathise with the ideas of an advanced abolitionist and a champion of local liberties.

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The greater part of Pringle's South African career was occupied in a series of quarrels with Capetown officialdom. Leaving his Glen-Lynden emigrants, as soon as the settlement was fairly started on its way, he went to the capital and obtained the appointment of curator of the Government library. The salary was small, and Pringle proceeded to supplement it by opening a school and by starting a newspaper, the *South African Journal*. His academy flourished, his newspaper obtained some circulation, and a local printer established a weekly commercial journal and offered him the editorship; and for a brief space Pringle fancied himself, in the words of the judicious Ritchie, 'in the fair road to fortune combined with public utility.' But it did not last. He was, as I have said, a man with a natural *penchant* for opposing authority; and to be at loggerheads with the Government was then, as it is now, a dangerous position for a South African journalist, and exceedingly unprofitable. One of Pringle's two papers was speedily suppressed, and the editor was deprived of his appointment in the colonial library. We need not follow in detail the course of Pringle's remaining two agitated years at the Cape. He was engaged in constant bickering with the governor and the legal authorities, in much earnest philanthropic work to improve the condition of the natives, and in endeavouring to bring the grievances of the colonists and the general mismanagement of affairs to the notice of the Commissioners who had been sent out to report on the state of the country in 1823. He wrote, talked, travelled, and quarrelled, freely, founded a Literary and Scientific Society, and, I have no doubt, thoroughly enjoyed himself. In the meanwhile, however, his academy came to grief—through official persecution, says Mr. Ritchie, but one imagines that Pringle was not exactly an ideal schoolmaster—his journalism had left him, and he saw no chance of making a livelihood in South Africa. In July 1826, he started for England, and arrived in London, accompanied by his wife and her sister, and bringing with him a claim for compensation for losses incurred through the arbitrary action of the Cape Government.

He lived for eight years more, occupying himself with as much miscellaneous literary work as he could get, worrying the Colonial Office ineffectually to redress his grievance, and busy in the affairs of the Anti-Slavery Society. He was known to Wilberforce, Simeon, Rogers, Zachary Macaulay, Sir James Mackintosh, and other influential persons, and generally respected. On June 27, 1834, as secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society, he had the satisfaction of appending his name to the manifesto in which the Society announced that its labours had at last been crowned by the Act of Abolition. It was a great moment for the devoted body of enthusiasts who had worked so zealously upon the public conscience; but with Pringle, it was, as usual, a case of *laudatur et alget*. He



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had no money and no regular profession, and his health was failing. Once more his restless thoughts turned longingly to the lonely lands he knew beyond the equator.

If I had now a few hundred pounds [he wrote to a friend in 1834], I would go out to the Caffer frontier, buy and stock a farm, and settle myself for life in the wilderness. I am tired with the wear and tear of town life, and struggling with straitened circumstances for ever. Perfect quiet and happiness and leisure are not, I know, to be found in this world; but if the choice must be between utter seclusion, and struggling for subsistence by the exhausting and precarious wages of literary labour, I have no hesitation in preferring the latter—if the latter were in my power, which unhappily it is not.

He applied to the Colonial Office for the appointment of Resident Magistrate in the newly annexed Kaffir territory of the Cape; but the application, though supported by Brougham, Macaulay, Jeffrey, Buxton, and Lord Holland, was refused. His friends raised a small sum to enable him to go out to South Africa and take up land for farming; but the pulmonary complaint from which he suffered grew rapidly worse, and when the time for his departure arrived he was unable to move. He died on December 5, 1834, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

A tomb in Bunhill Fields, our London Père-la-Chaise, records that 'in the walks of British Literature he was known as a Man of Genius,' and that 'in the wide Sphere of Humanity he was known as the Advocate and Protector of the Oppressed.' The latter proposition is indisputable. As to the former, one must not rank Pringle too high. But about his verses there is undoubtedly a certain charm. If he had never gone to South Africa, and never taken to Protecting the Oppressed or Assailing Tyranny, his harp would have sounded pleasantly among the choir of Scotia's singers, that includes Alan Ramsay and his own friend the Ettrick Shepherd. One likes 'the language of his heart':

O that I were where blue-bells grow  
On Roxburgh's ferny lea,  
Where gowans glint and crow-flowers blow  
Beneath the Trysting Tree;  
Where blooms the birk upon the hill,  
And the wild-rose down the vale,  
And the primrose peeps by every rill,  
In pleasant Teviotdale.

His 'Come awa, come awa,' is a pretty lyric with its Burns-like reminiscences:

Come awa, come awa,  
An' o'er the march wi' me, lassie;  
Leave your Southron wooers a',  
My winsome bride to be, lassie.  
Lands nor gear I proffer you,  
Nor gauds to busk ye fine, lassie,  
But I've a heart that's leal an' true,  
And a' that heart is thine, lassie.

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Come awa, come awa,  
An' see the kindly North, lassie,  
Out o'er the peaks o' Lammerlaw,  
An' by the links o' Forth, lassie :  
And when we tread the heather bell  
Aboon Demayat lea, lassie,  
You'll view the land o' flood and fell—  
The noble North Countrie, lassie !

Come awa, come awa,  
An' leave your Southland hame, lassie ;  
The kirk is near, the ring is here—  
An' I'm your Donald Graeme, lassie,  
Rock and reel and spinning wheel,  
And English cottage trig, lassie,  
Haste, leave them a', wi' me to speel  
The braes 'yont Stirling brig, lassie.

Come awa, come awa,  
I ken your heart is mine, lassie,  
And true luv sall make up for a'  
For whilk ye might repine, lassie.  
Your father—he has gien consent,  
Your step-dame looks na kind, lassie—  
Oh, that our foot were on the bent,  
An' the Lowlands far behind, lassie !

Come awa, come awa,  
Ye'll ne'er hae cause to rue, lassie ;  
My cot blinks blithe beneath the shaw,  
My bonny Avondhu, lassie :  
There's birk and slae on ilka brae,  
And brakens waving fair, lassie ;  
And gleaming lochs and mountains grey—  
Can aught wi' them compare, lassie !

I am afraid that there are not many readers for minor poetry eighty years old. But no one who turns over Pringle's 'Narrative' will be wasting his time. It is an excellent piece of writing—diffuse in parts, because of a Defoe-like love of detail and a kind of overflowing sympathy. Some of its vivid touches and picturesque incidents are not easily forgotten ; and the whole, as I have said, is full of instruction and admonition for a generation which has to take up a task that would be less tremendous but for the mistakes and the neglect of Pringle's contemporaries in South Africa and at home.

## THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF NEWSPAPERS BY EDWIN SHARPE GREW



**I**N the mechanical processes of printing a newspaper or a magazine they speak of 'stereos,' the immovable formes of type which, rotating on the cylinders, set their unchanging impress on the page; and if we were to symbolise the intellectual processes of the editorial room, we might imagine the editor in the same way stamping a stereotyped individuality upon each issue of the paper he sent out into the world. We might go further and think of him as an Emperor who graves his style and image upon the coinage of his reign; perhaps even as a minor Deity who fashions his offspring in the likeness of himself. These flattering ascriptions of editorial influence are not discounted by the fact that some periodicals are featureless: rather does the theory explain the fact. Nor is it quite fair to speak of the most mindless of journals as featureless: each has a 'look of a something.' An imaginative writer, who placed the hero of his novel in the moon, has lately tried to describe the impression left on the mind of a human being when confronted, in the person of a Selenite, with a creature which had developed on lines entirely different from those of the ruling race on the Earth—a creature which was, in short, a gigantic intelligent insect. 'Its head was rather like a visored helmet. There was no nose, no expression; it was all shiny and hard and invariable, with bulging eyes. . . . I have tried to draw one of these heads, but I cannot. The point one cannot get is the horrible want of expression, the horrible want of change of expression. Every head and face a man meets with on earth in the usual way resorts to expression. This was like being stared at by a steam-engine. . . . But when I say there was a want of change of expression, I do not mean there was not a set expression on the face—just as there is a sort of set expression about a coal-scuttle, or a chimney-cowl, or the ventilator of a steam ship.' Even the illustrated papers have expressions (though not of opinion); it would be unfair to deny them features.

There is something in the last sentence of the moon-wanderer so exactly descriptive of the pictures which the mind sometimes frames of the identity of newspapers, that one might believe him to have found in the moon the sphere where the souls of dead newspapers are re-incarnated. We have all seen—have we not?—cartoons in *Punch* where the assembled newspapers are gathered round some political question or personage? There is the *Times* with its clock face; but the other journals are usually pictured as old women whose faces cannot be seen for their coal-scuttle bonnets. The old ladies' bonnets are not necessarily an imputation on the character of the papers which they conceal. They are merely a confession on

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the part of the artist that he knows no other way of realising the permanent image which is left on his mind of the individualities of certain editorial chairs. There is expression in the clock face of the *Times*—because a clock face has naturally expression, generally fatuous, often cheerful, sometimes menacing;—but the expression of its contemporaries is discernible quite as easily in the angles of their paper anatomy or in the very tilt of their bonnets. The cartoonist, in fine, hits near the bull's-eye of a truth. Newspapers have no faces, because that would imply a constantly-changing expression; whereas the first characteristic of a newspaper is its set expression—as of a door-plate, or a sign-post, or the front of a house—which remains unaffected by time, or vicissitude, or change. By the side of a newspaper's immutability the laws of the Medes and Persians are as evanescent as steam. The *Times* leaps so immediately to the hand as a first instance, that it kindles a doubt lest one may have been led by its aptness into stretching a theory farther than it can legitimately go. In a century the British Constitution has not changed less; the British climate, in the absence of any exact meteorological records, may be believed to have changed more. Tone, authority, temper,—these are the same, whether the theme of the *Times* leader is the Corn Laws or Sir Michael's War Budget; the Abolition of the Slave Trade or the Eight Hours Day; the Commissariat of the Crimea or the Base Hospitals in South Africa. In the place where once it stood alone, other daily papers have sprung up to dispute its influence and filch its circulation. They may have had a partial success; but its head, though bloody, is unbowed. If it has taken hints from its rivals,—and no paper could be so great as the *Times* and remain impermeable to new ideas—it has so transformed them in the process of absorption as to conceal entirely the sources of its inspiration. Like the elephant which can swallow half a pound of arsenic and only betray its influence in a glossier complexion, the *Times* can assimilate a good deal without showing it. Unostentatiousness has always been its canon. The value of 'exclusive information' has been known to it since the days when Diana of the Crossways whispered her secret to Delane; but its announcements have never sunk to the vulgar sensationalism of the 'boom' or the 'scoop.' One can imagine that the *Times* would announce the certain end of the world in a secluded corner of its Foreign Intelligence.

This single characteristic is so evident an instance of sustained tradition that it would not be worth while to make a point of it were it not that all other newspapers show their sense of the mercantile wastefulness of such reticence by advertising their own exclusive information with every device of headline and placard. It is in essence less remarkable an instance of sustained tradition than the *Times* leader, the *Times* special article, the *Times* descriptive report.

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The theme may change; the expression never changes. Whatever the inspiration, whatever the spirit or fancy of the writer, whatever even the fact, it adapts itself to the newspaper's inflexible convention. If it cannot adapt itself—possibly it finds no place there. Mr. Kipling's American journalist who had seen the Sea Serpent was awed by contemplation of the *Times*, it will be remembered, into tearing up his authentic account of this occurrence. Gaiety, wit, fancy, imagination,—all these must have found a place in the *Times*, for the qualities have belonged to those who have laboured at its fabric; but they are hidden, like the treasures of the British Museum, behind its Corinthian portico. We need not seek its merits to disclose, nor to draw its frailties from their dread abode; it is scarcely necessary to define them; the point is that the architecture is unchanging. The definition of it might perhaps be found in Saint Simon's description of the rigid dignity, the *majesté effrayante*, of Louis XIV.

Whence drew it this steel temper? From Delane, the *Roi Soleil* of its history? As little, we believe, as from Mr. Chenery or from Mr. Buckle. Delane had the commanding will, the strength of purpose, which would naturally make itself felt in the conduct of any undertaking with which he was associated. These are characteristics, it will be found, of all great editors; and are qualities more often associated with success than literary skill or even fine literary judgment. Yet none of Delane's appreciators has suggested that he moulded the *Times*. 'He played on its manifold keys with the hands of a master,' says one. Another: 'He drove the great morning journal at express speed.' But he did not change its lines. When he left, the machine went on moving by the impulse which was there before he mounted the foot-plate. 'Do you think our readers will know he is away?' his chief sub-editor once acidly answered to the sorrow expressed by a contributor that Delane was holiday-making on the outbreak of a great European war. The retort was something more than the common conviction of editorial staffs that the one indispensable man is not the editor. It was an expression of the truth that the machine moves on, not perceptibly affected by the absence of any person. There is a God in the Car of a newspaper, omnipotent beyond the power of any charioteer.

The truth is as independent of contributions to the newspapers as of the force which directs them. Otherwise we shall have to admit that the withdrawal of a leader-writer who interprets the views of an editor can effect a change in aspect which the editor's absence could not. It is said of Delane that he never wrote a line in the *Times*. Other editors must have been less taciturn. They have not been missed the more. Delane, if he did not write leaders, at any rate laid down the lines of them very positively. Sometimes the whole gist and matter of one was contained in a series of little

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blue notes on which he had scribbled his views for the instruction of the leader-writers. There have been papers, however, and are papers, and these not the least influential, of which the editors, whether regarded as directing forces or distributing agencies, were very much below the level of the contributors. The *Saturday Review* suggests itself as an instance where the contributing tail must sometimes have wagged the dog. If one could agree that the individuality of anybody was the die which stamped a periodical with its character, one would be inclined to believe that the physiognomy of the *Saturday* was a composite photograph of its early contributors. Fastidiousness was the trait of its Editor which most struck those who came into touch with the *Saturday* in its great days, and fastidiousness, the quality with which he gifted the *Review*, has remained as constant to it as the cut of a well-made coat. Common sense tipped with wit, the utterance of which by the Prime Minister dull people label cynicism, the disposition to flout cant rather than contend with it,—these are qualities of which Lord Robert Cecil has taken the substance with him to the House of Lords; but he has left the shadow of them with the *Saturday*, which in its better days might have exemplified Lord Salisbury in the harbour of greater freedom and less responsibility. The bludgeoning with which thinkers of an opposite turn of mind were easily, pleasantly, and solidly confuted, Sir William Harcourt sometimes still exhibits in the Commons. In that less chastened atmosphere the manner has grown more rotund; and Sir William is now less the *Saturday* Reviewer than the Public Orator; but though he has changed, the *Saturday* has not changed with him. Since the days of the Harcourts, the Cecils, and the Cooks, it has been owned and edited by atheists, socialists, and radicals; yet its character has remained practically supreme over all human effort, and the *Review* as it stands now is practically identical with the *Review* as it was founded.

This is not to say that the *Saturday* has always remained at the same level of accomplishment. There is a Latin tag about Apollo and his bow which is true of newspapers as of persons. When, however, a periodical of to-day is measured against the recollection of its past reputation, it is to be remembered that the reputation is cumulative. The good things are remembered and added up. 'If brilliance be rare to-day it was seldom heretofore;' but, the fate which Mark Antony said was that of dead men being reversed, the epitaph on a newspaper's past recalls only the best of it. The commonest instance is that of *Punch*, which is never so good as it used to be. We used to deplore its deterioration when Keene and Du Maurier and Tenniel were at their best, when the Essence of Parliament was fresher, and Burnand had more Happy Thoughts than those which he has now. If the jocularity of the *Saturday* is at

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present a little flabby, and its influence diluted, these may be but temporary conditions.

There is, in fact, a vitality about some periodicals which reminds one of what the German Composer, in Du Maurier's drawing, said to the rising amateur who had just sung 'Adelaide.' 'Yong man,' said the Distinguished Musician, 'I have heard Mario sing that song, I have heard Lloyd sing it'—(*gratified Amateur bows*)—'but I have never realised till this moment what a great song it was! Even you cannot sboil it!' Think what resources of vitality the *Pall Mall Gazette* must have had to survive the eccentricities of Mr. Stead! Here is a paper which, through many vicissitudes, has yet maintained the intention of being a journal written by gentlemen for gentlemen. Its size and pages, inanimate things almost as resentful of change as the price of a paper, have been altered; its staff has been twice turned out of doors. That is not quite so eventful as the annals of the European edition of the *New York Herald*, the proprietor of which used periodically to cable to Europe 'Sack the staff'; but it is sufficiently disorganising to a newspaper with gentlemanlike ideals. The maintenance of tradition must be, one would imagine, a matter of some uncertainty with an American and a millionaire for a proprietor; yet it has been under the proprietorship of Mr. Astor that the *Pall Mall* has returned to its early imaginings. Almost as singular, the most brilliant point in its revival was reached under the editorship of Mr. Cust, who has never shown a literary ability equal to that of several of his predecessors, and in journalism, save for the brief glory of his *Pall Mall* editorship, has left no such conspicuous mark as Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Mr. E. T. Cook, his immediate predecessor, or the destroying Mr. Stead. The quality which served him best was perhaps the power of enlisting the complete confidence of all who worked with him. When his predecessor, Mr. Cook, left the *Pall Mall* he carried with him to the *Westminster Gazette* most of the staff; he took in his own person a rare and marked aptitude for short leader-writing. That feature of the old *Pall Mall*, the pointed single leader, was the only one which he was able to transfer to his new environment. He only transferred it in the sense that he grafted a cutting of the same plant in the new newspaper: the *Pall Mall* did not (and could not) lose the feature because an agent in its cultivation had gone. Nor when Mr. Cook left the *Westminster* for another paper did he remove it thence. The well-balanced leader still flourishes there, its fine flower a little faded (so some of us may think); but the impression it produces is much the same, and it is credibly reported that Conservative Ministers, with a taste for conciliating the enemy, continue to read it with attention. This is, however, straying from the point, which is that in a case where the whole

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staff of a journal, including an editor bitten with a zeal for 'bringing out the whole paper by himself,' were set down to re-create a newspaper they produced something entirely different from the journal of their design. A fashioning influence in this case is easy to discover. A newspaper's form and contents must in part be dictated by its audience. A man sooner changes his tailor than his paper, and though the *Pall Mall* turned its coat it must have kept most of its readers. The new *Westminster* appealed to a new audience, and, being filled with some crusading spirit by the memory of recent martyrdom, the assertion of its political principles became a little more emphatic than would have been felt to be quite good form in its recent surroundings. Thus gradually, by the play of action and re-action, the *Westminster* gathered to itself an audience of stalwarts; it became permeated by their influence; and gradually arrived at the stage when its unnatural parent, the *Pall Mall*, could speak of it as that 'sea-green incorruptible.' A happy and precise definition.

The influence exerted by the audience will explain the temporary alteration in the aspect of a newspaper. The *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle* might be put forward as instances of papers which of late have displayed a chameleon-like versatility. When, however, it is recollected that they are called upon to reflect the changing emotions of the spectral Liberal Party, the members of which are divided into almost as many sections as there are political subjects, we begin to marvel at their constancy. 'View all antiquity over,' says Montaigne in Florio's translation, 'and you shall find it a hard matter, to chuse out a dozen of men, that have directed their life unto one certaine, settled, and assured course; which is the surest drift of wisdom.' Newspapers betray a less inconsistency than men, though their temptations may be as great. It is necessary, too, to distinguish the character and the effect of a newspaper's change of mind. It occurs, after all, in the domain of politics, and then only as the outcome of some sudden and disturbing crisis. Politics are only one branch of intellectual interest; they are often of small material importance to nine newspaper readers out of ten. It is only once in a generation that a South African war comes to divide men into two clearly-marked and bitterly-opposed camps; and the number of questions which induce the state of mind wherein we incline to yell 'Sit down!' at orators of opinions opposed to our own is narrowly limited. Consequently, if the tone and substance of a paper are broadly what a man wants for his money he will continue to buy it, though in matters of detail he may not agree with its opinions. For example, it is likely that some readers of the *Standard* are disturbed by its complacent ignorance with respect to labour questions, and for years many honest stockbrokers used to gnash their teeth over its unfulfilled predic-



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tions about Argentine securities ; but the same readers, feeling that its heart is in the right place, continue to buy it. So, even with the great dividing questions of which we have spoken, people regard in newspapers things other than opinions. The *Manchester Guardian*, though holding views about South Africa which the majority of electors in Manchester repudiate, has kept its place and its circulation, whereas the *Manchester Courier*, the opinions of which are patriotically correct, has languished. The reason is the simple one that the *Manchester Guardian* is a good paper and the *Manchester Courier* is not so good. What the audience tends to preserve in its newspaper is its consistency, not to a particular opinion, but to a general line of thought—perhaps to something even less specific than that—let us say, to a general tone and aspect. That tone and aspect, in spite of some specious evidence to the contrary, the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle* have adhered to through the hurly-burly of the clash of arms. The war has had a kind of corybantic effect on the grandmotherly *Daily News*. When it is all over and peace is restored, the old lady, having resumed the bonnet which she flung over the windmill, will tie its strings under her dear old chin once more, and will return to the placid denunciation of Tory practices when Registration and Agricultural Holdings are in the wind.

On the *Daily Chronicle* the war seems to have acted (after a few brief convulsions) as an anæsthetic ; but those who will trouble to recall its earlier career will hesitate before claiming it as an exception to the rule. It was a well sub-edited newspaper—news plentiful, concise, and well-arranged ; opinions of a Nonconformist bias, with a tendency to wobble. That is not an altogether unfair description of it to-day. If, however, we leave the survey of political opinions, where we shall only share a common fate if people do not agree with us, to consider newspapers in more general outline, we can find in the *Daily Mail* an instance of the influence of the audience which is truly remarkable. In the Harmsworth Building there are many editorial cubicles ; but the real editor is the public. When the *Daily Mail* began it had no irrevocable ideas as to its form or aspect, least of all as to its opinions. It might have been an illustrated daily paper ; and would have been if enterprise in that direction had seemed to open up any vista of profit. From time to time it includes illustrations among its wares, and these efforts are not spasmodic ; they are designed to test whether by means of them some new body of readers may be attracted. If the taste of its audience asked for a page of signed leaders, no doubt it would get it. There is a tale told of a paper of the *Daily Mail* family, that its proprietor, designing still further to increase its circulation, hit upon the notion of introducing a Fashion column into its back page, so that the domestic servant sent out to fetch an evening paper for the Head of the Household should buy

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this paper and no other. The story is probably true, for these papers are the final instance of the survival of the profitable. Yet the *Daily Mail* has not repressed individuality. For very good reason. In one of his stories Mr. H. G. Wells imagined poor ladies stencilling out a pattern on tiles for a threadbare existence. 'The management rather encouraged conversation among its employees,' he remarks, 'because it tended to lend individuality to the pattern.' The public has a taste for variety; and it likes the new sensation (for example) of a George Steevens. It is reported that an occasional substitute for Mr. Steevens in the middle column of the *Daily Mail* explained the scarcity of his own appearances in that position by saying that the proprietor, having experienced what it was to find the *Daily Mail* a 'George Steevens' paper, was determined that, at any rate, it should not become a '\_\_\_\_\_', paper. There never was a case where apprehension was worse founded. What Mr. Steevens' bent and talents were it is not suitable here to discuss; but he was an Oxford Fellow and a student of history before the *Mail* turned him into a descriptive writer. He may have had his share in building up the *Daily Mail* tradition; but the permanency of his place there was assured because he so accommodated himself to what he perceived was the need of the newspaper. He did not alter it; he was part of it; it could add to itself many like him and yet not alter. A newspaper is a snowball. It grows and grows; no addition comes amiss to it; but whatever is added must accommodate itself to the snowball's shape. The only alternative is for the snowball to break. The *Mail* has pathetic aspirations sometimes to be the glass of fashion and the mould of form. We can imagine that its column of fashionable intelligence would 'break' the *Morning Post*. The utmost efforts of its directors and contributors cannot shake off the permanent impression it creates of a smart young man who has to correct an ineradicable habit of putting his pen behind his ear. Yet it has a certain greatness of individuality, as may be seen by the failure of the attempt to imitate it. When the *Daily Express* set out it commandeered everything that was portable in the *Daily Mail*—'leaderettes,' signed articles, snippings, short, sharp, bright, 'brainy' irrelevancies, magazine page—everything; and it added nothing. The *Express* is nevertheless far from being the *Mail*. The comparison reminds one of the anecdote of Robert Louis Stevenson, who once playfully compared himself to Voltaire. 'I've written dramas,' said he; 'so did Voltaire; and poetry—some of my verse is really very fair; he and I both have done essays; and I assure you that I am a first-rate critic. But,' he concluded sadly, 'I'm not Voltaire.' Poor Stevenson complainingly attributed his failure to his weak health. The *Express*, though industrious, has never been robust.

There are several papers whose characters, often strongly pro-

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nounced, has been formed by the people to whom they appeal. The *Morning Post*, notwithstanding the air of philosophic doubt with which it has regarded the conduct of the war by a class from which its readers are chiefly recruited, is rightly regarded as the organ of those whose names appear in Burke and Debreit; the *Daily Telegraph* is a singular blend of the ornateness of its mid-Victorian contributors and the middle-class gentility of its subscribers. There are at the opposite pole journals whose contributors must have, by reason of the nature of their contributions, a great effect, if not an entirely permanent effect, upon them. Art, whether literary or pictorial, is not amenable to the rule that the demand creates the supply. Therefore, in the illustrated papers we must sometimes find a contributor, a Boyd Houghton, a Pinwell, a Charles Keene, a Renouard, an F. Barnard, who for a time, at any rate, produces in an illustrated paper something which has nothing to do with that paper's tradition. One would say that they were the creators of the paper. It affects them, nevertheless—in the choice of their subjects, evidently—and also because they have to adapt their methods to certain mechanical restrictions. In the same way one thinks of *Punch* as being a journal made up of contributions. But one of the *Punch* artists recently criticised a contribution to *Punch* as being 'very good, but not *Punch-y*.' He was speaking of the 'short story' which made an appearance there a year ago: after battling against lack of sympathy for several months, the short story has disappeared—a strikingly unsuccessful innovation. What the artist said would apply with greater force to many drawings and some artists. A fine artist, whether a writer or a draughtsman, bequeaths to an illustrated paper with which he has been long associated something which does not wholly depart from it. To borrow from Mr. Whistler, his art 'loiters yet in the land, from fond association; and so we have the ephemeral influence of the Master's memory—the afterglow, in which are warmed for a while the worker and disciple.'

Editors, contributors, audience—all have some part in the creative scheme; but there is something beyond and above them. If we except the *Spectator*, the curious vitality of which has enabled it to survive the decay of nearly every contemporary among the weekly reviews, the most striking Review of the last ten years was the *National Observer*. It had in Mr. Henley an editor with the catholic taste and rare literary decision of a Greenwood and the resolution of a Hutton. He had a genius for gathering clever men about him—Mr. Kipling and Mr. Barrie wrote for him; Mr. G. W. Stevens, Mr. G. S. Street, Mr. Charles Whibley, Mr. Marriott Watson, Mr. Kenneth Anderson, Mr. Gilbert Parker, were among his contributors; and the influence he exerted upon them was very great. He commanded, too, an appreciative

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public: the *National Observer* was popular. Here, one would have said, were all the elements of a lasting structure. Yet after a meteoric career, which every one believed to be highly successful, the *National Observer* changed hands, faded, and sank, and at last committed a 'happy despatch' by merging itself in a paper called the *British Review*. It could not survive the change of form which a new directorship enjoined, and so may be said to have exemplified the breaking snowball which we have used as an illustration. It showed more than that. The *National Observer* was born of the spirit of the hour—of a feeling of distaste for certain literary affectations; for certain conventional ways of thinking; together with a declared preference for manner over matter. Its aims, its spirit, were not sound or purposeful enough to warrant it a long life. We sometimes hear of books that are Books of the Hour. The eulogy is a criticism as well, for there is much literature which is best when it is first published. The praise bestowed upon forgotten volumes may none the less have been just praise—when it was spoken. The novel, the play, the essay, was good then, because it was infused with the spirit of the hour, and may have been born of it. It is not good now, because that spirit was not permanent, and there was no genius in the work to ensure it an individual immortality. If, however, the spirit of the hour in which any work was born is commingled with some great idea, some strong belief of the time, its chances of immortality are magnified. This is the case with newspapers. The ephemeral nature of the contributions to them is a commonplace; but newspapers in themselves furnish almost as many examples of prolonged existence as any other mode of writing in their time. In all great papers there must have been this strong and abiding impulse. It is that which calls them into birth; it is that which moulds them; it is that which is supreme above all other influences. It is what one might call the Genius of the paper; and its continuance through the changing influences of editors, writers, and audiences we might symbolise as the triumph of genius over talent.

## TWO SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY WOMEN BY MRS. ARTHUR KENNARD



HE social history of the seventeenth century is in fashion. Ladies with whom London citizens had hardly a bowing acquaintance ten years ago are presented on the stage of two theatres. Mr. Anthony Hope has written 'Simon Dale;' and there is an interesting account given of the last years of Louise de Kéroualle, Charles II.'s reigning mistress for fifteen years, in the last number of the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW*.

On finishing that article, I took down M. Forneron's *Life of the beautiful Bretonne*, and perused its piquant pages with fresh interest and amusement. How fantastical, how perennially human, it all is! How almost incredible, if it had not been transmitted on incontrovertible evidence, that only two hundred years ago 'the greatest crown on earth' lay apparently at the mercy of a stage-dancer and a French adventuress—that one day the highest prelates were calling on Nell Gwynn to induce her to try to keep her royal lover within the pale of the Established Church, and that on the next Court dignitaries were trooping to Louise de Kéroualle's door to ascertain whether Charles had or had not signed a treaty with the French King and gone over to the Catholic Church!

Man may be a protean animal, swiftly modifying and changing himself according to his company; but how impossible it is for us in England to realise that, during the winter which separated the two great campaigns of 1673 and 1674, Louis XIV. bought the allegiance of Charles II. by the gift of the property of D'Aubigny to the Duchess of Portsmouth, and Parliament by the wholesale bribery of its members!

We who plume ourselves self-righteously (some say hypocritically) on our national sense of justice, and raise hands of holy horror at the treatment of a Dreyfus, might perhaps experience a salutary sense of humility when reading the accounts of the execution, for the merest fanatical and party purposes, of Coleman and Strafford, on evidence, as Evelyn says, 'that ought not to be taken on the life of a dog.'

'Do you know why queens govern in England better than kings?' the young Duchess of Burgundy, daughter of Madame de Montespan, asks the *Veuve Scarron*. 'It is because under a queen men rule; women under a king.'

It was the age of woman's influence; and it is easy to see the recklessness, vanity, and greed of the weaker sex in the steering of 'that wandering ship of the drunken pilot, the mutinous crew, and the angry captain,' which, on the stormy seventeenth-century sea of court intrigue, popular passion, and religious fanaticism, swept, all sail set, to its destruction.

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While Louise de Kéroualle was queening it at the Court of St. James's, Madame de Montespan, Marquise de Pardaillan de Gondren, was queening it at Versailles.

Louise, more reserved than her vivacious colleague, did not write her memoirs; but by the letters of the French emissaries at the English Court, which M. Forneron has reprinted from the French State papers, we can see how different these two queens 'of the second class' (as Athénais de Mortemar was wont to designate her position) were in character, and yet how similar were their aims. By what divers methods they endeavoured to obtain what they desired, and yet how similar were their desires, whether it was a gift of money, a pearl necklace, a dukedom for a son, or a tabouret at the French Court! Their ambitions do not seem to have soared higher.

'The Duchess of Portsmouth had given out and whispered abroad,' her enemies declared, 'that she was to be married to his Majesty after he had divorced his Queen, and that the Duke of Richmond was to be legitimatised.' We doubt, when we observe Louise's and Charles's behaviour all through the Titus Oates conspiracy, whether she ever harboured such an idea. Hers was not a mind of any far-reaching power. To live easily from day to day, to accumulate as much money as possible, and, from a secondary point of view, to aid her country and her religion, was the Bretonne's ideal of life. Cold, calculating, and gentle by nature, she trimmed her sails to meet the varying winds of political life, endeavouring to offend as few susceptibilities as possible as long as she was left to enjoy her luxury, and amass wealth. Charles, evidently at her dictation, wrote, a year before his death, remonstrating with Louis on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and his harsh enactments against the Protestants. We see her joining hands with people whom she knew to be her declared enemies, propitiating even Titus Oates, and persuading Charles to pension him. Much as she hated Henry Sidney, she wrote the following letter to him:

A Monsieur, Monsieur de Sydéne, Vous savez combien toutt ma vie ge este dans vos interais et de vos amie de mon conte ge ne suys poingt changé et lonne peut prendre plus de part au tousse qui vous regarde que ge fais que mon apence ne me nuyse doux non plus auprais de vous.

'Truly I fear there will be some scurvy patching,' is the Countess of Sunderland's opinion, 'for the Duchess of Portsmouth is so d——d a jade, that for my part I think it is but a folly to hope, for she will certainly sell us whenever she can for £500, and so God bless you in all your proceedings.'

In Sidney's diary we read:

At night the Duchess of Portsmouth and I had some discourse [regarding advances to be made to the Prince of Orange]. . . . She confessed that she had so

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much kindness for her own country that she would be glad to do it any good ; but when it came into any competition with England, she would show that she thought her stake here was much greater than there.

It was well known that for the sake of propitiating Parliament she, for the time being, favoured the engagement of the Prince of Orange to the Duke of York's daughter, and did what she could to bring it about.

Madame de Montespan, on the other hand, was imperious and violent, making hosts of enemies, indifferent to the world's praise or blame. In her memoirs she gives a sarcastic account of her exit from the Court, where, she frankly admits, she had not a friend. What a picture it is of the times !

In all the salons they were eager to see me pass. Some courageous persons came even within touch of my fan, and all were more or less pleased with my mishap and downfall. I had seen all these figures at my feet, and almost all were under obligations to me. I left Versailles again very calmly. When I was seated in my carriage I noticed the King, who, from the height of his balcony in the court of marble, watched me set off and disappear.

Poor Athénais ! Well did she realise in that moment the favourite saying of the former governess of her children, ' There is nothing more clever than an irreproachable conduct.' ' Virtue cannot be taught,' says Socrates, on the other hand. One might write an interesting imaginary conversation between Socrates and Madame de Maintenon on the subject. Were there not some whisperers who said that the advantages of an immaculate conduct were only discovered by the clever lady when she found it served her purpose ?

Voltaire has unfavourably compared Madame de Montespan's literary powers with those of the other clever ladies of the day. It was, indeed, commonly reported in France that the *Veuve Scarron* composed most of her letters. This can hardly be true as far as her memoirs go, for they were not begun till after her disgrace and retirement. She was certainly not a Madame de Sévigné ; but how vivid and amusing is her account of the start of the celebrated expedition of Madame's to England, with its insolent acceptance of her position at Court, and its transparent attempts to put the Marquis, her brother, of whom she was not too fond, on a wrong scent ! It is as characteristic as any of her productions.

You perhaps think, dear brother, that we are going through all the terrors and privations of war, surrounded by the dead and dying. I can assure you our enjoyment is untouched by anything so melancholy. We made the journey very comfortably—no one in the King's carriage but the Queen, myself, and Madame. Their Majesties were received with extraordinary enthusiasm, but I can tell you in confidence that I am sure some of the cheers were intended for Madame and me. . . . Nothing can be imagined comparable to our last banquet at Dunquerque, Madame beaming with joy ; the Queen also seemed happy. The beautiful and fascinating Mademoiselle de Kéroualle was beside Madame ; she accompanies her to England. The English King's fleet was magnificent ; Madame embarked with much courage ; still I and all the court thought her last words with the King must have been sad, for her beautiful eyes

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were full of tears when she turned to go. . . . The Court remained on the docks as long as they could see the ship; then the King retired to confer with his ministers; and we did not quit Dunquerque until two hours later. During this time the King was closeted with his ministers, and the result of their deliberations was that a vessel followed the Princess. People who try to make something out of nothing declare that Madame's voyage has a political aim. For me, I saw nothing but the pleasure of embracing her brother, and to conclude the marriage of her friend, Mademoiselle de Kéroualle, in England. The King, at least, announced this fact directly the Princess had embarked. . . . Believe me, therefore, dear brother, we are only here to amuse ourselves.

She must have known perfectly well why Louise was sent to England, and the chroniclers of the time declared that the King of France himself was on board the small sailing-vessel that slipped out to follow Madame.

It is not unlikely, also, that the sending of the Breton girl to England had been arranged between her and Madame Henriette. Athénais de Mortemar was first to recognise the power and fascination of another woman as long as they did not interfere with her own prerogative. She had been in Madame's suite before Louise succeeded to that honour; also (a not uncommon bond between the women of the day) the Duke de Beaufort, who had been her lover, admired later, to a compromising extent, the young Breton girl, when she had been living, amid very humble circumstances, with her sister in Paris.

Madame Henriette, Duchess of Orleans, returned to France after her brilliantly-successful mission, to die, as we know, after twenty-four hours' illness. Whispers of poison were bruited abroad, which do not seem incredible when contemporary rumour maintained that the 'powder of inheritance' was not unrecognised as a marketable article in the Paris of that day.

All the salient qualities of Louise's character come out in the part she enacted at this period.

Qui suit l'amour, amour le fuit,  
Qui fuit l'amour, amour le suit,

was a saying attributed to her,—one which she well knew how to utilise. Deaf to the prayers of Charles, on whose inflammable heart she had made an immediate impression, she returned with Madame to France, and did not consent to visit England again until Charles had granted everything that the French king desired. Henceforth the history of the obscure Breton girl becomes interwoven with almost all the most important events of the history of the time.

'The silk ribbon that binds the waist of Mademoiselle de Kéroualle,' St. Evremond writes to Ninon de l'Enclos, 'unites France to England.' 'En la rose je fleurie' became her motto—one that still figures in the Richmond coat of arms. The English people outside the Court circle rather looked upon her as the canker within the fair flower of England's liberty, in that she 'nourished,



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fomented, and maintained that fatal and destructive correspondence and alliance between England and France, being sent over and pensioned by the French king for the same end and purpose.'

Louis XIV. was wont to boast that women represented the refinements and graces of life, but were best away when serious diplomatic affairs were on foot. We find Madame de Montespan, however, evidently at his dictation, writing to her friends in London, conveying the ever-repeated advice of the Grand Monarque not to allow a parliamentary session. If she could induce Charles to consent to this, the Most Christian King would undertake to help her and her royal lover out of their financial difficulties, the Duchess of Portsmouth having already expressed her opinion to Madame de Montespan that it was impossible, under the new system of French alliance and open toleration, if not covert diffusion of Catholicism, to obtain subsidies from Parliament.

Then begins (it continued for years) what Ruvigny calls that 'sâle traffic,' the bribing of Charles to adjourn Parliament, and, when that failed, the wholesale bribing of the members of Parliament themselves. Names appear in the list sent by Barrillon to the French Court, of people to whom (it was understood) money might with impunity be offered: Madame Harvey, Lady Lauderdale (Lord Lauderdale he proclaims unbribeable), and Algernon Sydney, believed by most people to be impeccable, who received, we find, five hundred guineas a session from the King of France; a thousand guineas to Hampden, a thousand to Herbert, five hundred guineas to So and So, and So and So; then follows a list too long to quote, comprising some of the most respected names in England, showing a state of political immorality which is amazing.

Pomponne, another French emissary, writes that

It would be desirable that I might be empowered to distribute presents of champagne and other wines and liqueurs. You have no idea how much five or six dozen bottles of wine, sent at the right moment, can soften prejudices; for, coming out of Parliament, they dine one with the other, and then it is that cabals are made.

We can see the contempt for England and the English King that then reigned in France, frankly expressed by Madame de Montespan. The lively lady, when refusing to accede to her husband's request that she should leave the Court and return to her duties as wife and mother, alludes to the statements she has heard that an Englishman can take his wife to market and sell her, and that such selling is valid in the eyes of the law.

Then nothing need surprise one among a semi-barbarous nation which does nothing like other peoples, and deems itself authorised to place the censor in the hands of its monarch, and its monarch in the hands of the headsmen.

Another time she declares

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Nothing can be expected of England, as by nature she is ungrateful. . . . The King, Charles Stuart, who has reigned there since the death of the usurper Cromwell, was a grandson of Henry IV., just as much as our King. He has displayed the pronounced penchant of Henry IV. for ladies and for pleasure; but he has not his energy, nor his genial temper, nor his amiable frankness. After the death of Henrietta of England, his beloved sister, he remained our ally for a short period, but only to take great advantage from our alliance; he made use of it against the Dutch, his naval and commercial enemies, and compelled them, by the aid of the King of France, then his friend, to reimburse him a sum of twenty-six millions, and to pay him further an annual tribute of twelve or fifteen thousand livres for the right of fishing round his island domains.

In another portion of her memoirs she gives us an account of a chance meeting between Louis and Lord Hyde, Chancellor of England, at her residence, Petits-Bourg, near Fontainebleau—that residence where, years afterwards, hidden behind the blinds, she used to see her royal lover drive by in the company of her former governess, Madame de Maintenon. The incident is interesting because of the opinion given by Lord Hyde of Charles Stuart, and is so brightly told that we cannot avoid the temptation of transcribing it.

A fire had broken out at the château of my lord Hyde, who was but lately convalescent. I ordered my carriage to be sent for him, and charged my surgeon and secretary to invite him to take shelter with me. When the time came for dinner, the King, on his way to Fontainebleau, suddenly appeared. When he heard of the presence of Lord Hyde, he arranged to join the party *incognito*. 'Introduce me to your guests,' he said, 'as your brother, M. de Vivonne.' The King's wishes were complied with, and I introduced him as M. de Vivonne to my guests. The talk glanced from subject to subject until the servants left the room, and then, seated on the balcony overlooking the Seine, the French King induced the Chancellor to discuss the English monarch and the cause of his own exile. 'King Charles is a prince whose character it requires a long time to understand. Apparently he is the very soul of candour, but no one is more deceitful than he; he fawns and smiles upon you, when in his heart of hearts he hates you, and would do anything to injure you. He did not approve of his brother's infatuation for my daughter, and did everything he could to prevent the marriage, pretending all the time to me to be in favour of it. Then, when I could no longer prevent its taking place, he exiled me from my native land.' It is easy to imagine Chancellor Hyde's astonishment on seeing the gentleman he had been talking to greeted as King, when he drove away, by the peasants hanging round the gates of the château.

Kings, it is said, are made to be abused behind their backs and flattered to their faces. Certainly a curious compilation might be made, divided into two parts: part the first, what has been said *to* royalty; part the second, what has been said *of* royalty. 'The divines of Provence,' as Madame de Sévigné tells us, 'dedicated a thesis to King Louis, in which they likened him to God, but in a manner to show clearly that God was but a copy.' Scurrilous papers in Paris were at the same time secretly describing how, a few days before, Louis had made a beast of himself, eating and drinking.

No adventitious aids were needed to blacken the reputation of Charles II.: he did it effectually for himself. He had been

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welcomed into the world as a sort of terrestrial divinity. The account of his christening reads as if the baby, 'swart as a raven,' was not only a future king by the right of God, but also a future divinity. 'The planet Venus even had,' as Dame Eleanor Davies tells us, 'blazed out at full noon. Therefore assuredly he was destined to become a gallant cavalier among maids and matrons.' The planet Venus and Dame Eleanor Davies seem to have shown singular prescience on that occasion.

In sharp contrast with those first years at Court come those of adversity, when Charles wandered an outlaw on the face of the earth. This life, with its alternations of splendour and sordidness, of palaces and taverns, was the very worst for a nature such as his. To the end of his days he retained something of the tavern in his palace and something splendid in his sordidness. Often, even after he had come into his kingship, he was in dire pecuniary straits, nearly 'without linen, only three cravats in the world, very few stockings, and no credit at the linendraper's to procure more of these necessaries,' as Pepys tells us; yet we hear of him lavishing almost fabulous sums on the Duchess of Portsmouth and Nell Gwyn, patronising art, in the persons of French and Italian painters and decorators, for the embellishing of his own palaces and their apartments, encouraging music, too, by getting over Italian performers for the Opera, which 'outlandish and inharmonious entertainment' was first given on January 5, 1674, under his auspices. He favoured the restoration of St. Paul's by Wren, and we hear of his ordering a wonderful chimney-piece to be executed by Grinling Gibbons for Windsor Castle.

His protection of Hobbes and appreciation of Isaac Newton's scientific work was perhaps as inconsistent and fantastical as anything in Charles's character. To Hobbes he gave rooms in Whitehall, and ostentatiously hung his portrait up in a prominent place in his own study, among company hardly edifying to the austere philosopher.

Charles believed in nothing—not even in the women for whom he sacrificed his honour and his kingdom—yet he was not without some of the greater qualities of that Stuart race who, 'like the Atreides of old,' compassed their own destruction. Impervious to personal fear, he met death bravely, with that courtesy and grace so often found potent to charm away the resentment of his detractors. 'Don't let poor Nelly starve,' may not perhaps have been a sentiment dictated by the highest morality; but says the outspoken Athénais de Mortemar, giving expression to the creed of the social life in which she lived, 'Adultery is an error of a purely geographical nature, for are not several wives allowed in Constantinople and the East?'

When, by the machinations of Lord Shaftesbury, the Popish

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Plot was hatched, having for its object the destruction of the Queen, Charles, as we all know, showed a loyalty that, considering the manner in which he had hitherto insulted and humiliated his wife, had almost an element of pathos. 'I will never suffer an innocent lady to be oppressed,' he declared, and went from man to man, soliciting the members of Parliament to vote against the bill for a divorce, although he had no heir to the crown, and was certainly not bound to his Queen by any tie of personal affection.

Married for her dowry, ill-favoured, with prominent teeth and 'low of stature,' Catherine appears a melancholy figure among

The moving row  
Of magic shapes that come and go,

only raised out of the commonplace by her devotion, in spite of everything, to her profligate husband.

On such a nature as Charles Stuart's, the influence of the Duchess of Portsmouth was, doubtless, the most deleterious that could be imagined, and, on the anarchist principle that the worst ruler is the best for the cause of liberty, it is, perhaps, on her altar, more than on that of any other of the feminine influences in Charles's life, that Englishmen ought to burn the incense of gratitude. She may have been the means of giving Flanders and Franche-Comté to France, and, aided by her countrywoman, Madame de Montespan, she may have accomplished a temporary alliance between England and her natural enemy. Still we owe her much. She, as well as 'the Mays, the Killigrews, the Chiffinses, and the Grammonts, played a serviceable part by pressing forward the great item of security of English freedom, the expulsion of the House of Stuart.' She hated William of Orange as much as she hated Louis XIV., who forbade the serving of oranges on his table and the use of orange-blossom scent among his courtiers; but, in spite of herself, she was obliged to do almost as much to hasten his ascent of the English throne.

1682 was the year of the Duchess of Portsmouth's greatest triumph, and also of the beginning of her friend Athénais de Mortemmar's humiliation. Fired with the idea of returning to the native land that, poor and unknown, she had left twelve years before, an insignificant girl, in the suite of Madame, she embarked at Greenwich on an armed yacht sent to receive her, and

Nothing [St. Simon tells us] could equal the reception given to her, even to the point of the Capuchins of the Rue St. Honoré appearing in procession to meet her, with the Cross, holy water, and incense. They welcomed her, indeed, as they are in the habit of welcoming the Queen, which threw her into a great state of confusion.

The conversations that we can imagine between her and Madame de Montespan, their interchange of opinions on the subject of the royal princes to whom they owed everything, and on

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the Courts at which they were so sincerely hated, must have had a considerable element of humour. We know of the letter of sympathy and condolence that Louise wrote to her friend a year later, when Louis XIV. married Madame de Maintenon, and we can imagine their criticisms of the austere and clever lady, and of her confessors and advisers, Bossuet and Père de la Chaise. After her permanent return to France, indeed, St. Simon informs us, on one occasion the Duchess of Portsmouth, having talked imprudently about Madame de Maintenon, was under a cloud for some time.

We have no doubt that both ladies visited Mademoiselle de la Vallière, who, as we know, was about this time endeavouring to induce her former supplanter to retire from the Court and seek consolation in the bosom of Mother Church. 'No hair shirts for me. I can find salvation without them; and, after all, even Père de la Chaise is of opinion that the sins of woodcutters and the sins of kings are not of the same family,' was said to be the lively lady's retort.

After taking the waters at Bourbon, where Madame de Montespan and all the great French ladies were wont to resort, and investing her savings to great advantage under the advice of Colbert, the Duchess of Portsmouth returned to England.

Already the cloud of approaching disaster hung over the gay and dissipated Court. Charles had been warned, by a dangerous attack of fever, that his health was giving way. No more 'brantles' or 'corantos,' which the Queen and all the ladies in the room used to stand up to see him dance, for, as Pepys tells us, 'Charles danced rarely, and much better than the Duke of York.' He now, an old man before his time, contented himself with the music of his French fiddlers and the representations of the Italian Opera company. The attentions which she had received in France, especially from King Louis, had given the Duchess of Portsmouth 'a sort of consecration,' as Courtin informs us. The stars in their courses seemed to favour her. She obtained more easily from King Charles, by a few sentences, what an ambassador, however long-headed or wise, could not obtain in years, even when his requests were reasonable. Louis writes to her with his own august hand, and was wont to declare that whatever negotiations she undertook were certain to prosper.

It did not do to come across the woman who was the intimate and trusted friend of two Kings. This the Dutch Ambassador Vanbeuninghen found to his cost when he ventured to suggest that there had been too much intimacy between her and Barrillon.

The Queen herself fined one of the ladies-in-waiting, Phillis Temple, for some sarcastic observations, of which the Duchess complained with tears. She was, indeed, admitted to Catherine's intimacy more fully than she had ever been before. The one thing

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which gave any interest to the extremely dull life led by Catherine was her love of cards. Louise was a good player, but no gambler; the riches she amassed were not made by such precarious means. She got Charles to induce Louis to make the property of D'Aubigny into a duchy, and to settle it definitely on her and her son. Barrillon, when preferring this request, gave it as his opinion that she had obtained quite enough already; but Louis did not hesitate a day. 'I have ordered,' he writes, 'the Letters Patent for the erection of the said property of D'Aubigny into a duchy. They shall be sent to England as soon as possible.' Her rooms were decorated with the most choice and exquisite tapestry, and Chinese and Japanese ornaments. Her own relations were not forgotten. Her sister came over, had a fortune settled on her by Charles, and was married to Lord Pembroke.

Charles meantime became thoughtful, we are told, and melancholy, passing a good deal of his time alone at Windsor, amusing himself with fishing and solitary walks:

I never saw [says Sir William Temple] any man more sensible of the miserable condition of his affairs than I found his Majesty; but nothing moved me more than when he told me that he had none left with whom he could as much as speak in confidence, since my Lord Treasurer's being gone. This was Danby, a man every whit as false as the rest.

Poor Charles! The irresistible forces of life swept him away before he had had a chance of remaking his life. The only person by whom he was really mourned was the woman whose dowry he had taken, she whom he had repaid so scurvily. She lived in England, to witness the entrance of William of Orange into London. Louise de K  roualle heard of that event, which she had done so much to bring about, at her duchy of D'Aubigny. Thus each unit of this surprising company, some of set purpose, others unconsciously, some honestly, others dishonestly, set the forces moving that were destined to bestow upon the people of England their blessed inheritance of religious freedom and political emancipation.

Even that scene, perhaps one of the most tragic in the pages of history,—described so tersely by Evelyn—of Charles II. sitting in the glorious gallery of Whitehall, the night before his death, in the company of Louise de K  roualle and others, listening to a French boy singing love-songs, helped to prepare the way for the coming of that strong, silent man who won the battle of the Boyne, and fixed the basis of the English Constitution of to-day. Thus

After Last returns the First,  
Though a wide compass round be fetched;  
For what began best, can't end worst,  
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

## MOURAVIEFF'S WIFE

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ER personality was bewitching. Inheriting the wit and coquetry, as also the blue eyes and black hair, of her Irish grandmother, she had from her mother that ultra fascination and tact peculiar to Polish women. Her name was English. They called her Nellie instead of the Slavic Elena. When she married him Prince Mouravieff was a man of forty-five; Nellie was sixteen. It was entirely a *marriage de convenance*, and wise-acres shook their heads and predicted it could not but turn out badly. People watched them closely for signs of discord when, the honeymoon over, they came to live in their palace on the Dvortsoviya Naberejna, facing the Neva; but they watched in vain. Prince Mouravieff looked ten years younger because of his happiness, and Nellie seemed thoroughly content with her elderly husband. No matter how pleasant, how young, or how handsome, the group of men around her at the balls and receptions they attended, at a nod from her husband Nellie was only too eager and willing to join him. Finally people in St. Petersburg got disgusted and said one to the other—especially the younger men—‘How absurd! Princess Nellie is really in love with old Mouravieff.’ Sometimes when people even said this laughingly to her face, Princess Nellie would look grave and say seriously, ‘Why not? Is there a better husband in Russia? He gives me everything I want; he consults me in all things; and then there is my family—he has pensioned my father, and he educates my sister and brothers. He is the very best man on earth, and I do love him.’

After four years people forgot that they had ever made prophecies as to the Mouravieffs. Yet it was just then that Nellie had begun to miss something in her life.

The spring in Russia, which is so sudden and so beautiful, had melted all the snow in the streets that had lain piled and hardened there for six long dreary months. The air was delicious in its fresh fragrance. In a night, as it seemed, the buds and then the blossoms were out on the lilac trees. Over in the Kamenoi Islands, where fashionables in St. Petersburg drive during the spring months, the earth under the pine trees was one vast carpet of lilies of the valley and violets. The gardens of the villas were blazing with yellow laburnums, chestnuts were in bloom, and jonquils and white narcissi starred the grasses. The white nights, too, had come, and their dreamlike quiet and mysticism seemed to have awakened something in the soul of the young wife which was unknown before. After a three-weeks absence Prince Mouravieff had returned from Paris, and for the first time in her married life Nellie met him with a secret in her heart. Boris Soltykoff of the Guards had made love

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to her in her husband's absence, and Nellie had found it delightful. It had been very easy for Nellie to see much of the young Guardsman while the Prince was away—things in society were dull just then. Petersburgers were moving into their datschas or summer villas, and it was most natural for Soltykoff to drop in during his afternoon's walk on the Quay for a cup of tea from Princess Nellie. Then, was it the spring air or the sunshine or the fascination of Nellie's smile? Neither could well have explained; but Soltykoff began to look on the Princess in quite another light than as a hostess.

Nellie had felt uneasy from the first. Something that was both joyous and painful seemed to shoot through her heart when Boris Soltykoff turned his eyes on her. Finally she acknowledged to herself that the worst had happened. She was in love.

She thought of her family with horror. Love, she knew, was at all times difficult to hide, and Mouravieff was not one to be hoodwinked even for a moment. What he did not see himself, others would quickly point out. She saw it all: divorce, disgrace, ruin. It stared her in the face. Nevertheless, she felt powerless to resist.

Not a word had been spoken between them about love. They called it friendship, sympathy, camaraderie. They laughed over the fact that a few weeks had made them so intimate, and, like children playing over a precipice, they forgot or ignored their danger.

It was on the eve of Prince Mouravieff's arrival that the first danger signal was hoisted. 'Our friendship must be interrupted somewhat,' Soltykoff said with melancholy in his tone: 'I shall not be able to come here daily, Princess Nellie. What do you say?'

'I suppose it is better not,' she answered slowly and gravely.

'Can you not think of some way of meeting?' he asked eagerly. 'I might meet you on the Islands. You go walking there?'

'I shall go to live there in two weeks altogether,' she said, avoiding the question.

'Well, I shall come to see the Prince to-morrow, and then we must think of something,' he said, taking his leave as a young cousin of the Princess came into the room.

The newcomer was a distant Irish cousin of Princess Nellie, Kathleen O'Mara, who, attracted by the magic name of Rubinstein, had come to St. Petersburg to study music. She had come to dinner uninvited, for in Russia those who drop in about six o'clock, the universal dinner hour, are supposed to remain to dinner.

'I came to see your clothes,' she said gaily. 'I hear the Prince was to bring you trunksful of pretty things from Paris.'

'Yes: he always does,' Nellie said absent-mindedly. 'But he won't be here till to-morrow.' She began to wander nervously about the room, and her cousin looked at her curiously; then bursting into laughter, she said merrily:



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'Nellie, you look so sad and sorrowful, you must be in love and not used to it, as they say at home.'

Nellie's Hibernian nature began to assert itself, and in a moment she too laughed, although there were tears in the laughter. 'Perhaps I am,' she said with a sigh.

'With Soltykoff?'

The Princess paused. 'O, you know, just a little wee bit—a mere flirtation,' she added somewhat confusedly.

'I could fall in love with him myself. He is adorably handsome, and his uniform is so gorgeous,' Kathleen said enthusiastically, adding slyly, 'But he is not as handsome as Captain Hamilton of the Household Guards at home. I showed you his picture?'

'The man your father wouldn't let you marry?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I shouldn't regret it very much if it was because of that I was allowed to study with Rubinstein.'

'No,' Kathleen said quickly: 'Rubinstein is a consolation.'

'A great one, I should say,' the Princess remarked quickly. 'Although for love,' she asked gravely, 'is there a consolation?'

During dinner the two talked of nothing but their soldier friends, expatiating like school-girls at a great rate on their thoughts and fancies concerning them. When Kathleen O'Mara left that night the whole secret of the Princess was safely locked away in her bosom, and the Princess felt the better for her confession.

It was rehearsal day at the Conservatory, and pretty Kathleen O'Mara, her face tear-stained, the cheeks flaming, stood before Rubinstein listening to what he had to say about her rendering of Beethoven's E flat Concerto.

She was so nervous, her knees were shaking under her; and, although her anxiety was great to catch all that the famous pianist had to say, she found herself wondering if she looked ridiculous, if he could notice that she was trembling in every limb. She was terribly afraid Rubinstein would make her go through some of the parts least satisfactory in her rendering, for she felt that another note she could not play. There had been moments during the performance when the piano had seemed to slide from her, when light, faces, and all seemed one horrible jumble, and she felt as if she must scream. She hardly knew how she had outlived the ordeal: the only thing which could make her able to go through her performance of the morrow was to go home to sleep, and get away from the crowds.

Rubinstein took her hands between his. 'Don't tremble, child,' he said, and Kathleen's confusion instantly grew greater. She knew people were watching her ridiculous failing. 'On the whole, your performance has been excellent. You have almost mastered one of

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the most difficult concertos in pianoforte literature, and I have no doubt we shall make an artist of you one day. You have temperament, and,' he added in her ear, 'you have modesty.' Then, still holding her hands, he said out loudly, 'Come to my house to dinner to-night, and I shall show you how I want you to play to-morrow.' Then, to her everlasting confusion and delight, he stooped down and kissed her tear-stained face before the whole Conservatory.

A second later she was amid the crowd of fellow-pupils, being pulled hither and thither, kissed, congratulated, and complimented.

Her walk down the wide staircase in Rubinstein's wake was triumphal, and just as soon as Rubinstein had turned aside to the directors' room the superintendent pounced on her. 'Kathleen Alexandrovna, you are wanted immediately. A footman from Princess Mouravieff has been waiting for you impatiently half an hour or more. I told him you could not be disturbed. But it is something very important: you had better go to him at once.'

Dazed, confused, and infinitely happy, Kathleen went into the hall.

'What is it, Vassily, what is it?' she said nervously, for the man's face frightened her, it was so solemn.

'The Princess wants to see you immediately, Barishnya.'

'But what is it?' she asked quickly. 'Do you not know?'

'No, Barishnya; but it is some great trouble.'

Kathleen put on her things hastily, and was driven rapidly away. She felt dazed and bewildered—frightened, yet happy. What had happened to Nellie? As for herself, she had had a success. To be kissed by Rubinstein! Invited to his house! And promised a lesson! To be called a success and have his praise! She felt like dancing for joy one moment; the next she thought of Nellie.

On their arrival at the datscha, she hardly waited to have the servant open the door. She flew upstairs, and was shown to Nellie's bedroom. Nellie was in bed, her face swollen with weeping, her hair tossed and dishevelled, the room in disorder.

'Nellie, what is it?'

'O, Kathleen! Kathleen!! Mouravieff has found out all about it. Some one saw me last night in the Islands walking with Soltykoff. It means ruin! Ruin for all of us—father, mother, Katia, Piotr—all of them! If it were *only* myself! O, what shall I do? I wish I were dead.'

'Tell me all about it and be rational,' Kathleen said tranquilly, trying to quiet the frantic woman. Then, little by little, she got it all together. Tempted by the white nights and the fact that Prince Mouravieff always went to the Nobles' Club to play cards, Nellie had slipped out to walk with Soltykoff. Wishing to be particularly

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pretty, she had worn a famous cloak of grey ostrich feathers; some one had recognised the cloak, and had told Mouravieff; and the Prince had returned from the Club to make a dreadful scene.

'I have to pack up and be out before he comes home to-day from the Ministerium,' Nellie said between convulsive sobs.

Kathleen walked over to the window and looked out on the lovely spring foliage. Everything was so green and quiet, so fragrant, so exquisite without. A blackbird was singing sweetly, and a thrush was piping in a lilac bush covered with blossoms. The girl could hardly bring herself to think: her feelings were a medley. She heard the songs of the birds, Nellie's weeping, Rubinstein's voice, the music of the Beethoven Concerto. She covered her face with her hands, and, making an effort, forced herself to a consideration of the trouble. She felt that a sacrifice must be made. It was not only Nellie. There was the whole family.

Suddenly she ran to her cousin. 'Did you confess?' she asked eagerly.

'No! No! I couldn't! I daren't! He would kill me!'

'That is right,' Kathleen murmured under her breath. 'Deny it passionately—it is your only salvation. And' she continued, her pretty face pale with gravity, 'leave the rest to me. I must go now.'

'O, don't go. Stay! Stay with me. I fear he may kill me. He is to be here at four.'

'I will be here then,' Kathleen said, kissing her, and will see him myself.'

At four o'clock Kathleen jumped lightly out of the droschky, a parcel in her hand. Two footmen ran to relieve her of this; but she held on to it firmly. She began to talk very loudly. 'The Princess is ill? I cannot see her? Well, then, the Prince—I must see him.'

A footman ran to the door of the Prince's study; it was ajar, and Kathleen could see his bent figure within.

'The Prince is engaged—engaged most particularly,' the man said firmly and positively; but just as firmly and positively Kathleen pushed him aside and went in.

Mouravieff stood up to receive her.

'What is the matter, my dear Prince?' she said with well-feigned surprise.

For a moment he made no reply. 'Everything is the matter,' he said sternly,—'everything.'

'I do not understand,' Kathleen faltered. 'And I—unfortunately—I bring more misfortune to the house. I am afraid to face Nellie. I borrowed that beautiful feather cloak you brought her from Paris, and—well, it is too bad, and I'm awfully sorry, but it has been torn. I wore it last night, and a clumsy fellow stood on it. You won't be angry with me—will you?'

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Mouravieff's face was a study. Every possible emotion seemed flaming through it as she spoke. 'You wore Nellie's cloak last night?' he said, gasping as he caught hold of her by the two shoulders in a vice-like grip. 'Where were you, and with whom?'

Kathleen's blue eyes fell before his. 'I was here—here in the Islands, and with Soltykoff.'

'O, good God, I am a brute, a fool, a dastard'; and almost flinging her from him, Mouravieff was up the stairs to his wife's boudoir.

Nellie was lying on the cushions, the room and her toilet in the same disorder that had shocked Kathleen.

'Nellie, my angel, my sweetheart! Nellie, darling, can you—will you forgive me? I am *canaille* itself. But, sweetest pigeon, how could I tell? Nellie, my wife! do say you forgive me.' And in a very paroxysm of self-abnegation the Prince threw himself on his knees and began to kiss his wife's small feet passionately.

Only for a moment more did Kathleen stand on the threshold; then she discreetly shut the door, and, flying down several steps of the stairs at a time, reached the hall door. Jumping into her droschky, she told the man to drive her as fast as his horse could go, back to St. Petersburg. Kathleen had little or no time; but she left a note for Soltykoff at his club, that he must call on her and wait for her at her lodging that night. Then she was off to the Troitsky Pereulok to dine with Rubinstein and have her first lesson.

At a quarter past eleven, when she got home, she found Soltykoff looking very big and bored in her small room, and in as few words as possible she explained matters to him and tried to impress on him the fact that if questioned he must insist that she, and not her cousin, had been with him on the previous night. For a time, however, she found Soltykoff obdurate.

'I shall never compromise you thus,' he said gallantly,—  
'never!'

'Yet you would compromise the woman you profess to love.'

'Well,' he said at length, 'I can marry her if the worst comes to the worst.'

'But what about her family? Can you support them?'

Soltykoff shrugged his shoulders. 'I can hardly support myself.'

'Am I not doubly compromised by your being here in my rooms? See, it is now midnight.'

Soltykoff hesitated and gave various reasons. Finally he said, 'I cannot!'

Kathleen walked up and down the room. Then she said suddenly, 'You would rather that Mouravieff spoiled your beauty with a splash of vitriol? He won't fight you—he has said so.'

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This last argument convinced the young Guardsman. 'You are an angel—a heroine!' he said as he kissed her hands.

'No,' Kathleen answered wearily: 'I am only a friend.'

She heard the front door close with a sigh of relief. Then she rang for her maid. 'In half an hour, Natascha, I shall be asleep, and if the Czar himself come to-morrow, I am not in to any one.'

The next day Soltykoff called, Prince Mouravieff called, and Nellie called three times; but Natascha did her work well—she admitted no one. It was evening when Kathleen really awoke. She had only time to eat, dress, and go to the Conservatory. That evening she played as she had never played before in her life. Her performance was a surprise to herself and to every one but Rubinstein. The next morning Kathleen O'Mara found herself famous.

Soltykoff had read of her success in the papers, and towards noon he called on her with a basket of flowers five feet high. He had paid her all sorts of pretty compliments and was standing up, kissing her hands, Russian fashion, preparatory to taking leave, when Prince Mouravieff came in. Both Kathleen and Soltykoff smiled knowingly into each other's eyes at this, and this look was intercepted by the Prince and utterly misconstrued by him.

'I came,' said the Prince when Soltykoff had departed, 'to apologise for my rudeness on Tuesday, and also to congratulate you on your success.'

'The first is altogether unnecessary, and for the latter I thank you very much. Every one is too kind,' she said graciously, plucking some roses from Soltykoff's basket.

Then Mouravieff hummed and hawed and began earnestly, 'My dear young lady, I look on you as one of my relations, and—you must excuse me—I have seen so much more of the world than you have, and I know its wickedness.'

Kathleen felt what was coming. She kept her eyes fixed on the brass buttons of his uniform and had terrible difficulty to keep from laughter. Mouravieff was prosy and long-winded; but his advice was excellent. It was directed principally toward Soltykoff, against whom Mouravieff was curiously venomous and bitter. The Prince's earnestness finally convinced the Irish girl into making a promise 'that she would see Soltykoff no more, and she would try to be less Bohemian in her tastes and in her ways.'





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